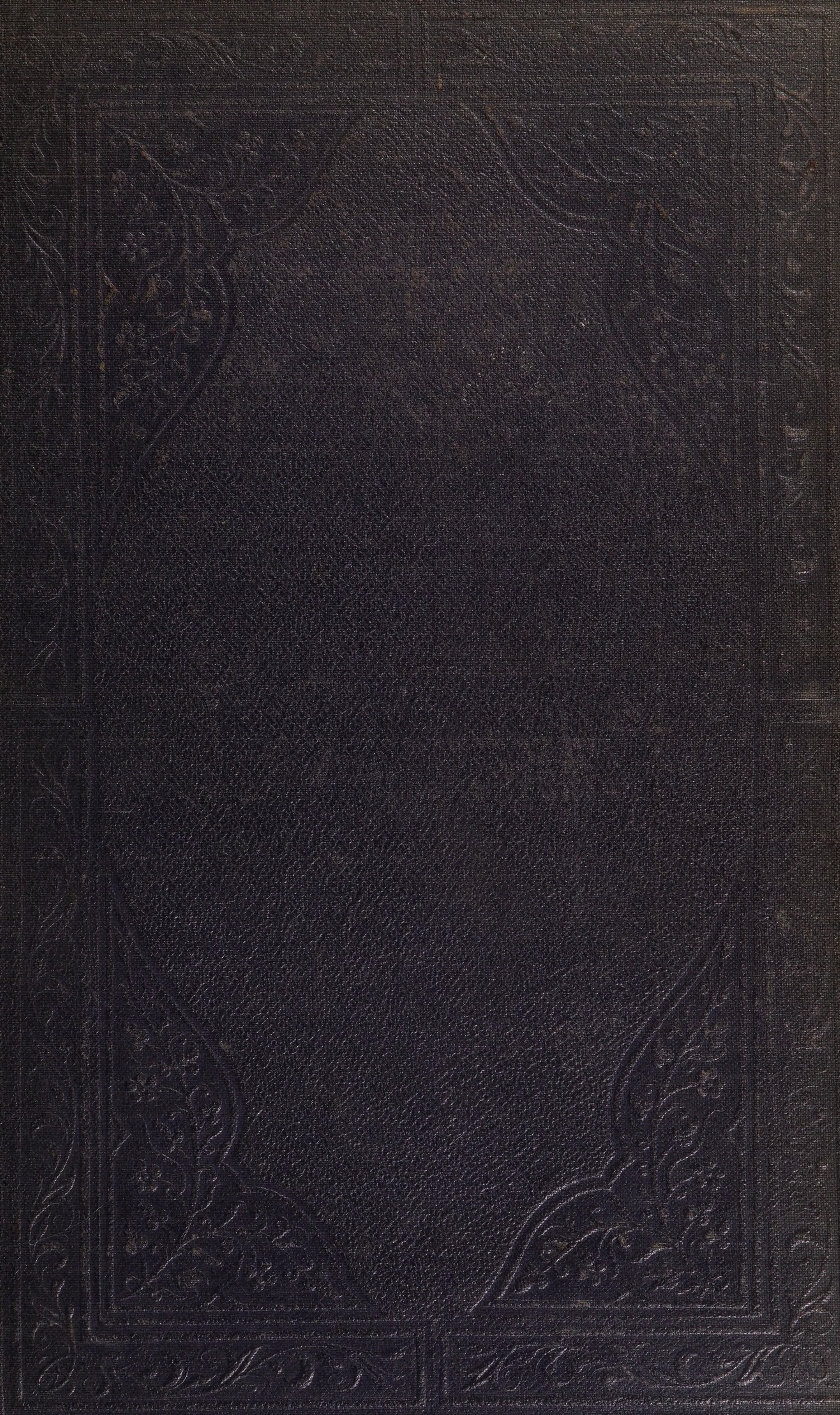

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MIND AND MATTER,

ILLUSTRATED BY

CONSIDERATIONS ON HEREDITARY INSANITY,

AND THE

INFLUENCE OF TEMPERAMENT IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PASSIONS.

BY

J. G. MILLINGEN, M.D., M.A.
FIRST CLASS SURGEON TO THE FORCES;
LATE RESIDENT PHYSICIAN OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX LUNATIC ASYLUM AT HANWELL;
MEMBER OF THE WESTERN MEDICAL AND SURGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON;
OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF THE FACULTY OF PARIS; AND OF THE ROYAL MEDICAL SOCIETY OF BORDEAUX;
FORMERLY PHYSICIAN IN THE PORTUGUESE ARMY; &c., &c.;
AUTHOR OF "THE CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE;"
"APHORISMS ON INSANITY;" &c., &c.

> "Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille est
> Qui minimis urguetur."
>
> HORAT. s. iii. l. 1.

LONDON:
H. HURST, PUBLISHER, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.
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INTRODUCTION.

Lord Brougham, in his valuable discourse on Natural Theology, has observed, that "the science of mind may be said to consist of two great branches, the one which treats of existence, the other of duties. The one accordingly has been termed with great accuracy *Ontology*, speaking of that which *is*; the other *Deontology*, speaking of that which *ought to be*."

This distinction seems to have pervaded the mind of most writers on Psychology, and instead of representing mankind as it truly *is*, they have described our species as what it *ought to be*. Thus we find two classes of metaphysicians: the one, considering man as born with innate ideas of moral truths and exemplary virtues, has depicted him as a creature benevolent, generous, inclined to honourable actions; and the vicious have been represented by them as exceptions to this general rule. One would have imagined that these amiable philanthropists had indited their flattering works in one of Eden's peaceful bowers. Diderot says, that when we write to woman, we should dip our pen in the rainbow, and dry our letters with the down of a butterfly's wing; such must have been the bland and benign mood in which many Psychologists have described our race.

On the other hand, men of the world, whose ambitious hopes had probably been disappointed, traced the features of mankind in hideous and repulsive forms, and, instead of writing from the heart, seem to have sought their inspirations in the liver. These moralists have, of course, run into an opposite extreme.

In the following pages I have endeavoured to avoid both these shoals, and to steer my humble surveying skiff between the Charybdis and Scylla of Psychology ; endeavouring, as far as I possibly could, to eschew all metaphysical disquisitions and technicalities, to render myself comprehensible to those who may favour my feeble essays with a perusal.

When a man describes a country and its people, it is customary, and indeed it is expected, that he should also describe his voyages, and state by what means he has obtained the knowledge which he seeks to impart. I shall, therefore, like a tourist, relate the opportunities that have fallen to my humble lot, in acquiring an insight into the human family, during my long peregrinations.

I cannot present my readers with any experience obtained in the shades of an academy. At a very early period of life, in the year 1789, I was taken to Paris by my family, and was present in that metropolis during all the horrors of the

Revolution, when my father lost all his property, and I beheld the dearest friends of my boyhood ascend the scaffold.

Residing in the same house with the Albites (two Deputies of the Convention) I had frequent opportunities of meeting with Robespiere, Danton, Couthon, Barrère, and most of the *meneurs* of the *montagne*; and during the imprisonment of my brother,* and the exile of my parents, I repeatedly saw these too celebrated characters, to obtain the liberation of my family.

Subsequently, the Deputy Serres succeeded the Albites, and there I constantly met Napoleon Buonaparte, and most of the *sommités* of the period. In 1801, I joined the British army, and was ordered to Egypt. I since served in all the Peninsular campaigns, under Wellington and my lamented friend Lord Hill; Waterloo, and the surrender of Paris, terminating my active services, when I was sent to the West Indies, and was compelled, by loss of health in that fearful region, to retire on half pay.

I since fulfilled the situation of Resident Physician of the County of Middlesex Lunatic Asylum of Hanwell, where I had charge of about 800 insane patients, having previously been Physician to the Military Lunatic Asylum at Chatham; but was compelled to resign that post, sharing the fate of my worthy predecessor, Sir William Ellis, who was driven from his situation, like myself, by a series of the most ungentlemanly vexations on the part of the visiting justices, but who, unfortunately, sunk under their capricious tyranny, instead of treating them, as I did, with the most sovereign contempt.

---

* The late James Millingen, the well known antiquarian.

Literary pursuits, and a fondness for the fine arts, placed me in relation with many celebrated writers and artists in several countries; and for three years, when in Germany, at the small but select court of one of the most amiable Princesses of the day, H.R.H. the Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden Stéphanie, I constantly met with the most distinguished personages of the different states of Europe, and was made acquainted with intrigues, I fear with crimes, which might appear fabulous in modern times.

Such has been the school in which I have studied mankind,—in camps and courts, hospitals, mad-houses, monasteries, and theatres,* drawing-rooms and cottages, prisons and poor-houses.

Still I have ever contrived to find a few leisure hours to read: and in the course of the following sketches, I have made quotations from some of our most illustrious divines and philosophers ; but I must confess, that I have found more philosophic knowledge in the productions of our poets, than in all the metaphysical disquisitions of the learned. Most poets have known adversity; and although it may have embittered their notions of mankind, it is the touchstone of truth, and I have drawn largely on their fund of information.

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* It is my intention to publish, very shortly, under the title of "*Souvenirs of Half a Century*," an account of the many strange events that I have witnessed during my chequered career, and in which I shall endeavour to point out the many erroneous opinions generally entertained of several of the actors in the fearful scenes that I have beheld *behind the curtain* of the busy stage of life.

I have endeavoured to support the views which I entertain of the human passions, by numerous extracts, carefully avoiding authorities that might be suspicious; and therefore is it that I have not noticed the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other philosophers, who might possibly have invalidated my opinions, instead of affording them an authoritative character.

The rapid sale of a former work of mine—"The Curiosities of Medical Experience"—has been an inducement to venture on the publication of these Essays. If I can contribute a mite, however insignificant, to the store of general knowledge—more especially of the most precious of all sciences, the *knowledge of mankind*,—if my remarks may entitle frail humanity to a little more indulgence on the part of the severe and inflexible moralist—I shall not regret the many vicissitudes I have had to encounter during an eventful life, the greater part of which has been consumed, I hope with some credit, in the service of my Sovereigns, my country, and my fellow-creatures.

York House, Battersea,
April 30, 1847.

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PART I.

ORGANIZATION.

SECTION I.

ON HEREDITARY PREDISPOSITION TO DISEASE.

THE Creation is ruled by immutable and uniform laws. When, by some extraordinary casualty, an accidental deviation from them takes place, monstrosity is the result. The statistical regularity in the moral conduct of mankind appears to be as determinable as the changes of the seasons. "We can calculate beforehand," says the observant Quetelet, "how many individuals will imbrue their hands in the blood of their fellow-creatures—how many will commit forgery—how many will poison their victims—with nearly as much accuracy as we can calculate the number of births and of deaths."

The Author of the Universe in his infinite wisdom has ordained, that both good and evil should exist upon earth—that every animated being, from the mammoth of old to the invisible animalculæ that people a drop of water, should, in conformity to its destiny, wáge against each other a war implacable, in which strength overwhelms the feeble, and might too frequently tramples upon right. The bane grows near the antidote, and poisonous weeds often choke the growth of the food of man. Apparent destruction and reproduction is a law of Nature. *Apparent*—for nothing is destroyed, and whatever disappears is destined to reappear in some other form. We might say, that the very sheep who graze on the rank grass of the churchyard devour the reproduction of the former devourers of their species. The most fertile fields of Europe from time immemorial, have been manured with the blood of warriors; generous patriots, or mercenary combatants.

According to the same laws, good and evil, virtue and vice, will be met with at every step and in every stage of life: why such is the case, it would be presumption to ask—it would be to question the wisdom of the Deity. The mental superiority of man constitutes him the lord of the creation. Yet man himself, in all his pride and vainglory, is subject to the same laws of destruction that sweep other animals from the face of the earth. Disease, war, and famine, will thin his race as promptly as the murrain will thin his herds, and a blight will destroy the produce of his toil.

But when the sceptic ventures to impugn the design of the Omnipotent in permitting evil to visit this earth, does he not forget that *evil* produces the knowledge of *good?* that it calls forth all the energies of which man is capable, to resist the one and to strive to obtain the other? *Evil*, in fact, impels our species to seek for happiness both here and hereafter. Did it not exist, man would rarely exert his mental faculties, and would lead a vegetative and ignoble existence; to think—to reflect—would be a trouble; it would interfere with the *dolce far niente* of his useless life—a condition which in itself would be the greatest of evils, since it would plunge him in a state of apathetic languor, destructive of every noble faculty of the mind. Our greatest philosopher, Shakespere, has truly said,—

> "There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distil it out.
> For one bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
> Which is both healthful and good husbandry;
> Besides, they are our outward consciences,
> And preachers to us all; admonishing
> That we should dress us fairly for our end.
> Then may we gather honey from the weed,
> And make a moral of the devil himself."

On the same principle, the innate horror of death is the safeguard of our life. "What thinkest thou," said Socrates to Aristodemus, "of this continued love of life, this dread of dissolution, which takes possession of us from the moment that we are conscious of existence?" "I think of it," answered the philosopher, "as the means employed by the same great and wise Artist, deliberately determined to preserve what he had made."

Liberty may be considered the first-born of tyranny, and wise institutions are the result of oppressive and unjust laws. Reaction is the source of power; and the outbreaks of the lawless impress upon the public mind the necessity of upholding the majesty of the laws. Thus will poverty prove an incentive to industry. The tenant of a fertile soil of easy cultivation will in general prove an indolent husbandman. The inhabitants of an ungrateful and arid land will be compelled to exert themselves, or starve. The Dutch are a striking illustration of the fact. It has been truly said, that God created the world, but the Dutch created Holland; and their fisheries were once so productive of abundance and of wealth, that it has also been said with equal correctness, that Amsterdam was built upon a foundation of herring-bones. Great Britain is another proud instance of the fact; and her wide dominions, over which the sun never sets, were obtained by her perseverance, her industry, and her valour.

Amongst the many evils to which flesh is heir, several of the most painful and fearful visitations are evidently of an hereditary nature. INSANITY is one of the most striking evidences of the fact. At what period any disease may have assumed a hereditary character, no one can presume to say; but it is evident that through all ages children have been observed to inherit the diseases of their parents. In the Old Testament several passages allude to this circumstance. Thus in Exodus xxxiv. 7, the Almighty is described as "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children and upon the children's children, unto the third and fourth generation." It is no doubt true that some commentators have sought to explain this passage, by dwelling on the evil consequences that would most probably be incurred by the offspring of the wicked, or even the improvident; nevertheless, we have reason to believe that bodily disease is here referred to, for there is also a Divine command interdicting intermarriage between near relations; a wise provision, not only to prevent the spread of hereditary maladies, but to improve the race; for our earliest patriarchal shepherds could not but have observed the effect of what is called "breeding in and in" amongst their flocks and herds. For although, as I shall shortly endeavour to shew, this prevalent opinion may be questionable, still it has been generally entertained.

The earliest physicians have amply dwelt upon this important subject, and Horace has expressed it in the following lines:—

> "Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,
> Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
> Virtus, nec imbellem feroces
> Progenerant aquilæ columbam."

It would be foreign to the nature of this work to enter into the discussions that have taken place between medical writers regarding the classification of hereditary diseases, and the difference between disposition and predisposition, although I shall not leave the subject altogether unheeded.

By hereditary disease we mean a disease communicated by parents to their children before their birth, and by them transmitted to their offspring. It appears moreover, that these disorders are communicated to the child *ab initio* by the father or mother during the progress of fœtal development. Many diseases, nevertheless, under which the parents have laboured, not only appear in a different form in their children, but at various periods of their life; oftentimes not until the age of puberty. Hereditary transmissions will also assume various characters; and Portal has observed that in the same family one child will be a lunatic, and another an epileptic.

But we must not class amongst hereditary diseases those affections that are called innate (*morbi connati*). Innate diseases are those with which neither of the parents was affected, but acquired accidentally by the fœtus prior to its birth;—for instance, from a fright or great mental agitation the mother may have experienced,* from a bad regimen, or sometimes from a perverted or irregular operation in the development of the embryo. This condition will also depend, and not unfrequently, upon the mental and bodily condition of the parent. It has been observed that children procreated during a state of intoxication, or the state of debility that follows inebriety, are weak both in mind and body, and subject to epileptic fits and fatuity.

Pathologists have also distinguished from hereditary diseases those affections that are called *family diseases* (*morbi familiares*), and which comprehend maladies which affect several members of a family, but which are not inherited from their parents, who are free from them, and which, moreover, are not transmitted to the succeeding generation. However, in this technical distinction experience has shown that many modifications will arise; and both innate and family diseases may be, and frequently are, transmitted to the children, and become hereditary in every sense of the word.

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* A most striking instance of this fact, related by Baron Percy, occurred at the siege of Landau, in 1793, when, in addition to the loud cannonading, a powder magazine exploded, which threw the women into a state of great terror, so much so, that out of ninety-two children born in the town within a few months after, sixteen died at the instant of their birth; thirty-three languished for from eight to ten months, and then died; eight became idiotic, and died before the age of five years; and two came into the world with fractures of the bones of their limbs. Here, then, is a total of fifty-nine out of ninety-two, or within a trifle of two out of every three, actually killed through the medium of the mother's alarm.

A question of considerable importance has arisen from this divergence of opinion regarding hereditary diseases, and their distinction from innate and family diseases; and that is, whether it is *the malady itself*, or *a predisposition to it*, that is thus transmitted to the offspring. This, I repeat it, is a consideration of great importance; for if it is merely a predisposition or a susceptibility that is transmitted, preceding a future development of the malady, such as gout and insanity, we may possess the means of checking the predisposition, and bringing about a more healthy condition, both by moral and by physical agency. For my own part, I feel convinced that in many instances of insanity *it is not* the disease that is inherited, but the *temperament* that predisposes to its invasion, when the various supposed moral and physical causes of the disorder are brought into action; and I am the more firmly convinced of this being the case, from observing that in a family in which the children are of various temperaments, it will be generally found that mental aberration will only affect those of a temperament similar to that of the parent who laboured under insanity. I know a family of five boys: two of them, of a sanguine temperament, have not betrayed any sign of mental derangement; the three others, of a bilious and nervous temperament, are insane; and not only do they partake of the father's constitution, but resemble him in features. This resemblance in feature is most remarkable, and may frequently be traced where no consanguinity is even suspected. Dr. Gregory used to relate to his pupils, that having once been called to a distant part of Scotland to visit a rich nobleman, he discovered in the configuration of his nose, an exact resemblance to that of the Grand Chancellor of Scotland in the reign of Charles I., recognisable in his portraits. On taking a walk through the village after dinner, the doctor recognised the same nose in several individuals among the common people; and the steward who accompanied him informed him that all the persons he had seen were descended from the natural children of the Grand Chancellor.

When the development of insanity takes place in individuals who have unfortunately brought this predisposition into the world, I apprehend that it operates in two ways—*physically* and *morally*. *Physically*, from the temperament inherited; *morally*, from the state of the individual's mind, who, apprehending that sooner or later he will inherit the fatal transmission, dwells continually and painfully on the subject, is alarmed by the slightest mental emotion, till he dreads the very thought that he instinctively evokes in his agitated mind, and thus adds to the susceptibility of the fatal malady, disarming his mental faculties of any power they might possess to check the progress of the invasion, or, to use the expression adopted by some very ingenious writers, deprive the soul of its power over the body.

Various maladies, more especially diseases of the heart, may be brought on by constant apprehension of their attack—fear—anxiety, deranging the circulation, until the fountain-head of the vital stream becomes irregular in its action, and at last organically affected.* In like manner, during the prevalence of diseases supposed to be contagious, it has been remarked that those who were heedless of the danger more frequently escaped it, than those who were incessantly apprehensive of its influence.

Unfortunately, hereditary diseases which are developed at a certain period of life, are so thoroughly grafted on our constitution, that all the precautions that prudence and foresight can suggest, are of little avail. Thus, the children of gouty parents, who no doubt had either brought on or aggravated the disease by irregularity in their mode of living, have not escaped the painful visitation by the most rigid abstemiousness. A friend of the author, President des Sagets of Bordeaux, whose father, a free liver, had died of the gout, was determined to escape the scourge, and drank nothing but water; he was wont to boast of his exemption from the malady, and had attained his fifty-sixth year free from its pangs, when one morning he found him in his library, his arm in a sling; he had been attacked with a severe paroxysm of gout in the hand.

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* This fell under the observation of the author when he was a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Corvisart, who fancied that he detected disease of the heart in most of his patients. His disciples, impressed with the same notion, were continually feeling their pulse and watching the beatings of their heart, until many of them fell victims of the malady they apprehended.

Can we be surprised at the transmission of parents' constitution or temperament, when we daily see their bodily deformities inherited by their children? Mauricean relates the case of a lame man, who had three lame sons. Borelli tells us of a well-made man who had been married three times, and whose father had been lame; the children of this man by his three wives were all similarly afflicted. The members of a family for whole generations have been born with supernumerary fingers or toes. An officer had been wounded in battle by a ball that had fractured the collar-bone, the central portion of which was extracted; his daughter, who was born afterwards, had a similar defect in her collar-bone. Blumenbach mentions the case of another officer who had been wounded in the little finger of his right hand, in consequence of which the finger remained deformed; he afterwards married, and all his children, boys and girls, were born with a similar deformity. Blindness, deafness, dumbness, are also hereditary transmissions and family diseases. In the Baltimore Medical and Physical Registrar, 1809, we read of a family of Le Comptes labouring under hereditary cataract.

They all saw clearly until the age of sixteen or eighteen, when, without any apparent cause, they became dim-sighted, until blindness ensued; this had been the case for three generations. A Philadelphia family of the name of Bass, was subject to a similar infliction.

Gaubius cites the following curious case. The little finger of a man began, from some cause or other, to grow inwardly, and became quite bent towards the palm of his hand. The eldest of his two sons, when at the age at which his father became affected with the deformity, observed that his little finger began to bend towards the palm; different remedies were applied, but in vain. The second brother, fearing the same fate, began, long before the fatal period, to use all possible preventive means, but without effect. At the same age, his little finger became bent like that of his father and brother.

There are, no doubt, diseases which are *actually* transmitted, such as scrofula, consumption, hydrocephalus. Here we find the infant labouring under glandular swellings and obstructions, tuberculated lungs, water upon the brain, &c. True, the development of these maladies may take place years after their birth, when the germ of them is brought into morbid action, and the taint becomes evident under certain influences, such as diet, temperature, local excitement of the predisposed parts; here, in short, the disease may be called tangible; it affords specimens of morbid anatomy for our museums when the patient is no more. Even in a gouty predisposition it is possible that the analytic power of chemistry may detect a morbid condition in the secretions; but in insanity we have no guide to direct our investigations, to calm our apprehensions, or aggravate our fears; we have only the particular temperament to look to, the temperament which is predisposed to experience morbid impressions, producing mental perturbation—to be acted upon by certain stimulants, to which certain unruly passions will respond with fearful and uncontrollable energy, that set at defiance the speculative hopes of the theologist and the moralist, as well as the skill of the physician: as easily might we controul the growth of a supernumerary finger or the character of the features. If the power of our reason could controul our mental aberration, no reasonable being would be mad. I am now speaking of the sad malady when once it has usurped its despotic empire. I shall shortly venture to suggest, that during the period of predisposition—of what might be called the incubation of the disorder, we may find means, effectual means, of neutralising the action of the temperaments—of giving another direction to a visionary turn of thought—of rousing the mind from pernicious meditation and contemplation—of affording it wholesome food to digest; for the mind may in such cases be compared to the stomach, of which Hunter said, If you do not give it food, it will digest itself; and as the stomach eliminates from the alimentary substances it receives the supplies of reproduction, so does the *sensorium* obtain knowledge from information, the *pabulum* of the mind.

Of the hereditary nature of insanity no doubt can be entertained. It attaches to entire families, to races, to names which cannot be traced to the same origin. I know three families of the same name, in which are found seventeen lunatics; and there are patronymics which cannot be mentioned without an association with mental derangement. It is painful to reflect that even moral depravity is observed as the characteristic of a race: thus we see an entire family given to lying, or to thieving, or to swindling, although we might imagine that a conviction of the heinous nature of an offence daily perpetrated by their nearest and dearest relatives, would excite a feeling of horror or of disgust, that would deter any member of the vitiated circle from the commission of a similar breach of morality and of the law. We have also numerous cases to shew that the propensity to suicide is hereditary, and frequently uncontrollable.

Dr. Gall relates the case of a Mr. Gauthier, owner of several warehouses in Paris, and who left to his seven children a property of two millions of francs. They all resided in Paris and its environs, where they lived upon their property, which some of them had considerably increased by fortunate speculation. Not one of them was visited by any material disaster, and all enjoyed perfect health. They were all highly esteemed by their friends and neighbours; yet all of them laboured under an inclination to commit suicide, to which they yielded in the course of thirty or forty years; some hanged, some drowned, and others shot themselves. The last but one, invited on a Sunday, a party of sixteen persons to dine with him. When dinner was served, the host was suddenly missing, and having been searched for everywhere in vain, was at last discovered hanging in a barn. The last of the seven, who was the owner of a house in the Rue de Richelieu, having raised it by two stories, conceived that the expense had ruined him; three times he attempted to destroy himself, but was prevented; however, he at last succeeded in blowing out his brains, and his fortune was said to amount to 300,000 francs.

Dr. Gall adduces another instance:—A person committed suicide at Paris; his brother, who was present at the time, exclaimed, "What a misfortune! my father and my uncle have both destroyed themselves; and I myself, during my journey here, was more than twenty times scarcely able to withstand the temptation to fling myself in the river."

Dr. Rush mentions the case of two young American officers, who distinguished themselves in the revolutionary wars, and who were twins, so much like each other that nobody could distinguish them.

Both were of a cheerful disposition; happy in their family, their connections, and fortunes. Both committed suicide about the same period, when they were in different parts of the country. They had been dejected for some days before. The mother of these young men was insane, and two of their sisters were for some years harassed by temptations to destroy themselves.

Numerous cases of a similar nature are on record. Suicidal propensities are not only hereditary, but seem to be regulated by certain laws, both as regards numbers, and the means resorted to for self-destruction. The selection of the mode of death is, moreover, connected with certain ages, and the following curious statistical table will shew the correctness of this assertion.

Between the years 1817 and 1825, the following suicides occurred in the department of the Seine, in which the French metropolis is included:—

Years.	Hanging.	Fire Arms.	Suffocation.	Falls.*	Strangling.	Cutting Instruments.	Poison.	Total.
1817	160	46	35	39	36	23	13	352
1818	131	48	35	40	27	28	21	330
1819	148	59	46	39	44	20	20	376
1820	124	46	34	37	32	28	14	325
1821	127	60	42	33	38	25	23	348
1822	120	48	49	39	21	31	16	317
1823	114	56	61	43	48	47	21	390
1824	115	42	61	47	38	40	28	371
1825	134	56	59	49	40	38	20	346
	1178	461	427	360	324	280	175	3205

* By Falls are meant Deaths arising from persons casting themselves down from windows, &c.

I consider the hereditary predisposition to suicidal acts in the same light as that of hereditary insanity—the transmission of a peculiar temperament; and it is generally observed that those individuals are of a bilious, melancholic, and nervous, constitution; and the developement of this predisposition may be attributed to the predominance of particular passions, which may be called attributes of these temperaments. We also find that the selection of the instruments of destruction depends frequently on the prevalence of certain principles of action; and the fatal means selected by the suicide will depend upon his age and his temper — impetuous or calculating—impelled to the rash act by a prompt and sudden resolution, or a long contemplated determination to abridge an irksome life. The following table of the ages of suicides will tend to illustrate the fact:—

	By Pistol.	By Hanging.
Between 10 years and 20 years	61	68
20 — 30 —	283	51
30 — 40 —	182	94
40 — 50 —	150	188
50 — 60 —	161	256
60 — 70 —	126	235
70 — 80 —	35	108
80 — 90 —	2	0
	1000	1000

A young or a middle-aged man, after disappointment and losses in speculation or at play, will frequently blow out his brains on the spur of the moment, more especially if he has fire-arms in his possession; whereas hanging requires calculation, preparation, opportunity, the purchase of a halter, the choice of a retired spot. It is probable that suicide by drowning is also perpetrated on a sudden impulse and a fit of despair; therefore it is not uncommon in females ruined by the wiles of libertinism, or driven to desperation by the cruel prejudices of society.

That the bilious and melancholy temperaments are more prone to commit suicide than the sanguineous or the lymphatic, is, indeed, still more probable by the symptoms of functional derangement in the digestive organs prior to the commission of the act, and by the *post mortem* appearances subsequently detected. Most of these unfortunate individuals had laboured under hypochondriacal and dyspeptic affections. Gall, in support of his doctrine of phrenology, was of opinion that the skulls of the self-destroyed were thicker than usual, and Greding was of a similar opinion; but Esquirol, who possessed a large collection of these crania, came to a different conclusion.

A determination of blood to the head has, it is asserted, often occasioned a disposition to suicide. Osiander looked upon congestion of the brain as one of the causes; and he entertained the strange notion that botanists were subject to it, from their heads being so frequently turned to the earth.

Were this the case, funeral rites would often be refused to tumblers.

It would be foreign to the nature of this work to dwell more fully on this subject; all that I have endeavoured to demonstrate is, that the predisposition to commit suicide is most decidedly a hereditary transmission.

That moral depravities are hereditary, there can be no doubt, and the following instance of its occurrence is related by Dr. Steinau.*

"When I was a boy, there lived in my native town an old man, named P——, who was such an inveterate thief, that he went in the whole place by that name; people speaking of him used no other appellation but that of The Thief, and everybody knew then who was meant. Children and common people were accustomed to call him by that name, even in his presence, as if they knew not his other name; and he bore it to a certain degree with much good-natured forbearance. It was even customary for the tradesmen and dealers, who frequented the annual fair in the place, to enter into a formal treaty with him; that is, they gave him a trifling sum of money, for which he engaged not only not to touch their property himself, but even to guard it against other thieves.

A son of this P——, named Charles, afterwards lived in B—— during my residence there. He was respectably married, and carried on a profitable trade which supported him handsomely. Still he could not help committing many robberies, quite without necessity, and merely from an irresistible inclination. He was several times arrested and punished; the consequence was, that he lost his credit and reputation, by which he was at last actually ruined. He died while still a young man, in the house of correction at Sp—, where he had been confined for his last robbery. A son of this Charles, and grandson of the above-mentioned and notorious P——, in my native town, lived in the house where I resided. In his earliest youth, before he was able to distinguish between good and evil, the disposition to stealing, and the ingenuity of an expert thief, began already to develope themselves in him. When about three years old, he stole all kinds of eatables within his reach, although he had always plenty to eat, and only needed to ask for whatever he wanted. He therefore was unable to eat all that he had taken; nevertheless he took it, and distributed it among his playfellows. When playing with them, some of their playthings frequently disappeared in a minute, and he contrived to conceal them for days and often for weeks, with a slyness and sagacity remarkable for his age. When about five years old, he began to steal copper coins; at the age of six years he began to know something of the value of money, and he looked out for silver pieces; and in his eighth year he only contented himself with larger coins, and proved to be on public promenades an expert pickpocket. He was early apprenticed to learn a trade, but his master being continually robbed by him, soon dismissed him. This was the case with several other tradesmen, till at last, in his fourteenth year, he was committed to the house of correction.

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* Pathological and Philosophical Essay on Hereditary Disease.

This propensity to theft, or *cleptomania*, is not an uncommon mental disease, for such in reality must it be considered, and is unfortunately in many instances uncontrollable. Dr. Rush says, there are persons who are moral to the highest degree as to certain duties, but who, nevertheless, lie under the influence of some one vice. In one instance, a woman was exemplary in her obedience to every command of the moral law, except one—she could not refrain from stealing. What made this case more remarkable was, that she was in easy circumstances, and not addicted to extravagance in any thing. Such was the propensity to this vice, that when she could lay her hands on nothing more valuable, she would often, at the table of a friend, fill her pockets secretly with bread. She both confessed and lamented her crime.

Fodéré states, in his work on medical jurisprudence, that he has often witnessed an irresistible propensity to steal, even in persons well educated, and who during infancy had often been chastised for this vice. They had conceived in consequence the greatest horror, yet, in riper age, could not prevent themselves when opportunity occurred of indulging it. "I had a female servant," he adds, "who was a very good Christian, very wise, and very modest, but who could not prevent herself from stealing in secret from myself and others, even the most trifling things, although convinced of the turpitude of the action. I sent her to the hospital as mad; after a long time, appearing to be reclaimed, she was restored to her place among the other servants: by little and little, in spite of herself, the instinct returned; and being distracted on the one hand by this evil propensity, and on the other by the horror which she felt of it, she fell into an access of mania, and suddenly died in the violence of the paroxysm."

The propensity to steal in magpies and other domesticated birds is daily observed, and we have numerous examples to prove that acquired instincts become hereditary in many animals. This fact is illustrated in various races of dogs. Roulin relates that the dogs employed for hunting deer in some parts of Mexico, seize the animal by the belly, and overturn it by a sudden effort, taking advantage of the moment when the body of the deer rests only upon the fore legs; the weight of the animal thus thrown over being often six times that of its antagonist. The dog of pure breed inherits this disposition, and never attacks the deer from before while running: even should the deer, not perceiving him, come directly upon him, the dog slips aside and makes his assault on the flank; whereas other hunting dogs, though of superior strength and general sagacity, which are brought from Europe, are destitute of this instinct.*

A new instinct has also become hereditary in a mongrel race of dogs employed by the inhabiants of the banks of the Magdalena in hunting the white-lipped Pecari. The address of these dogs consists in restraining their ardour; attaching themselves to no animals in particular, but keeping the whole herd in check. Now, among these dogs, some are found which, the very first time they are taken to the woods, are acquainted with this mode of attack; whereas a dog of another breed starts forward at once, is surrounded by the Pecari, and whatever may be his strength, is destroyed in a moment.

When we consider the transmission of peculiar instinctive qualities under peculiar circumstances, we cannot be surprised at the transmission of morbid affections.

Yet in man we do not always observe that the diseases of parents are transmitted to their children. In like manner, we find many children who do not bear the slightest resemblance to either father or mother, either in feature, outward appearance, temperament, or moral character.

It has been a question, which has given rise to much controversy, whether hereditary diseases are more frequently transmitted by the father or by the mother. Much has been written on the subject, but experience has thrown no light upon this obscure inquiry ; and I can only repeat what I have already stated, that most frequently the diseased offspring resembles the parent who laboured under a similar affection; but this is not a rule, since we see frequent deviations from the fact.

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* Roulin, Annales des Sciences Naturelles, t. xvi. p. 16. 1829.

We now arrive at another inquiry, which has also occasioned much discrepancy of opinion, and proved the source of many ingenious doctrines,—*In what mode are hereditary diseases transmitted?*

The obscurity in which the mysteries of reproduction are involved, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, regarding the manner in which fecundation takes place, will render this question of very difficult solution. Still, it is of such importance that I cannot leave it unnoticed; as far as it relates to hereditary transmission.

In the first instance, we must attend to the nature of many hereditary maladies or organic affections predisposing to their invasion. I have already quoted cases of bodily deformities becoming hereditary transmissions; but there are many diseases which are transmitted not only to be developed at a certain advanced period of life, but that are connate with the birth of the individual, many of which require surgical aid. Thus, ruptures are inherited through several generations. Blindness by cataracts I have also noticed; and squinting is also an hereditary transmission. Stahl relates the case of a soldier who lost an eye in battle : on his return to his country he married, and his wife bore him a son, one of whose eyes was completely dried up. Organic defects in the brain, the head, the larger vessels, the liver, and various other viscera, are not uncommon melancholy heir-looms. Lancessius observed an enlargement of the heart in a man whose father, grandfather, and great grandfather had laboured under a similar abnormal structure of the viscera. Stone in the bladder is a common transmission; and Stahl goes so far as to maintain that he never saw a person suffer from calculi, whose father or some other near relation had not been afflicted with this complaint or with gout. That scrofula, rhachitis, phthisis pulmonaris, are hereditary, is a fact proved, unfortunately, by daily observation. Epilepsy is also no uncommon hereditary visitation. What renders this question of a still more perplexing nature is the fact, that many of these maladies will appear after the lapse of several years ;—for instance, all the members of a family have been affected with jaundice at the same period. Rougemont, and other writers, have observed the appearances of hereditary dropsy in a man who became dropsical at a certain age ; and it is well known that in cases of worms in children, especially the *ascaris vermicularis* and the *ascaris lumbricoides*, we shall find upon inquiry, that the parents had been subject to their noxious presence in their childhood ; again, fœtor of the breath is not unfrequently the annoyance of an entire family.

Several authors have strenuously insisted that many hereditary affections are transmitted by the milk, either of the mother or the nurse ; and some curious observations have been adduced in support of this hypothesis ; amongst others, Delisle mentions the case of a syphilitic child being cured by having it suckled by a goat, which had been rubbed in daily with a drachm of *unguent. hydrargyri ! !* Howbeit, numerous experiments have tended to shew that the milk is not the medium through which these maladies are transmitted; although it must be obvious that an unhealthy nurse, whose milk does not afford sufficient nutrition, must inevitably affect the development and the healthy condition of an infant, predisposing it to the invasion of diseases resulting from debility; and since various maladies and many moral aberrations arise from a derangement in the digestive functions, it is evident that a morbid assimilation in infancy will, in all probability, be followed by the most serious results : thus far, and thus far only, do I believe that lactation may occasion disease. A healthy condition of a mother is indispensable in the development of a healthy child. When a woman is deprived of light or air, or placed in a damp situation, the offspring will be stunted and sickly. It has been shewn, as a proof of this fact, that some poor people having taken up their residence in the damp cells under the fortifications of Lisle, the proportion of defective children was so great, that the municipal authorities ordered those wretched abodes to be closed up. Again, numerous instances are recorded, where an infant has died of convulsions from their mothers or nurses having been terrified or affected with violent emotions.

We now come to consider the probable mode by which hereditary maladies, or rather hereditary predisposition to various maladies, are transmitted from parent to offspring.

We have reason to believe that everything in the creation, endowed with vitality and the faculties of nutrition and reproduction, arose from a fundamental prototype, most probably coeval with the creation of the animal world. Each species procreates its like. Races of animals may have been destroyed in the various revolutions of our globe; they may have ceased to exist; but we have no reason to suppose, that any transition has taken place from species to species. Variations may have been observed—the result of climate, locality, and the experimental industry of man; but so far from its being a fact, that any of the species which people our earth, subject to the laws of mundane economy, are advancing by generation to a higher and a more perfect type of being—where the fostering hand of cultivation is withdrawn, every species has a tendency to revert to its original and natural state. Many of our most delicate vegetables and fruits would return to their primitive wild condition, if the care of the horticulturist were withheld or accidentally arrested. Man himself, in all the panoply of his arrogance and pride, would retrogress to his first prototype, rather than advance towards a more perfect physical perfection and moral superiority, if his condition were altered by any untoward event, subversive of his present stand in the animated scale.

The translation of oats into rye, by certain agricultural processes, has been advanced as a proof of a transmission from one species to another; but we have every reason to believe that these two cerealia were originally alike; and the ingenious advocate of this hypothesis himself admits that the primrose, the cowslip, the oxslip, and the polyanthus, are only varieties of one species, produced by peculiar conditions.*

It is well known that the red cabbage and the cauliflower have been metamorphosed from rank and bitter weeds, which grew on the sea side like wild charlock; we also know that the cauliflower has been obtained from the seeds of the wild *Brassica oleracea.* The different race of cabbages are striking examples of deviation from an original type; but all these changes are due to the intervention of science. It is admitted by horticulturists, that when our varieties of fruit are worn out by time, we are again compelled to resort to the seeds, as there exists so evident a tendency in the seedlings to revert to the former type, that it requires the utmost care and skill to secure the variety.

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* Vestiges of the Creation. Third Edition, p. 227.

In all these transmutations in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, there are limits beyond which the changes cannot be carried. The *species* remain unchanged; and an intelligent philosopher has justly observed, "that the entire variation from the original type, which any kind of change can produce, may usually be effected in a brief period of time, after which no farther deviation can be obtained by continuing to alter the circumstance, though ever so gradually; indefinite divergence, either in the way of improvement or deterioration, being prevented, and the least possible excess beyond the defined limits, being fatal to the existence of the individual."*

Life, or *vital action*, involves an idea of a constant *change*, a perpetual alteration more or less perceptible to the senses; this change however does not consist in any alteration in the type of a species, but the reproduction of substance of a homogeneous nature, necessary to replace the constant expenditure in the wear and tear of our organization—thus are the functions of digestion, of circulation, and of respiration, subservient to the processes of nutrition, secretion, and reproduction. *Vitality*, or the principle of life, consists of the susceptibility of an organized structure to receive and be acted upon by the stimulus of external agencies. The grain of wheat or of barley found in an Egyptian mummy cannot be said to live; but being possessed of vitality, they will be fecundated when the germ is submitted to the action of warmth, of moisture, &c. Yet this Egyptian wheat or barley sown in our fields, will produce a species exactly similar to what may be reaped to the present day on the fertilized banks of the Nile.

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* Lyell's Geology, vol. ii. b. iii. c. iv. p. 442. 1837.

The germ of every organized body destined to enjoy vitality, contains what may be termed the rudimental lineaments of the various organs that constitute the nature of a living being; but these organs are only developed by fecundation. It is by incubation that this pre-existing germ is fecundated, and that an organic and living being is brought forth; at the same time, the germ must contain all the principles of the organic nature of the individual developed by this process of fecundation.

This development is, however, subject to the influence of various circumstances producing different conditions, such as situation, climate, and the revolutions of our globe. An aquatic plant cultivated in a dry soil would differ materially from its natural character; and this we witness in the *Ranunculus aquaticus*, and *heredaceus ;* the present qualities of our pot-herbs and cerealia, as I have already observed, are chiefly due to the industry of man.

In a former work, I have dwelt upon this development of life in bodies only possessed of vitality in latent or insensible life; and as the publication is out of print, I may be excusable in quoting my remarks.

"Latent, or insensible life, such as that of the seeds of plants, or the animal enveloped in its egg, may last for a number of years, so long as they are able to germinate; here vitality is not worn out by relative life. Various species of the snail, the wheel polybe, the tile eel, and divers animalculæ, have been kept apparently dead, and in the form of dried preparations withered and hardened, for months and even years, but have afterwards been restored to life by the agency of warmth, moisture, and other stimulants. Snails have been thus reanimated after a lapse of fifteen years; and Bauer revived the *Vibrio tritici*, after an apparent death of five years and eight months, by merely soaking it in water. Adders have been found in hard winters, not only completely frozen but absolutely brittle, yet have been restored to life when thawed.

A shower of fragments of ice has fallen in Leicester, containing the horse-hair eel, with the nuclei of a greater number. Colonel Wilkes found eggs in the solid rocks of St. Helena, susceptible of being hatched. The vitality in the seeds of plants is truly amazing: barley taken out of the bodies of mummies, Indian corn discovered in the tomb of a Peruvian Inca, and the bulb of an onion found in the hand of a mummy 3000 years old, have been sown and have thriven luxuriantly. The most intense heat cannot destroy the vital property. The seeds of roasted apples, the kernels of baked prunes, and boiled elder-berries, have germinated."*

Of the many abstruse doctrines entertained regarding the function of reproduction, the most plausible one is this pre-existence of an organic germ. It was from this conviction that the ancients held as an axiom, *Omnia ex ovo.* It is upon this theory that Buffon rested his organic molecules, and Ray his vital globules; and, as I have already observed, the primitive lineaments of organization may be traced in the egg, even before it is fecundated. The embryo that we find in its involucra is soft, flexible, ready to receive the plastic impressions of the vivifying secretion, the fecundating agency that imparts existence, and all its wonderful attributes, to the pre-existing *ova*, the *ova subventanea.* "Generation is simply a function of organization and life. Organized bodies alone can generate. The living only can impart life. Animals and plants transmit to their descendants their several properties, and the inheritance of organization departs with the vital spark. Life is the property of no one. It is a transmitted heir-loom that never perishes; it resembles a torch, that communicates a spreading flame while consuming itself. Organized beings have generally been considered the fuel of the universal fire, and we are the *daily bread* of that all-devouring animal *the world.* All that exists is engulphed in that vortex called by Becher, the "*Circulus æterni motus.*"*

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* Curiosities of Medical Experience, Article on Life and the Blood. Second Edition, p. 329.

To explain more fully this germinal transmission of life, and all the properties of vitality, we must take a view of the reproduction of animals and plants. The origin of both is essentially the same. The mode in which the multiplication of the lower plants and animals takes place is a confirmation of the fact. In most plants, in all animals, we find the property of forming and liberating a fresh germ, destined to become new individuals. In flowering plants the similarity of functions is most remarkable. Their reproduction is owing to the implantation of a cell germ, prepared by the *male* organs, in a receptacle adapted to its reception and developement; a *nidus* constituting the essential part of the *female* system.

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* Curiosities of Medical Experience, p. 332.

It would be foreign to the purpose of this work to enter more fully into the mysterious and marvellous operation of reproduction. I have only endeavoured to shew, that if the germinal granules of plants reproduce a species similar in all their properties to the parent stock, although the reproduction may be occasionally modified by accidental circumstances, we may draw the inference, that animals transmit to their progeny the same properties that were their characteristics, according to the fundamental type or stock whence they themselves had sprung. We have seen that personal physical resemblance and deformities are frequently transmitted from one generation to another; nay, occasionally, accidental deformities have become hereditary: but this transmission is by no means common; for, however an animal may have been mutilated during its life-time, its progeny is brought forth according to its primitive type. Docked and cropped horses and dogs bring forth colts and puppies with their usual manes, tails, and ears. In one of the rites of the Jewish religion this circumstance is also confirmed.

Thus it is that hereditary transmissions become the distinctive attributes of particular races and families, both physically and morally; for I shall fully demonstrate, as I proceed in my inquiries, that many moral infirmities chiefly arise from our physical temperament. It is the conviction of this being the fact, that from time immemorial intermarriages in the same family have been forbidden, and Buffon thus expresses himself on the subject:—

"We are to believe that from an experience of which we have merely the tradition, mankind must have perceived the evils that arose from connexion of the same blood; since amongst nations the least civilized, it has rarely been allowed for a brother to unite himself to a sister—as if man learnt by observation that their race degenerated whenever they sought to preserve it by alliance in the same family. They considered unions with other races a law of nature, and therefore did not allow such alliances amongst their children."

Notwithstanding the many authorities adduced to prove that what is called by farmers "breeding in-and-in" deteriorates the race, a contrary opinion has been maintained by several authorities, amongst whom we find Fry and Sir W. Jones. Dr. Steinau observes that "breeding in-and-in" is often liable to be complicated with other influences besides the mere fact of nearness of relationship. In the case of obtaining progeny from parents and their offspring, which is, perhaps, the most common case, the progressive deterioration from age of one of the parents, induces a distinct but very important element to complicate the inquiry. The Arabs, who pretend to trace their valuable horses to the time of Mahomet, do not admit "out-and-out" crossing ; and it has been remarked that even with us the most valuable racers and hunters may be traced in the stud book for two centuries. In Northumberland there is a breed of cattle which is said to have existed for a thousand years, although closely bred with the utmost care."

Dr. Steinau further remarks—"In regard to man, it has been observed that those groups of our species which furnish the best specimens of physical development, are those who, from circumstances of locality, have been excluded from intermarriage with other families ; and it has been asserted that among the inhabitants of the Barbary coast, there is a remarkable contrast between those who reside in maritime towns, and the natives of the villages in the interior, who belong to a stock unmixed from time immemorial : while these exhibited the finest specimens of the human figure, with corresponding intelligence, the people on the coast were obviously degenerate." However, I do not think that this remark is conclusive. The semi-state of civilization, the artificial mode of living of the low cunning inhabitant of a trafficking coast, are circumstances more likely to deteriorate his development than an intermarriage with strangers, which would in all probability improve his race ; while the hardy, active life of the inland shepherds and hunters would be better calculated to maintain his natural strength and develope his muscular energies. I shall recur to this important question when considering the effect of civilization on our passions.

But most certainly the Jewish nation affords a striking instance of the preservation of a race, in all probability uninjured by consanguinity. Abraham married his half-sister ; Isaac, the daughter of his first cousin ; Jacob, his first cousin ; furnishing three near marriages in succession ; and yet, as Dr. Steinau observes, "they became the foundation of a stock, which, if not gigantic, like the Anakims and their relations of Gath, does not appear to have been deficient in any physical respect; but on the contrary, have continued to furnish, to the present day, numerous examples of various excellence. Intermarriage appears to have been sought for its own sake, since it is evident that the family of Laban were not free from idolatry. The fact that the father of Moses married his own aunt, is a proof that near intermarriages took place during the period of Egyptian bondage ; and the advanced age and bodily vigour, not only of Moses, but of Aaron and Miriam, his brother and sister, show that deterioration was not necessarily produced. Again, we find Moses, after the giving of the law, enjoining and recording, as instructive examples, the near intermarriage of ten persons in one family. Several similar marriages are recorded in different parts of the Jewish history, without the slightest remark from which it can be inferred that they were, in any respect, regarded as objectionable; on the contrary, it is evident that they were esteemed; and the practice of the Jews in the present day not only shews that the same views have been handed down to the latest posterity, but their average health, longevity, and intelligence, under every circumstance of climate and mode of life, and even in opposition to many adverse influences, are powerful evidences that the dread of intermarriage of relations on physical grounds is as futile as that of many other superstitious fears."

The above remarks bear with them considerable weight; still I do not think that the Jewish nation presents a decided proof of any superiority that may arise from the alliance of relations. They generally exhibit a predominance of the bilious and atrabilious temperament, and most of the moral effects that result from such organizations. Making all due allowances for the bitter persecution the Jews have experienced, and the unjust prejudices by which their race has been degraded, yet I much doubt that their natures would be altered if they were restored to power, or at any rate to all the rights which are still unfairly withheld from them. Their history, in a great measure, might justify this conclusion.

I have already stated that many hereditary diseases make their appearance soon after birth, or during childhood. In these cases it will be generally found that the rudiments of the malady are transmitted with life, or, in other words, the morbid germ is already developed. Such may be considered cases of scrofulous enlargement of the glands, tuberculated lungs, water on the brain, &c. Other affections, chiefly gout and insanity, become manifest after a lapse of years. I shall now endeavour to explain this apparently unaccountable occurrence, but chiefly as regards insanity, the principal subject of the present investigation.

Mental disorders generally become manifest after the age of puberty. At this period of life a general revolution of the whole system takes place. Our existence, which until then might be called *individual*, now becomes *relative:* in childhood and early youth we have especially lived for ourselves; we now, according to the laws of the creation, exist for others. The power of procreation in the human male rarely exists before the age of from fourteen to sixteen; until then the generating animalculæ, called *spermatozoa*,* are not to be found in the vivifying secretion. Instinctive impulses associated with this development of nature, now act both upon his corporeal emotions and his mental faculties. Until this most important epoch of his existence, Nature has only been busied in the growth of the individual, in its physical development: all the mental faculties of the child and the youth are exercised for the purpose of preparing both the body and the mind for their future functions. His passions may be vivid and violent, but they are of an ephemeral nature; in short, his thoughts, his pursuits are childish, his notions puerile. There are to be found precocious exceptions to this rule; but it is because these exceptions are more or less deviations from the laws of nature, that they most frequently disappoint expectations of great mental superiority, where a premature death or a lingering disease does not sap the foundation of a parent's hopes and pride.

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* Notwithstanding the opinion of several distinguished Physiologists, microscopic investigation tends to shew that these bodies are endowed with life.

At the age of puberty a new order of functions elicits desires and wants until then unfelt. All nature seems to bear a different aspect. Imagination, on Icarian wings, takes a bold flight to unknown regions—the limits of the universe become unbounded. We feel that we are born to a new life; according to our temperament and our susceptibilities, our passions assume a greater or a less influence over our intellectual power; at this stage of our existence, we may say, arises a conflict between the mind and the body; spirit and matter contend for supremacy, and rarely is the antagonism commensurate in the result. We now *feel*, what we had only *heard of*—an evil principle tends to overthrow the structure of a good education. We had previously been groping in darkness, we now seek the light; but unfortunately the sudden refulgence of its unknown radiance dazzles us, instead of guiding our steps in the pursuit of truth and an imaginary happiness, and we are led into errors as perilous as those that had surrounded us in our former mental blindness. We now endeavour to think for ourselves; we become analytic in all our observations, and therefore sceptical. We trust no longer to the scholastic rules impressed upon our rising understanding—rules—axioms, which the dignitaries of science considered sufficient to direct and limit our faith. Alas! the reign of *prestiges* is over; we belong to a neoteric generation, and we *will* think and we will *act* according to the impulse of our nature; and when reposing in the flowery bowers of love and pleasure, we soon forget the classic shades of *Alma Mater*.

But in this ardent anticipation of life, we shortly find that there are obstacles to encounter on which we never calculated: our pride, our vanity, are crushed—our fondest hopes blasted, ere they were well entertained—our expectations are baffled—our strength set at nought by the stronger—our weakness becomes the theme of ridicule amongst creatures weaker than ourselves—the brain that was once puzzled by a problem of Euclid, is now bewildered by contending and conflicting thoughts, until a temporary delirium ensues. Now all the passions of ambition, love, jealousy, hate, revenge, assume a fatal sway. We no longer seek to emulate our playmates at marbles, top, or cricket: the game of life has commenced—the race to fortune and to fame has begun—we seek to satisfy our lust and our love —to gratify our avarice and our thirst of power: disappointed—distracted—madness is often the result, and then is the fatal hereditary predisposition to insanity developed in all its terrific manifestations; our passions have deranged the calm circulation of our blood—the functions of our digestive organs; the brain, the heart, the liver, the stomach, every viscus in our organization, and every plexus of our nervous system, are now in a morbid condition, and the germ of disease transmitted in our embryo state is fecundated into mental or bodily disease.

To these physical causes of morbid action we have to add many contingencies. Emancipated from parental restraint or scholastic discipline, according to his temperament will the youth rush into the vortex of life—he will seek to indulge in every pleasure hitherto forbidden or withheld, or, brooding in ascetic moroseness on visions of future distinction, he will seek for power in cloisters or in camps—join in the mirthful revelry of his companions, or plod in his study over diplomatic or theologic volumes.

Can we then be surprised when we find that it is after this convulsive period of our life that mental aberrations in their various forms are first observed, sometimes ushered in by maniacal violence, at other times preceded by what are called oddities and eccentricities? It is also at this epoch that the results of a good or a deficient education are observed. The tree, hitherto barren, now brings forth wholesome or noxious fruits; and the moral husbandman who reared the young plant, now feels proud of his labour, or shudders in viewing the abortion, as Frankenstein quailed in the presence of the monster he had created.

But it is not always in youth that mental diseases are thus developed. There still exists a buoyancy of spirit in our earlier years, which tends to dispel despair; we still have hope to contend with our struggling thoughts; and although as yet we have not learned to philosophize on our disheartening disappointments, life has not lost its attractions, and satiety has not yet blunted our desires. If we fail in one favourite career, we may try what is called our luck in other pursuits. The face of nature still smiles upon us in all her glorious radiance—we have not yet been blighted by the keen atmosphere of the world. Unless bigotry and fanaticism have embittered our mind, and led us to wish that all mankind should be as wretched and as impious as ourselves, we yet can pluck some flowers in our gloomy and barren path. Here, as we shall shortly see, the mind, the soul if you choose, still holds some power over our organization; but soon, bitter despondency, exaggerated notions, bring on confused ideas and delusions, both body and mind become diseased, and as the former usurps its despotic power, our mental energies are no longer able to maintain the contest.

It is now also that the pangs of poverty are experienced ; that improvident unions bear their sad fruit, when we are weighed down to the earth by burthens which we fondly fancied would have been more easily borne if divided with a companion of our weal or our woe.

If the period of puberty thus operates a painful revolution in the whole organization of man, woman is equally subject to similar laws; and the nubile maid has perhaps still more arduous obstacles to encounter in this climacteric struggle between instinctive impulses and her duties—a struggle rendered more difficult in the ratio of the compulsory and artificial concentration of all her intuitive emotions, when nature, in her convulsive throes, is compelled to assume the mask of apathetic calmness. In this revolution, the energies of the brain or of the sensorium of woman are less called upon than the sympathetic system of nerves; and hysteria, in its multiplied and anomalous forms, warns us of the rapidity and the exaltation of the progressive development of all the functional organs of her sex.

It is this important era that ushers in the antagonism between our appetites and our desires, and the duties imposed upon us both by the laws of God and man. When tracing the progress of our passions, I shall endeavour to show that the anticipation of overrated pleasures, excess in their enjoyment, or the privation of the means of indulging in them, lays the foundation of most of our evil principles of action. In a rude state of nature, the appetites of the savage are easily gratified : his wants are chiefly instinctive; but as civilization progresses, our wants are more artificial, until, from habit and fashion, they at last assume the influence of absolute necessities. Hence is it that insanity is of very rare occurrence amongst rude and uncultivated races ; hence is it also that mental aberration is not a frequent infliction on the blind. The blind man has become reconciled to his dark destinies ; his senses are not exposed to constant temptations ; his expectations are more circumscribed ; his desires less ardent. On the contrary, the impetuousness, the restlessness of the deaf and the dumb, evince a constant wish to participate in all the enjoyments which they behold ; and insanity with these unfortunates is by no means uncommon.

I apprehend that if we are to seek for the origin of hereditary taints, we must trace it to the progress of civilization.* Whether man in his original state was subject to this influence, it is impossible to say ; but we have every reason to assume that the prototypes of our species were of the same temperaments as ourselves. Cain and Abel are strong illustrations of the fact. From the Noachian deluge to the present day, no doubt a tendency to progress has been observed at various periods; but these tendencies have been generally counteracted by the various oscillations of society, and the moral convulsions to which the world has been subjected since its creation.

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* Domestication, which is, to a certain degree, civilization, produces diseases and hereditary maladies in animals which are not found in their wild state. Pigs, for instance, are attacked with *hydatids*, constituting the disorder called the measles. This circumstance may be fairly attributed to the difference of their diet.

When we come to study both the lives of the most illustrious nations, and the lives of men rendered remarkable by their good or bad actions, in every era of the world's annals, we perceive a constant antagonism between virtue and vice, strength and weakness, wealth and poverty. The history of our species shews in every page, that while one nation progressed towards an improved social condition, other countries retrograded into comparative barbarism; and the social fabric has been as subject to its revolutions and its cataclysms as the globe and its surface. Sea and land have changed places: we behold territories, once fertile and luxuriant, transformed into arid and dreary wastes; while sterile and dismal deserts have assumed the gladdening feature of abundance and serenity. Human skill may have imitated the operations of nature, in producing some of these mighty changes ; chemical affinities and combinations may have been called into action to educate the earth and render it productive and grateful; still, when these combinations have been decomposed, and each particle restored to its elementary entity, its original nature will be found as unchanged in its type as the type of man would be, were he cast from the preeminence of intellectual superiority into the slough of ignorance and barbarism.

Our poet Cowper has quaintly observed on this most important subject—rendered of still greater importance by the speculations of some philosophers:—" when we look back," he says, " upon our fore-fathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon creatures of another species; we can hardly believe that a people who resembled us so little in their tastes, should resemble us in anything else. But in everything else, I suppose, they were our counterparts exactly; as *time*, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve, and restored the large trunk hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it. The mind of man, at least, has undergone no change; his *passions*, *appetites*, and *aims* are just what they were; they wear perhaps a handsomer disguise than they did in the days of yore, for *philosophy* and *literature* will have their effect upon the exterior, but in every other respect a *modern* is only an *ancient* in a different dress."*

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* Letter to Mr. Unwin.

We must therefore consider the theory of the progressive development in the animal kingdom by a transmutation of species as an ingenious hypothesis, unsupported by anything like fact, and scarcely grounded even on analogy; and the philosopher whom we quoted above, truly remarks, that "the recent origin of man, and the absence of all signs of any rational being holding an analogous relation to former states of the animal world, affords *one* and the only reasonable argument in support of the hypothesis of a progressive scheme; but *none* whatever in favour of the fancied evolution of one species out of another."*

The discoveries of that ingenious physiologist Dr. Tiedemann of Heidelberg, and the subsequent experiments of Serres, have undoubtedly demonstrated that the brain of the fœtus, in the highest class of vertebrated animals, assumes in succession forms analogous to those which belong to fishes, reptiles, and birds, before it acquires the additions and modifications which are peculiar to the mammiferous tribe. But Lyell, in alluding to these discoveries, observes, "These curious phenomena disclose in a highly interesting manner, the unity of plan that runs through the organization of the whole series of vertebrated animals; *but they lend no support* whatever to the notion of a gradual transmutation of one species into another—least of all, of the passage, in the course of many generations, from an animal of a more simple to one of a more complex structure. *On the contrary*, were it not for the sterility imposed upon monsters, as well as on hybrids in general, the argument to be derived from Tiedmann's discovery, like that deducible from experiments, respecting hybridity, would be in favour of the successive *degeneracy* rather than the perfectibility, in the course of ages, of certain classes of organic beings."*

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* Lyell; Op. Cit.

Although the strongest analogies cannot sanction our belief that the present race of men are merely a more perfectly transmuted form of another preceding species; yet, as the study of the natural history of the globe shews us that various species and genera of animals have disappeared, many of which bear no analogy to existing creatures; that it does not appear that any animals inhabited the earth at the time of the creation; moreover, that the present race of animals did not exist in the earlier periods of the globe's successive formation, and that our species, comparatively speaking, is of recent date, we may be justified in concluding, that as the design of Providence in the gradual progress and development of the world and its inhabitants seems to have been a successive creation of beings, apparently rising above each other to greater perfection, we may, I say, be justifiable in concluding that the Author of the creation may at some future epoch bring forth a still more perfect race to govern the world, when our species will have disappeared in the animal kingdom; and then most probably the fossil remains of our present race will be discovered and commented on by our successors in the possession of this wondrous world, when, to use the words of an ingenious philosopher, "other tribes will be found upon other continents, tribes as far excelling ours in power and in wisdom as we excel the mastodon and the megatherium of the ancient world."*

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* Lyell's Geology, vol. ii., b. iii., c. iv., p. 441.

In regard to our present race: such is the mutability of our condition, subject to so many influences inherent in our nature, that no man can ever presume to say that he could depend upon himself. How true the lines of Dryden!—

"Man is but man, inconstant still and various;
There's no to-morrow in him like to-day;
Perhaps, the atoms whirling in his brain,
Make him think honestly this present hour;
The next, a swarm of base, ungrateful thoughts
May mount aloft.
Who would trust chance, since all men *have the seeds*
Of good or ill, which should work upward first!"

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* Lord Brougham on Fossil Osteology, p. 235. Payne's Ed.

SECTION II.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF TEMPERAMENT IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR PHYSICAL AND MENTAL FACULTIES.

In the preceding chapter I have endeavoured to shew that our species inherit a tendency, not only to bodily diseases, but to moral depravities and crimes. We have also seen that this tendency or predisposition may, in general, be referred to our innate temperament or constitution. It is to this physical constitution that we may attribute the gradual development of our various passions, many of our morbid appetites, and our unruly desires; according to our greater or less *susceptibility* or *impressionability* in our social relations, and the influence of our mental powers in checking and subduing their exigencies.

So convinced were the ancients that our passions arose from peculiar organization, that they placed the seat of our several emotions in particular organs or viscera; hence the olden adage—"Homines splene rident, felle irascuntur, pectore amant, pulmone jactant, corde sapiunt."

Nor was this doctrine altogether unfounded; so far, at least, as symptoms enabled us to form an idea of the locality of our passions. The nervous centre, or cardiac region, appeared to be the principal focus of our most vivid impressions and emotions. It was in this system of the human frame that Van Helmont placed his celebrated *Archæus*, or the directing power that regulates all our moral and our physical faculties.* This region was considered by the ancients in a similar light. Thus, Lucretius—" Idque situm mediâ regione in pectore hæret, hic exsultat enim pavor et metus, hæc loca circum lætive mulcent."

The *cardiac* region was also called the *Phrenic centre*, from φρενες, *animus*. Here was sought the seat of phrensy—of delirium—and most of the mental affections; for it was observed that when this region was irritated by noxious substances, or benumbed by narcotics, the brain was sympathetically affected; whereas, when it was cheered by a pleasant stimulus, an exhilarating cordial, or joyous emotions, the mind became more cheerful and vivacious, and the spirits flowed in a more equal and mantling tide.

When we come to consider the complex and beautiful plexus that supplies this centre with nerves, we cannot wonder at this mighty influence, nor can we, even when guided by the most minute anatomical investigations, deny the mysterious sympathies that appear to be associated with this focus of sensibility, on which our mental faculties are to a certain degree dependent. This plexus influences the functions of the heart, of respiration, of digestion, and cannot be morbidly affected without a corresponding derangement in all our faculties.

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* Vid. the article on that subject in my " Curiosities of Medical Experience," Second Edition, p. 439.

The influence of the *præcordia* on our mental powers, has been ably viewed by Crichton in the following words:—

"The internal gratification and uneasiness which we call mental, are all felt about the *præcordia*, and strictly speaking, therefore, are sensual. It would appear that the sensorial impressions, which all ideas belonging to these causes produce, are communicated by a necessary law of the economy to these parts, affecting particularly the heart, diaphragm, and organs of respiration. It is there that the pleasure or pain is experienced; nothing can be a more convincing proof of this, than the common expressions and actions of mankind, when under the influence of one or other of these feelings. Our *heart*, we say, is *relieved from a load*—it *is light*—it *jumps for joy*—it is *ready to break*—it is *full*—it is *touched with sorrow.* That organ, which ought rather to be considered as a great sufferer in our passions, is commonly regarded as the source of moral action."

Courage, benevolence, timidity, have also been considered as connected with the heart. Hence the common expression, of being *stout-hearted*, *tender-hearted*, *kind-hearted*, *chicken-hearted*, *warm* and *cold-hearted*, &c. &c. Anatomy clearly demonstrates the connection between the heart and the brain, and the sympathetic relation of the cardiac system with various functions of the animal economy. Vauvenargues maintains, that all great ideas emanate from this organ—after Quintilian, who says, "Pectus est quod disertos facit et vis mentis."

Most undoubtedly it is the mind that forms conception; but conception, and judgment, and prudence, emanate from our external and extrinsic relations, communicated to our intellectual faculties by the nervous system. The heart, in fact, is developed while the faculties of the mind are gradually progressing; while certain sensations and animal instincts are innate, intrinsic—and would, if not controlled by reason, influence our conduct, our habits, and our pursuits.

A modern French Physician, Scipion Pinel, has taken a curious view of this subject. He conceives that the two principal centres of our existence, are the *brain* and the *heart*. The brain he considers the seat of intelligence, which, according to his notion, is nothing more than vanity; whereas the heart is the seat of sentiment, which, according to his doctrine, is nothing more nor less than self-love. I shall quote the author's own expressions.

"The brain is nought but vanity: from a little wisdom that it may possess, it has considered itself the most perfect work of the Deity; all that surrounds it is created to obey and to submit; and in its daring presumption it has ventured to measure the acts of the Supreme by the feeble standard of its own organization. One must marvel that the insulted Deity did not annihilate the globe, when man was bewildered by this monstrous delirium, to teach him what he was."

This hyperbolic *tirade* is a repetition of what Montaigne said on the same subject, in a more rational, though in not so poetical a style:—"Who has persuaded man, that the admirable harmony of the celestial roof—that the eternal light of its spheres, proudly moving above him—that the fearful motion of the infinite ocean—were created from century to century for his convenience and his use? Poor creature! What is there in thee deserving of such a gift? It is the vanity of thy imagination which compares thyself to the Godhead, that claims divine attributes, and that teaches thee to class and separate thyself from other creatures; that distributes to other animals, thy brethren, and thy companions, their shares and portions of such faculties as thou mayest deem meet to grant them."

How admirably has our Pope pursued the same theme:—

"Has God, thou fool, work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?

Who for the table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as thickly spreads the flowing lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice; joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours its throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures, swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer;
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives in the labour of this Lord of all."

But to return to Pinel's notions. It is the heart that is endowed with the love of life, and which has been entrusted with the development of self-love. This sentiment, profound and involuntary, resides in the very substance of this organ, and penetrates it with joys and griefs. The love of life is the safeguard of existence, and emerges from the maternal womb; it prompts the infant to the breast, whence it derives its sustenance. The brain is a stranger to this innate impulse; at this period it is nothing more than a turbid fluid, scarcely coagulated;* yet, if the child is falling, it extends

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* Indeed, when we consider the progressive development of the nervous system, both in the embryo and in the lower animals, we are led to conclude that the voluntary nerves and the ganglial system are the origin of the larger branches, the spinal marrow and the brain, which are subsequently developed. Therefore the sympathetic nerve has not inappropriately been called the *abdominal brain;* the action of the heart, the liver, and the stomach, are all under its influence, while, at the same time, its wonderful ramifications extend to the cerebral system and its attributes.

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its little arms to protect itself, although his eyes have not yet been warned of danger. Thus we contemplate instinct and self-love becoming gra-

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The experiments of Le Gallois have proved that the action of the heart still continues for a considerable period of time unimpaired after the destruction of the brain; and those of Dr. Philip show that both the brain and spinal marrow may be destroyed, yet the heart continue to act forcibly and steadily, provided the lungs be excited by the artificial breath of a pair of bellows. Clift has found the heart of a carp leaping when out of water, four hours after its separation from the body.

A German experimentalist of the name of Weinhold cut off the head of a cat, and when its arterial pulsation had ceased, took out the spinal marrow, and placed in its stead an amalgam of mercury, silver, and zinc. Immediately after this was done the pulsation recommenced, and the body made a variety of movements. He took away the brain and spinal marrow from another cat, and filled the skull and vertebral canal with the same metallic mixture. Life appeared to be instantly restored; the animal lifted up its head, opened and shut its eyes, and looking with a fixed stare, endeavoured to walk, and whenever it dropped tried to raise itself upon its legs; it continued in this state for twenty minutes, when it fell down and remained motionless. During all the time the animal was thus treated, the circulation of the blood appeared to go on regularly, the secretion of the gastric juice was more abundant than usual, and the animal heat was established. In this case the body of the animal fulfilled all the purposes of the voltaic pile. From these barbarous experiments it has been concluded by some physiologists that the identity of galvanic electricity and nervous influence is established; but we cannot consider electricity in any other light than a stimulus that might be possessed by various other agencies.

Nevertheless, it was from these experiments that Legallois came to the conclusion that the principle of life resides in the spinal marrow ("Expériences sur le Principe de la Vie"); that the action of the heart and the lungs are dependent on it, and that it is consequently a distinct organ, the life of every part of the trunk being dependent on its nervous connexion with the spinal cord. He therefore was of opinion, that the principle of sensation and motion resided in the spinal cord; whereas the function of the brain was to determine and regulate the actions produced through the medium of the former.

dually intellectual before the time when the brain will be developed."

With these strange, yet, to a certain degree, by no means novel ideas, of locating the passions, our author considers them as appertaining occasionally to both the heart and the head ;—for instance, he maintains that there are two modifications of jealousy—the one cerebral, the other visceral ; the first arising from vanity, the second from self-love ; and he thus endeavours to describe them :—"Vanity strives to predominate in all matters, whether great or inconsiderable, the most important or the most frivolous ; yet every moment is it compelled to acknowledge its own impotency, and to own it (although reluctantly) to itself ; it becomes disappointed, irritable, and, above all things, cannot brook the mere idea of being deceived. We now behold the manifestations of jealousy, rivalry, envy, revenge, dissimulation. If powerful enough to overcome its weakness, to subdue its humiliation, a noble feeling may arise. 'I return thanks to the gods that the republic possesses men more deserving than myself!' exclaimed the Spartan with courageous virtue when his request had been rejected."

But the jealousy of the heart is of a more painful nature, inasmuch that it belongs to the very principle of life. It is more especially with those we love, that this sentiment is the most rending ; it is experienced in acute lancinating pain, in a sensation of lacerating strainings. In this affection, whether the jealous fears are justly founded or not, the chief agony is in the heart, deeply felt, as though a portion of it was being torn away.

Shakespere has beautifully expressed the struggles of this organ in his *Lear* :—

> " But his flaw'd heart,
> (Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
> 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
> Burst smilingly."

And how admirably has Dryden, in his *Cleomenes*, described the contest between the heart and the soul,—

> " His mounting heart bounces against my hand,
> As if it would thrust off his manly soul."

Although it would be difficult to determine which of the viscera in our organization is the seat of any particular passion, yet it is obvious that the predominance of any one particular system in our economy, produces sensations and desires arising from the peculiar functions of these organs and the nature of their tissues, which act with wonderful sympathies on our mental faculties, producing certain desires and appetites, more or less morbid, unruly, and uncontrollable.

Much apparent inconsistency and many contradictory opinions in the works of ethical writers have originated from their confounding *desires* with *appetites*. Dugald Stewart has to a certain extent given a very just view of this subject. *Appetites*, according to him, take rise from the body, and are common to us as well as to brutes; they are not constant, but occasional, and are accompanied with an uneasy sensation, which is strong or weak, in proportion to the strength or weakness of the appetite. He only admits three appetites—*hunger*, *thirst*, and the *appetite of sex.*

Desires he distinguishes from *appetites* by the following circumstances:—they do not take their rise from the body; they do not operate periodically after certain intervals; nor do they cease after the attainment of a particular object. He divides our desires into five classes:—

1. The desire of knowledge.
2. The desire of society.
3. The desire of esteem.
4. The desire of power, or the principle of ambition.
5. The desire of superiority, or the principle of emulation.

Ingenious as this classification may be, I cannot altogether coincide in the writer's conclusions, which are likely to produce much confusion in their definition. I look upon our *appetites* as mere animal and instinctive cravings, whereas our *desires* are associated with complex intellectual and speculative gratification;—for instance, who would say that he feels an *appetite* to possess the woman he loves? *Desires* originate in reflection, in comparison; they are mental manifestations; whereas *appetites* are mere animal impulses, arising from the peculiar excitement and excitability of certain organs.

There is no doubt that *appetites* not unfrequently engender *desires* until they assume the character of *passions*, when our ideas dwell upon past enjoyments, our mental faculties being under the influence of corporeal sensations. The recollection of past pleasure or pain, which we seek to enjoy again or to avoid, will become a principle of action so long as the faculty of impressionability exists, and is not worn out or blunted by age, excesses, or infirmities. Thus, through our mental processes and our sequences of thought, our ideas become incorporated into conceptions, as the mind forms corporeal images, not unfrequently, of imaginary beings, analogous to the nature of our feelings and desires. A romantic girl will behold in a man she may admire the identical form that her vivid imagination had previously conjured before she had seen him—the impersonation of an ideal perfection. *Instinct*, no doubt, may consist of ideas, or rather impulses, which do not *originate* in sensations ; they may at first depend upon a mechanical or automatic principle of animal action, or an organic endowment ; but when they become *imperatively habitual*, they will gradually be intimately associated with mental desires ; and stimulants that were at first organic, and dependent upon nervous distribution, will at last become subservient to the imagination, in all its luxuriant manifestations, and too frequently assume the forms of ungovernable passions, when natural *instincts* will be transferred by morbid fancies into refined and criminal enjoyments. Then we behold hunger degenerating into gluttony; thirst into crapulous inebriety; and sexual desire into brutal libertinism.

To ascertain and fix the limits of mind and body, of spirit and matter, in their relative reaction upon each other, would not only be a difficult but a futile attempt—these are impenetrable mysteries. It is worse than idle to squander our time and labour in vain attempts to solve them. It is, however, the antagonistic action and reaction of these principles that tends to modify the sensorial impressions to which flesh is heir, and which develope our manifold passions. Then consciousness and volition may either check or encourage the impulse. The impulses of what may be called *corporeal instrumentality* are more or less under the controul of our intellectual faculties, and therefore may the body become in time subservient to the mind. It is to the strength or to the weakness of these powers of our reasoning faculties, that we owe the greater or the less influence of our sensations. These powers ripen with our years, in a healthy state of body and mind, and gradually decay with our faculties: nevertheless, there does exist at all times a morbid condition, both of the body and of the mind, that predisposes us to yield to the tyrannical influence of our constitutional predispositions. It is these constitutional predispositions that have been called *temperaments*, and it is according to the nature of these temperaments, or constitutional idiosyncrasies, that these antagonistic powers are commensurate in their energies.

It is unfortunately but too evident, that there are certain conditions of our corporeal organization that will urge us to actions the most reprehensible in a moral point of view, and hostile to the welfare of society. It is no less true, that these impulses are sometimes so powerful and irresistible, as to render us passive instruments of evil; and when unchecked by the dictates of religion and morality, our conduct might be extenuated on the plea that frail humanity is occasionally unable to overcome the fatal preponderance, when acts are committed which to the rational and the wise must appear as an evidence of a temporary state of insanity. Fortunately for mankind, education and sound institutions may not only counteract these natural propensities, but actually blend one temperament so effectually with another, as to neutralize the evil leaven. Therefore is it, that the study of the human passions, so much neglected, becomes one of the greatest public and private importance.

I feel great pleasure in quoting Mason Good's admirable remarks on this subject:—

" Each of these temperaments, how widely soever they may differ from each other, is capable of being transmuted into any of the rest. Galen has particularly dwelt upon this most important fact, and has especially observed that a man of the most elevated and sanguineous constitution may be broken down into a melancholic habit by a long series of anxiety and affliction; while, on the other hand, the most restless and audacious of the bilious and choleric, may be attuned to the quiet of the phlegmatic temper, by an uninterrupted succession of peaceful luxury and indulgence. Of what moment is this well established fact in the nice science of education!—nay, of a total reversion both in body and mind, each of which may be made to play upon the other—the one by a discipline of gymnastic exercise, and the other by a discipline of intellectual and moral studies. The Greeks were thoroughly aware of this mutual dependence, and made gymnastic games a regular part of the tuition of the academy; thus securing at once, and at the same time, in the self-same persons, a race of heroes and of sages, and turning the wild luxuriance of nature to the noblest harvest of wisdom and virtue."

The Greek physiologists were the first to classify the peculiarities of organization, which they called *temperaments* — the *naturæ* of Hippocrates, the *misturæ of Galen.* They considered organized bodies as an assemblage of elements endowed with different properties, but combined in such a manner that their union should constitute a whole, in which none of them would predominate in a healthy condition of body and mind ; but on the contrary, they were to modify, to *temper* each other, their simultaneous action being directed and controlled by the spirit of life—*spiritus.* It was therefore the due combination of these elements that constituted a perfect temperament ;* their aberrancy caused mental or physical disease; health, in fact, consisting in the due performance and the adjustment of the action of our organs.

The ancients divided these elements into *hot and cold, dry and moist;* and from the combination of these principles they classified the fluids or humours of the body ; the blood was *hot and moist*, the bile *hot and dry*, the phlegm *cold and damp*, the melancholy *cold and dry.*

This division led to a further classification into *genera ;* and according to the predominance of these elements, the temperaments were divided into the *sanguineous*, the *bilious*, the *phlegmatic*, and the *melancholic.*

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* The sensation produced by a healthy state of the functions, and the mental tranquillity corresponding with this condition, have been considered a sixth sense by some German physiologists, to which they have given the name of *Selbsgefuhl* and *Gemeingefuhl*, *self-feeling* and *general feeling.* The organ of this sense was supposed to exist in the extremities of all the nerves of the body, except those that supply the five external senses. (Comment. de Cienestheri. Auct. C. F. Hubner, 1794.) But as Mason Good observes, "This sensation is nothing more than a result of that general sympathy which appears to take place between different organs and parts of the body, expressive of a pleasurable or disquieting feeling, according as the frame at large is in a state of general and uninterrupted health, or affected by some cause of disquiet."

These supposed elementary humours, influencing the whole animal frame, were dependent upon certain organs for their specific production. Thus the blood was supplied by the heart, the phlegm by the head, the yellow bile by the gall bladder, and the black or atrabile by the spleen—this latter humour being the source of melancholy.

Notwithstanding the many revolutions that have taken place in the doctrines of physiology since the days of Hippocrates, this ancient classification prevails, to a certain extent, to the present period, and has laid the foundation of the theories of temperaments, constitutions, and peculiar idiosyncrasies that have at various times been advanced by philosophers; and although there are physiologists who treat this doctrine with sovereign contempt, and deny the entity of any special temperament, daily experience must convince the unprejudiced observer that these constitutional dispositions operate upon our mental faculties with an undeniable power. Kant, Snell, and various German philosophers, even attribute certain virtues to temperament, since they divide them into virtues of *temperament*, of *education*, and of *civilization*.*

The only modern introduction in these categories is the *nervous temperament*, which, after all, is only a modification of the four others; and it is more than probable, that the old classification will long be upheld, notwithstanding the many objections that may be started, and the ingenuity of modern hypotheses. I shall therefore proceed to give a brief sketch of these predisposing constitutions, which are too frequently the most afflicting heirlooms transmitted to mankind.

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* Lehrbuch fur der ersten untement in der Philosophie. By Fred. Willh. Dan. Snell. § xl.

In the *sanguineous temperament* we find the chest and lungs fully developed; the heart and arteries possess a predominating energy; the pulse is strong, frequent, and regular; the countenance animated, and more or less flushed; the eyes sparkling and vivid; the stature erect; the muscular forms strongly marked and firm, yet undulating; the hair is generally of a brown or auburn colour; the nervous impressions acute, but evanescent; the perception vivid, but not permanent; the memory quick, but not retentive; the disposition passionate and violent, but not vindictive; amorous, fond of conviviality and good cheer; the imagination lively and luxuriant. Few persons of this temperament are very studious and learned, their mind partaking of the general impetuosity of their actions.

In this constitution we observe athletic strength and mental fortitude, prepared to resist and overcome all opposition, although we witness great tranquillity and presence of mind in the hour of danger, and a calmness arising from a consciousness of power, and from less acuteness of the perception of external impressions. Such a man, when roused to action, will strive to surmount every physical obstacle ; he will excel in manly exercises, but rarely attain pre-eminence in science or the fine arts, which require steady observation, intense study, or exquisite sensibility, and quick apprehension.

In the *sanguineous temperament*, the organs of the senses, although easily affected, are not of so impressionable a nature as in other constitutions. The mind may receive with great energy and exaltation the impressions transmitted by the senses, but these perceptions are so multiplied and confused that they are not apprehended with exactitude, or faithfully retained, being much more vivid than reflective : the conception may be prompt, but from the facility with which the sanguineous fly from one idea to another, their judgment cannot be relied on: ever anxious for excitements which leave but feeble traces of their transient influence —gifted with a brilliant imagination and a tolerable memory, they are ever disposed to come to hasty conclusions. Hence, their comparisons are too frequently erroneous, and their decisions crude and incorrect. As I have already stated, such individuals are seldom calculated for the cultivation of sciences that require observation, long meditation, or patient calculation ; their worldly conduct is rarely marked by that regularity and perseverance that constitute the ground work of successful operations; their flexibility of disposition enables them to submit for a short time to any taste, to yield to every desire; and their versatility in general renders them pleasant companions, and the ornaments of convivial circles. We are not, therefore, to expect in a person of this temperament, much fidelity in love, stability in friendship, or generous sacrifices for the welfare of others; nor can we trust one day to the protestations of the preceding one—a constant desire to seek fresh excitement being their usual characteristic.

The same tumultuous energies that we observe in health mark the diseases both of mind and body: the latter are in general of an inflammatory type, affecting with violence the head and the lungs, while gout and rheumatism are the usual attendants on old age. From the exaltation of their energies, the head and heart are in a constant state of reaction; a determination of blood to the brain often produces a temporary delirium, during which their conduct is ferocious and uncontrollable; and when labouring under mental aberration, the form of insanity that is mostly observed is *mania*, succeeded by great exhaustion when the violence of the paroxysm is expended; they are also subject to destructive *monomania*, but without premeditation or calculation; and they seem to follow a blind and instinctive impulse in deeds of outrage and bloodshed, for the gratification of a destructive propensity, more than from any hostile or revengeful feeling towards the object of their wrath.

In many of these cases the premonitory symptoms of insanity are evident—the animal spirits are more elevated than usual; with a freedom of manner both in language and conduct, setting the usual rules of social propriety at defiance: a constant agitation of mind, with restlessness, when every action appears hurried and unsteady, is also remarked. Sallies of humour and wit are observed in persons who had previously been considered of a dull apprehension. As the disease gains ground, frequent paroxysms of ungovernable passion are succeeded by fitful bursts of loud merriment and laughter; the glistening appearance of the eyes—their turgescency and rapid movements, indicate great excitement of the brain; while the fierceness of the countenance, appalling to strangers, proves the vehemence of the emotions that agitate the wandering and distracted intellects; occasionally the unfortunate sufferer neglects his food, or loathes it, while at other times he is voracious and craving. The manifestations of mania are not always corresponding with former habits and ideas; on the contrary, the most gentle will sometimes become outrageous, while the unruly have been found to be more easily subdued.

We have now to consider the *choleric or bilious temperament*, in which the action of the liver and the biliary system predominates. This temperament is not unfrequently associated with sanguineous excitement, when the two temperaments modify each other to a singular degree : here we find the pulse hard, quick, and strong; the veins superficial and salient; the sensibility extremely acute and easily excited ; a capacity for pondering for a long time on the same object ; the skin is sallow, with a tendency to a yellow tinge ; the hair black or dark brown, and falling off at an early period of life; the body moderately fleshy ; the muscles firm and prominent ; the physiognomy expressive ; the temper abrupt, impetuous, and passionate ; bold in the conception of a project, inflexible and dauntless in its execution : this is the temperament that has urged men both to noble and to execrable deeds—openly daring and determined, or hypocritically cringing, to attain their purpose ; and they even can check the turbulence of their passions, if it is necessary to carry a point in view, or attain a particular end.

In persons of this constitution, the character may be traced to their early youth, when the ambitious restlessness of their disposition is constantly observed; and although circumstances may check the development of their predominant passions, it is with difficulty that you can operate a diversion in their favorite views. In general, it is to adventitious circumstances that these persons owe their elevation, and the opportunity of displaying either their good or their evil qualities. Most men of this dangerous temperament are irascible, vindictive, and cruel ; equally susceptible of ardent love, of fierce jealousy, and of unmitigated hatred; their courage is a matter of calculation, but frequently dependent on the condition of their digestive faculties; and according to the state of the action of the liver and the secretion of bile, their temper and their valor will be changeable and capricious. At one time they will display an utter contempt of danger, and at other times feel disposed to flee from peril, more especially if flight is more consistent with their ultimate projects.

A severe, haughty, and unapproachable demeanour is not uncommon in such persons; sturdy and overbearing in their doctrines and favorite theories, whether right or wrong, in the rostrum or the pulpit; and often, by the well-arranged and systematic delivery of their opinions, they will succeed in coercing or frightening into concession many who were previously their determined opponents.

Cromwell, Charles the Twelfth, Peter the Great, Napoleon, were types of this temperament, in which, as I have already observed, the sanguineous system is very often brought into a combination of action with the bilious organs.

The diseases to which this temperament is subject are—affection of the liver and the digestive organs, chronic glandular inflammation, and ulceration of the mucous tissues. In insanity they become dangerous maniacs or monomaniacs: however, they will conceal their malevolent disposition with great cunning, submit apparently with readiness to the control exercised over them—but they will cherish vindictive hopes, and watch for the first opportune moment to carry their vengeance into execution. They will rarely attempt suicide, but entertain constant projects of effecting their escape. Ambition having been the chief stimulus of their former life, their exacerbations will partake of the same character, and they will indulge in the wildest and most extravagant flights of a prurient imagination, or in the desperate outbreaks of offended vanity and subjugated pride. The ruling pursuits of former life still predominating, the notions of these lunatics are not unconnected, although they may appear extravagant. The avaricious will carefully hoard scraps of paper, pebbles, fragments of bread; while the prodigal will waste and spoil whatever comes within his reach. The imaginary general will command imaginary forces, complain of treason and defection, order charges and retreats, and direct his troops not to give any quarter to the flying foe; while the diplomatist will mistrust his ambassador, offer bribes to forward his views, and while he urges the faith of treaties, he will promise the most flattering rewards if you will assist him in breaking them. He will quote Machiavel, Grotius, Puffendorf, and Vatel, and furiously silence any interruption on the part of the fanatic who seeks to display his knowledge of the Fathers, of Calvin and of Luther, ordering Smithfield faggots to be kindled, or holding forth the bright prospect of future beatitude and crowns of glory.

In the military asylum of Fort Clarence, I had a patient who fancied himself a lawyer, and another who imagined that he was involved in a troublesome suit. This poor fellow was all day long pressing the supposed barrister for his advice, but the other pertinaciously refused to listen to his case until he had received a fee. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the scenes that passed between these unfortunates, more especially as the lawyer, who had been an attorney's clerk, was incessantly mixing up the proceedings of courts martial with Old Bailey practice.

In these cases the affection of the mental faculties appears to be the result of abdominal derangement, and in the epigastrium and the adjoining regions may be traced the proximate cause of their insanity.

The *melancholic* or *atrabilious temperament* is of a different character. Here the biliary organs are brought into a constant morbid action, while the sanguineous system is weak and irregular. In these mournful subjects, the skin assumes a sallow unearthly tinge, the pulse is hard and contracted, the digestive functions torpid and irregular, the imagination full of dark suspicions, and a gloom is shed over all that surrounds the miserable sufferer—for such he may truly be considered. These subjects are prone to various monomanias, uncertain and fickle, and often capriciously cruel and ferocious, and a prey to hypochondriasis in all its wretchedness. Their vacillating countenance indicates the condition of their dismal mind—the eyes sunk in their hollow sockets, the muscles of the face sharp and rigid in their outlines, and their looks are restless and vacant. The mind is abstracted and absent; sometimes they are sunk in a deep reverie, at others they are verbose and loquacious in the description of their sufferings and the perils that threaten them. The more unfounded their apprehension, the more gloomy are their fears and anticipations. Tiberius, Louis XI., may be considered types of this constitution, and Richeraud has classed Tasso, Pascal, Zimmerman, and Rousseau, as examples of its prevalence. Great genius and the most vivid imagination are not unfrequently the attributes of this class; but the brightest prospects that busy fancy can pourtray are ever clouded with sadness, and the radiance of the prism would appear turbid to their morbid vision.

Weariness of life will often tempt these wretched beings to commit suicide; and Sauvages, who describes this state under the name of *Anglica*, conceiving that we were more liable to the *spleen* than any other people, says, that the sufferers are languid, sorrowful, tired of remedies of every kind; settle their affairs, make their wills, take leave of their friends by letter, and then put an end to their lives by hanging, poison, or some other means, exhibiting a wish to die, not from insanity or severe grief, but tranquilly, from a *tædium vitæ*, or irksomeness of existence.

Our Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, has admirably described this disorder of the mind in the following passage. "They are soon tired with all things, they will now tarry, now be gone; now in bed they will rise, now up, then they go to bed; now pleased and then again displeased, now they like, by and by they dislike all, weary of all—'sequitur nunc vivendi, nunc moriendi cupido,' saith Aurelianus—Discontented, disquieted, upon every light occasion or no occasion, often tempted to make away with themselves; they cannot die, they will not live; they complain, weep, lament, and think they lead a most miserable life—never was any man so bad. Every poor man they see is most fortunate in respect of them. Every beggar that comes to the door is happier than they are. Jealousy and suspicion are common symptoms of this misanthropic variety. They are testy, pettish, peevish, distrustful, apt to mistake, and ready to snarl, upon every occasion and without any cause, with their dearest friends. If they speak in jest, the hypochondriac takes it in good earnest; if the smallest ceremony be accidentally omitted, he is wounded to the quick. Every tale, discourse, whisper, or gesture, he applies to himself; or if the conversation be openly addressed to him, he is ready to misconstrue every word, and cannot endure that any man should look steadfastly at him, laugh, point the finger, cough, or sneeze. Every question or movement works upon him, and is misrepresented, and makes him alternately turn pale or red, and even sweat, with distrust, fear, or anger."

The horrors of hypochondriasis have been sadly delineated by Charles Lamb!

"By myself walking,
To myself talking;
When as I ruminate
On my untoward fate,
Scarcely seem I
Alone sufficiently;
Black thoughts continually
Crowding my privacy:
They come unbidden,
Like foes at a wedding,
Thrusting their faces
In better guests' places;
Peevish and malcontent,
Clownish impertinent,
Dashing the merriment.
So, in like fashions,
Dim cogitations
Follow and haunt me,
Striving to daunt me,
In my heart festering,
In my ears whispering,
'Thy friends are treacherous,
Thy foes are dangerous,
Thy dreams are ominous.'

Fierce Anthropophagi,
Spectra Diaboli,
What scared St. Anthony;
Hobgoblins, Lemures,

Dreams of Antipodes,
Night-riding incubi,
Troubling the fantasy,
All dire illusions
Causing confusions;
Figments heretical,
Scruples fantastical,
Doubts diabolical.
Abaddon vexeth me,
Mahu perplexes me,
Lucifer teareth me.
Jesu! Maria! liberate nos ab his diris tentationibus inimici." *

Yet there does exist a pensive state of melancholy which is far from rendering those who experience it miserable; on the contrary, it is to them a source of much soothing reflection, since it enables them to soar on fancy's wings to other regions more blissful than this worldly stage! Thomson has well expressed this feeling:—

"He comes! he comes! In every breeze the power
Of philosophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach, the sudden starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the wild, dejected air,
The softened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
Influence imaginative through the breast
Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought."

Still, all these varieties of melancholy are apt to produce a deranged condition of our intellectual faculties; these aberrations will, however, partake of

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* Miscellaneous Poems, p. 6. Ed. Moxon. 1841.

the morbid train of thought that gave rise to them. The gloomy, who despair of ever obtaining the Divine forgiveness, will become demonomaniacs, and imagine that they are possessed by evil spirits who torture them, in anticipation of future torments. On the other hand, the ecstatic both in religion and in love will fancy themselves in converse with heavenly spirits or transferred to regions of eternal bliss. Thus did Saint Theresa, in her fervent visions, sincerely believe that her body was lifted from the earth, and that she heard the voice of God, saw our Lord with St. Peter and St. Paul standing on her left hand, by the first of whom the cross which was at the end of her rosary was miraculously transformed into four large gems, incomparably more precious than diamonds. But devils appeared to her as well as blessed spirits, whom she always kept at a distance by sprinkling holy water; and she declared most solemnly that she beheld the joyful escape from the flames of purgatory of the purified souls of Father Pedro d'Alcantara, Father Ivagnez, and a Carmelite friar.

How beautifully did this strange visionary describe her condition! "By prayer," she says, "she had attained a celestial quietude—a state of union, of rapture, of ecstasy. I experienced," she adds, "a sort of sleep of all the faculties of the soul—intellect, memory, and volition; during which, though they were but slumbering, they had no conception of their mode of operation. It was a voluptuous sensation, such as one might experience when expiring in raptures in the bosom of our God. The soul is unconscious of her actions, she (the soul) knows not if she speaks or if she remains silent, if she laughs or if she cries. It is, in short, a blessed extravagance, a celestial madness, in which she attains, in the knowledge of true wisdom, an inconceivable consolation. She is on the point of merging into a state of languor; breathless, exhausted; the slightest motion, even of the hands, is unutterably difficult; the eyes are closed by a spontaneous movement, or if they remain open, the power of vision has fled; in vain they endeavour to read; they can distinguish letters, but are unable to class them into words. Speak to a person in this absorbed condition—no answer will be obtained; although striving to speak, utterance is impossible. Deprived of all external faculties, those of the soul are increased, to enjoy glorious raptures when conversing with God and his surrounding angels."

These conversations the fair enthusiast relates; and she further states, "that after having remained about an hour in this joyous trance, she recovered her usual senses, and found her eyes streaming with tears, as though they were weeping for the loss she had experienced in being restored to earthly relations." This morbid condition of our intellects has been most philosophically described by Johnson in his *Rasselas*.

"To indulge the power of fiction, and send imagination out upon the wing, is often the sport of those who delight too much in silent speculation. He who has nothing external that can divert him, must find pleasure in his own thoughts, and must conceive himself what he is not; for who is pleased with what he is? He thus expatiates on boundless futurity, and culls from all imaginary conditions, that which for the present moment he would most desire; amuses his desires with impossible enjoyments, and confers upon his pride unattainable dominions. The mind dances from scene to scene, unites all pleasures in all combinations, and riots in delights which nature and fortune, with all their bounty, cannot bestow. In time, some particular train of ideas fixes the attention; all other intellectual gratifications are rejected; the mind, in weariness or leisure, returns constantly to the favourite conception, and feasts on the luscious falsehood whenever she is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees, the reign of fancy is confirmed; she grows first imperious, and in time despotic. Thus fictions begin to operate as realities—false opinions fasten upon the mind —and life passes in dreams of rapture or of anguish."

The celebrated physician Boerhaave was once engaged in so profound a meditation, that he did not close his eyes for six weeks. As I have said elsewhere, "any fixity of thought may be considered a monomania."* Pascal being thrown down on a bridge, fancied ever after that he was standing on the brink of a terrific precipice, which appeared to him an abyss, ever ready to engulf him. So immutable was this dread, that when his friends conversed with him they were obliged to conceal this imaginary peril with chairs, on which they seated themselves, to tranquillize his perturbed mind. Archimedes, it is related, was heedless of the slaughter around him. Father Castel, the inventor of the ocular harpsichord, spent an entire night in one position, ruminating on a thought that struck him as he was retiring to rest.

On this most important subject, which refers chiefly to persons of a melancholic and nervous temperament, I have, in the work already quoted, expressed myself in the following words:—

" This contemplation, however, may be applied to positive relations, or to the working of fiction. In the latter case it becomes to a certain degree mental, and beyond the control or the influence of our senses, although we cannot regulate the rationality of our mental pursuits by any given or acknowledged standard. The pseudo-philosopher, who searches for the *elixir vitæ*, or the power of transmuting metals—and the judicial astrologer, are, in the eyes of society, madmen ; yet do they reason on certain rational principles, and in many respects may be considered wise. One might figuratively say, that here the mind must have taken flight beyond its natural limits—if we can limit thought. In the wild wanderings of theosophy, man has fancied that by abstracting himself from the world, he might place himself in relation with the Divinity; and has so fondly indulged the flattering illusion, that he actually believes that he is in converse with his Creator or his angels. Unquestionably this is a state of insanity, yet it is founded upon a systematic train of ideas, that, strictly speaking, does not partake of mental aberration, but rather of enthusiasm. Although an indulgence in this may terminate in insanity, still there is something delightful in these fond aberrations: a new world, a new condition is evoked; we are freed from the trammels of society and its prejudices; and, perhaps encompassed by misery, we bound from its shackles into another orb of our own creation, where the eyes are closed in a vision of bliss, beholding a meridian sunbeam through the darkness of night. If the slumber of the visionary ushered in death, his destiny might be enviable; he had already quitted the world, seeking the presence of his God; his soul had already soared from its earthly tenement."

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* Curiosities of Medical Experience. Second Edition. On Ecstatic Exaltation, p. 38.

When considering the effects of religious enthusiasm and superstition, I shall recur to this most interesting subject.

The *fourth temperament* is the *phlegmatic*, *lymphatic*, *pituitous* or *watery* temperament; for these terms, used by different physiologists, are more or less synonymous. Here the quantity of fluids is disproportionate with that of the solids—hence the body will often attain an unwholesome bulk; the muscles are soft and pliant; the skin fair and transparent; the lips, especially the upper one, thick and pulpy; the hair light flaxen or sandy; the pulse weak and slow; all the vital actions are languid; the memory little tenacious, and the attention wavering; an insurmountable indolence prevails, and averse to mental or corporeal exertions. The *far niente* is the greatest enjoyment, and a nightcap preferable to a diadem. These subjects are in general good easy persons, susceptible of kindly feelings, but, to use a common expression, easily *put out of sorts*, and their sensations and conceptions are usually of a transient nature; their minds are often depraved by effeminacy and sensuality; their love is mostly animal and instinctive, unconnected with any noble and generous association; they are not courageous, yet they display great tranquillity in moments of danger, and would rather quietly sink than struggle with the waves; if their dwelling is on fire, they would calmly walk out, but not exert themselves to put down the conflagration; when hereditary power places them at the helm of a state, a wreck of the vessel may be speedily expected, unless the sceptre is wrested from their feeble hands by a choleric or an atrabilious competitor for power.

The digestion of these individuals is languid and irregular; they are subject to glandular congestions and scrofulous affections, dropsy, serous effusions from atony in the absorbent system; and when insane, fatuity may be expected: then, an idle gravity of countenance, or inane laugh, is observable, denoting an indolent vacuity of thought; opposition or control produces a dogged and sulky obstinacy, but rarely excites any violent re-action, although they will not unfrequently betray malicious resentment.

We not unfrequently meet with persons who show in their dispositions a combination of the bilious and the lymphatic temperament; and Mason Good gives Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox as illustrations of such a case. "Strictly speaking," he says, "Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox belonged equally in the main to the second temperament. There was the same ardour, genius, and comprehensive judgment in both, with a considerable tendency to the sanguineous—and hence, with more mutability, but more self-confidence, audacity, and sanguine expectation. The latter, while possessing the same general or bilious temperament, was at the same time more strongly inclined to the lymphatic—and hence his increased corporeal bulk; and with less bold and ardent expectation, he possessed one of the sweetest and most benevolent dispositions to be met with in the history of the world. The first was formed to be revered, the second to be beloved—both to be admired and immortalized."

The *nervous temperament*, as I have already observed, may be considered of a complex character, as it influences the sanguineous, but more frequently the choleric, the melancholic, and the phlegmatic. In this constitution the sentient system predominates, and one might say that the frame is *all sensation;* a vivid susceptibility to all external impressions prevails. The limbs are feeble, and the muscles flaccid and small, the skin pale and dry, the features restless and uneasy, the pulse small and quick, respiration hurried, digestion weak, and appetite capricious, the nights restless and perturbed with anxious dreams. They are constantly seeking sensual enjoyments and novel excitement. Love, or what they fancy to be love, is to such individuals a necessary *pabulum.* For a while their attachment is ardent and enthusiastic; but as selfishness and fickleness are the attributes of this temperament, their affections are changeable, and rarely of long duration; and their vanity once offended, they can hate as fiercely as they adored the former idol of their worship. Their great irritability, both in their moral and physical faculties, will sometimes render such persons miserable; for they are jealous, suspicious, and impatient, and ever seeking to ameliorate their condition, they must be subject to frequent disheartening disappointments. Thus, miserable themselves, while in the vain pursuit of an imaginary happiness, they involve in their sufferings those who have had the weakness to rely on their professions, or attach themselves to their checquered destinies, unless they are of a similar temperament, and seek fresh emotions to replace past enjoyments and revive faded pleasures. Females of this constitution are subject to constant hysterical and convulsive affections, that often render them a plague to others and a nuisance to themselves. Their ideas are as romantic as their partialities are whimsical and unaccountable; vivid emotions constitute their life. They must breathe an atmosphere of excitement, or linger and pine away in self-inflicted consumption, or what they fancy "a broken heart." Our older poet, Lee, has beautifully described this struggle between passion and reason, in woman's breast, when distracted by illicit passion:—

"I love the man my reason bids me hate.
The war's begun—the war of Love and Virtue,
And I am fix'd to conquer or to die;
Thou know'st the strugglings of my wounded soul,
Hast seen me strive against this lawless passion,
Till I have lain like slaves upon the rack,—
My veins half burst, my weary eye-balls fix'd,
My brow all cover'd with big drops of sweat,
Which struggling grief wrung from my tortur'd brain."
Princess of Cleves.

Of such love, our Burton quaintly says, "Humane, divine laws, precepts, exhortations, fear of God and men, fair, foul means, fame, fortune, shame, disgrace, honour, cannot oppose, stave off, or withstand the fury of it. *Omnia vincit amor.* No cord nor cable can so forcibly draw or hold so fast, as love can do with a twined thread. The scorching beams of the equinoctial, or extremity of cold within the circle arctique, where the very seas are frozen, cold or torrid zone, cannot avoid or expel their heat, fury, and rage."

It thus appears evident that various temperaments, occasionally blended and fused in each other, dominate and rule our actions, according to the greater or less degree of sensibility and irritability with which we are endowed, when placed under the sphere of action of physical and moral stimulants, which render our perceptions and our desires more or less acute. The result of this stimulation will drive some individuals into a state of temporary or confirmed insanity, while it will sink others into a brutal, sensual degradation.

It is according to the predominance of these temperaments, generally of hereditary transmission, that certain organs and faculties are more irritable and susceptible of excitement than others; certain passions and desires will act principally on particular organs and tissues, producing a local excitement, a local congestion of blood, illustrating the old physiologic aphorism, *Ubi stimulus ibi fluxus*, and causing a state of orgasm which acts by sympathy upon the whole animal system; for although we may admit the doctrine which classifies irritation into *general* and *local*, there is no doubt that a local excitement will produce a general result on our physical and moral manifestations and powers, according to the peculiar character of the passions or desires excited by the stimulation.

Fortunately for mankind, the development of our hereditary temperaments is gradual; therefore it is possible, by a proper course of education, to modify them in their growth, by endeavouring at an early period to controul a too vivid susceptibility, thereby diminishing, or at least neutralizing, the tendency to aberration. Although mental aberration will often occur suddenly, and without any apparent cause or premonitory symptoms, yet in general its progress is gradual; and functional derangement, manifested by eccentricities and oddities, may be often observed before mental disturbance is confirmed. Shakspere has well defined this progressive invasion of the mind in his Hamlet:—

> "And he, repulsed,
> Fell into sadness, then into a fast,
> Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
> Thence to a lightness; and by this declension,
> Into the madness wherein now he raves."

The French physiologist Broussais has most correctly delineated this morbid march of the disordered intellect:—

"When the mind dwells intently on any person or object, the image thereof is retained; we see it, we hear it, as distinctly (although withdrawn from our actual senses) as though we continued in immediate relation with it. Thus the person who leaves off a certain occupation that has deeply interested him, to seek repose, continues to think of the subject instead of closing his eyes; and even when sleep ensues, he can rarely interrupt the series of his ideas, which will visit him in the form of dreams.

"So long as man has not deviated from his normal condition, occupation (*distraction*), repose, sleep, may dispel these predominating impressions, enable him to assuage his grief, calm his resentments—in short, restore him to an equilibrious state, that renders him apt to receive fresh impressions, and to act upon them with rationality. But if these predominating impressions acquire an intense degree of activity, from a continuation of their causes, or from the predisposition of the individual, these impressions will not be easily effaced. There will prevail an *excess* of memory, and an importunate recollection of those impressions, from which a man cannot divest himself, whether these impressions be pleasurable, as in the case of an erotic melancholy, or that he abhors and shuns them as in other melancholic affections. He soon perceives that these recollections bring on a train of other thoughts that he had no reason to apprehend; and now, the patient—for such we must consider him—suffers from the internal operation—from this tyrannical memory, that compels him to contemplate a crowd of images which he most willingly would dispel; and his uneasiness increases when he feels that these images form the most monstrous constructions in his mind, when all his faculties of reasoning are insufficient to prevent him from believing in the reality of these chimera!"*

The celebrated Pinel has borne ample testimony to the influence of temperament on our mental manifestations. "The violence of maniacal paroxysms," he observes, "appears to be independent of the nature of the existing cause; or at least, to be far more influenced by the constitution of the individual, and the peculiar degree of his physical and moral sensibility. Men of a robust constitution, of mature years, with black hair, and susceptible of strong and violent passions, appear to retain the same characters when visited by this most distressing of human misfortunes. Their ordinary energy is augmented to outrageous fury. Violence, on the other hand, is seldom characteristic of the paroxysm of individuals of more moderate passions, with brown or auburn hair. Nothing is more common than to see men with light-coloured hair† sink into soothing and pleasurable reveries; while it seldom or never happens that they become furious or unmanageable. Their pleasing dreams, however, are at length overtaken by, and lost amidst, the gloom of an incurable fatuity. Those of the greatest mental excitement, of the warmest passions, the most active imaginations, the most acute sensibility, are chiefly predisposed to insanity. A melancholy reflection!—but such as is calculated to call forth our best and tenderest sympathies."

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* De l'Irritation et de la Folie.

† In regard to the colour of the hair and the complexion in insanity, this sad affliction is more rare in individuals with red hair. Out of upwards of 1,100 lunatics under my care, I could not count more than about 20 whose hair was distinctly what is vulgarly called "carroty."

I cannot better conclude this Section than by quoting a passage from Mason Good on the same important subject:—"These infirmities, whether of body or mind, may be constitutional and permanent—periodical or recurrent—or merely incidental and temporary. The body may be of a sanguineous temperament—of a platonic temperament—of a nervous or irritable temperament;—and the mind may in like manner possess an over-weening confidence and courage—be characteristically dull and inactive—or be even goaded on by restlessness and eager desire; it may be quick in apprehension and taste, but weak in memory; strong in judgment, but slow in imagination; or feeble in judgment, but rapid in imagination; its feelings or passions may be sluggish, or all alive; or some passions may be peculiarly energetic, while the rest remain at the temperate point."

SECTION III.

ON SENSIBILITY, AND THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

The office of the nervous system is most undoubtedly to bring the conscious mind into relation with the external world. It is by this consciousness that individuals become sensible of impressions; and this is the peculiar attribute of beings composing the animal kingdom: no traces of a nervous system can be found in plants. It is through this consciousness of the mind, which renders us cognizant of what passes around us, that we act upon the material world by the organic instruments provided for that purpose.

Of the mechanism of this function, or the mode in which sensations are transmitted to the sensorium, we know nothing; their transmission, however, will depend, in a great measure, upon the degree of exaltation or the acuteness of the *sensibility* and *irritability** of the nervous system in receiving the impression of an external stimulus. It is clear, that any cause that can affect our sensations, must be followed by false, or at any rate, deceptive perceptions. I use the word *sensation* instead of *sensibility*, as the latter term is more applicable to the capability of receiving impressions. The French word *impressionability* I

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* The terms *sensibility* and *irritability* are frequently made use of in a similar sense. Both these properties are inherent in organized

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bodies and a manifestation of life, yet they differ in their natures; since *sensibility* implies sensation and perception; whereas irritability is a power, of the action of which we are very frequently unconscious. Irritability is manifest in the vegetable kingdom as well as in the animal creation. The vital properties of plants depend upon the stimuli that act upon their irritability. This is especially observable in the closing of the flytrap in the *Dionæa*, the flexion of the filaments of the *Berbery*, and the leaves of the *Mimosa*, which result from the contraction of the irritated parts. Many of the functions of organic life in the animal kingdom are performed in a like manner, without any sensation, and consequently any perception of their action, being transmitted to the conscious mind. Such are the functions of respiration, circulation, digestion, assimilation, and the elaboration of the different secretions. Hunter, in his Croonian lecture, expresses himself on this important subject in the following words:—"These actions of vegetables are similar to what arise in many animals from external stimulus, more especially those not endowed with sensation, and also to the action of many parts of animals which do not appear to be directed or stimulated by the brain and nerves—as the action of a polypus, which has no brain—and the peristaltic motion of the intestines in the more perfect animals, which does not arise from the stimulus of the brain and nerves." There is a phenomenon in the irritability of plants, which also bears an important relation to the unconscious irritability of animals—and that is, that the irritation of one surface produces a correspondent effect in a distant part—a reflected sympathy, which in animals materially influences the mental faculties; for then irritability has assumed the character of conscious sensibility, and the mind becomes aware of its action. This fact is strongly illustrated in the secretions of the *vesiculæ seminales*, of which we are unconscious until accumulation occasions an exaltation of general sensibility, the result of local irritability.

therefore consider an appropriate term, and have frequently adopted it in the course of this work. Much confusion has arisen from the synonymal adoption of the expressions *sensation* and *perception*, which widely differ from each other; since perception is the faculty by which the mind forms a notion of the properties of those external agencies that acted upon sensation. Our emotional actions are dependent upon sensation, and are not only independent of the will, but frequently opposed to it. Our emotions, our propensities, being thus independent of volition, although they supply motives to the will, yet their predominance, either in health or in disease, deprives us of freedom of volition, and submits us to the laws of instinctive impulses. Our actions have therefore been considered *emotional* and *volitional;* the former dependent upon our sensations, and uncontrolled by our will. But when these sensations and subsequent emotions are not of a vehement character, they are more or less under the influence of volition, and constitute *desires*, which are controlable, since they can be influenced, modified, or restrained by an intellectual power.

The sphere of activity of the nervous system embraces the powers of sensation, of intellect, and of muscular motion. Each of these powers is subject to morbid conditions, more or less permanent. In a preceding section we have seen that this condition will, in a great measure, depend upon the temperament of the individual. In these temperaments the predominance of functional action in various organs has been mentioned as of material influence ; yet there is no doubt, that although the morbid affection of a particular organ may occasion great derangement in the whole system, as far as the intellectual powers are engaged, it is through nervous connexion with the sensorium that they are acted upon.

For instance, the vascularity of a part is essential to its healthy power of sensation,* not so much on account of the larger supply of blood, but from the activity in the circulation of the part; for whatever retards this circulation, deadens and numbs its sensibility ; while on the other hand, an increased impetus of blood will sur-excite its impressionability: therefore an increased or a diminished energy of the sensibility producing perception, may occasion a morbid state of the sensorium. Internal sensations will not unfrequently simulate in their action the impressions produced by external agency ; thus flashes of lightning will be seen by what might be called the "mind's eyes," and the ringing of bells will be heard when no such external stimulants are in existence. Such, no doubt, is the case in dreams and in spectral illusions. In these cases the sensorium is usually acted upon by deranged functions or accidental circumstances; thus, lying upon our backs, by causing a greater congestion on the brain, will occasion dreams; and indigestion will produce the nightmare.

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* It is from this circumstance that several physiologists believe that the source of power resides in the grey portion of the nervous system, the white fibres serving only as conductors ; and they have sought to prove that the grey matter increases in quantity in the ratio of nervous energy.

It is thus rendered evident that an irregular or morbid performance of the nervous functions will lay a foundation of various corporeal maladies; while, on the other hand, a failure in their healthy operation in other parts of the system, lays a foundation for a numerous train of mental affections. Thus an undue and morbid elaboration of bile—an increased action in the circulation—a vitiated alteration, even an accumulation, of various secretions—will prove the source of many diseases and infirmities, both corporeal and mental.

Our alimentation will also mainly affect the sound state of the nervous functions. It appears that the largest part of the food of animals is appropriated to the support of the instruments of our sensations and our perceptions, and the duration and existence of the muscular and the nervous tissues depends in a great degree on the use that is made of them. An inactive animal requires less nourishment than an active one; and Dr. Carpenter and other physiologists are of opinion, apparently with great reason, that the expenditure of consumed muscular tissues is replaced by a renewal of nutrition, both in the muscles and the nerves. The large quantity of blood with which the nervous centres are supplied, and the immediate dependence of nervous powers upon the maintenance of that supply, strongly corroborates this view of the subject; and every act of the mind is inseparably connected with material changes in our nervous system.

That the energies of our intellectual faculties are under the influence of our food, is a fact long since established. The stupidity of the Athletes, who lived upon coarse bread (*coliphium*) and underdone meat, was proverbial. Our genius, our energies are all affected by our mode of living. The rule of *Sanis omnia sana*, of Celsus, is applicable to very few individuals, and all our faculties may be rendered more keen or less vivid by temperance or excesses. As the nature of our *ingesta* influences the functions of our digestive organs, so do these organs, in their turn, influence our moral powers, when our physical energies are elevated or depressed. Our courage, our fortitude, our religious and our moral train of thinking, are under the control of diet, since our food exercises such an influence on our nervous system. Fasting has ever been considered as predisposing to meditation and ascetic contemplation. Tertullian tells us that we should approach the altars of the gods fasting, or having eaten nothing but dry substances. In holy writ we find that it was after abstinence that

Divine inspiration illumined the elect. The angel appeared unto Daniel after he had been three weeks without tasting flesh or wine, or "pleasant bread." The vision of St. Peter appeared when he "had become hungry, and would have eaten." Moses fasted forty days on Mount Sinai. Fasting was considered by the early Christians as an essential rite. St. Anthony prescribed to his disciples one meal of dry bread, salt, and water, in the day, without any food on Wednesdays and Fridays. In the monastery of Mocham, in Egypt, a monk, of the name of Jonas, was beatified for having lived unto the age of eighty-five, working hard in his garden, and without any other food than raw herbs and grass steeped in vinegar. This abstemious Cenobite added to his claim to canonization, by always sleeping in his chair. St. Hilarius only ate fifteen figs and six ounces of barley bread *per diem*, and St. Macarius restrained himself to a few cabbage leaves every Sunday.*

In regard to the influence of certain articles of food upon our moral and our physical energies, much error has prevailed. Animal food, for instance, has been considered as the best calculated to render mankind robust and courageous. This is disproved by observation. The miserable and timid inhabitants of northern Europe and Asia, although they chiefly live on fish or raw flesh, are remarkable for their moral and physical debility; whereas, the strength and agility of the negroes, who consume very little animal food, is well known; and the South Sea Islanders are noted for their activity. Certainly, the Scotch and Irish peasantry are not weaker than their English neighbours, and can support the fatigues and privations of war just as well, though consuming but little meat. We have, moreover, every reason to believe that, at the most glorious periods of Grecian and Roman power, their armies were principally subsisted upon bread, vegetables, and fruits, with vinegar and water (*posca*). I have entered into this digression to shew how much our nervous energies, and consequently our sensations and our perceptions, are influenced by various changes in our condition. The moral feelings, nay, the religious belief in the benevolence of the Deity, are materially affected under the influence of poverty, hunger, and agonizing misery; whereas, on the other hand, the hard-working and industrious labourer may cultivate virtues unknown to the pampered and sensual Sybarite. Can we expect, in times of famine and of pestilence, that the living skeleton of the starved peasant, beholding all that he held dear stretched around him dying or dead, naked and unrelieved, can worship his Creator with the same spirit of resignation to his inscrutable decrees, as the prelate in his palace, saying grace with humble look, before a table

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* On this curious subject *vide* article "Influence of Imagination," in my Curiosities of Medical Experience.

"Richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built; or from the spit or broiled,
Gris-amber steamed; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet, or purling brook, for which man drained
Pontus, and Lucrine Bay, and Afric Coast."*

Misery is frequently the touchstone of faith; and a French writer† has truly said, "Le malheur est un marchepied pour le génie, une piscine‡ pour le chrétien, un trésor pour l'homme habile, pour le *faible un abîme.*"

It is evident that when the faculties of sensation and perception, and consequently of the other mental processes and sequences, are deranged, our understanding and judgment must also be liable to err. Thus we find in insanity, that both the perception and the judgment are impaired. The body and the mind may be both enfeebled in the whole of their powers, or in some particular power. Then the perception will cease to convey ideas with correctness, the judgment loses its powers of discrimination, and a mental aberration will arise which may assume the character of confirmed lunacy.

Our antipathies and sympathies are most unaccountable manifestations of our nervous impressionability affecting our judgment, and uncontrollable by will or reason. Certain antipathies seem to depend upon a peculiarity of the senses. The horror inspired by the odour of certain flowers may be referred to this cause—an antipathy so powerful as to realize the poetic allusion, to

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* Paradise Regained, b. ii.

† Balzac.

‡ The pool of Siloam.

> "Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

For Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while that flower was blooming. Orfila (a less questionable authority) gives the account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo, and swooned, when there were roses in the room. Valtain gives the history of an officer who was thrown into convulsions and lost his senses by having pinks in his chamber. Orfila also relates the instance of a lady, of forty-six years of age, of a hale constitution, who could never be present when a decoction of linseed was preparing, without being troubled in the course of a few minutes with a general swelling of the face, followed by fainting and a loss of the intellectual faculties, which symptoms continued for four-and-twenty hours. Montaigne remarks, on this subject, that there were men who dreaded an apple more than a cannon ball. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk and satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach: other ladies cannot bear the feel of fur. Boyle records a case of a man who experienced a natural abhorrence of honey; a young man invariably fainted when the servant swept his room. Hippocrates mentions one Nicanor who swooned whenever he heard a flute, and Shakspeare has alluded to the strange effect of the bag-pipe. Boyle fell into a syncope when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses; Erasmus experienced febrile symptoms when smelling fish; the Duke d'Épernon swooned on beholding a leveret, although a hare did not produce the same effect; Tycho Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox; Henry III., of France, at that of a cat; and Marshal d'Albret at a pig. The horror that whole families entertain of cheese is well known.

The power of attraction and repulsion appears to be governed by certain laws: attraction is an inherent endowment of matter—and of matter we are formed; as I have already observed, nothing is destroyed, and the apparent decomposition and destruction of one substance is merely the preparation for the development of another. Darwin has truly said—

> "Hence, when a monarch, or a mushroom, dies,
> Awhile extinct the *organic matter* lies;
> But, as a few short hours or years revolve,
> Alchemic powers the changing mass dissolve;
> Emerging matter from the grave returns,
> Feels new desires, with new sensations burns;
> With youth's first bloom a finer sense acquires,
> And *Love* and *Pleasure* fan the rising fires."

Without maintaining that the animal creation is governed by the same chemical laws as inorganic bodies, yet every living being is formed according to chemical combinations, and is more or less influenced by chemical affinities. Dr. Daubeny observes, "it is now certain that the same simple laws of composition pervade the whole creation; and that, if the organic chemist only takes the requisite precautions to avoid resolving into their ultimate elements the proximate principles upon which he operates, the result of his analysis will shew that they are combined precisely according to the same plan as the elements of mineral bodies are known to be."*

Dr. Carpenter expresses himself on the same subject in the following words: "No reasonable ground has yet been adduced for supposing that, if we had the power of bringing together the elements of any organic compound, in their requisite states and proportions, the result would be any other than that which is found in the living body."

In fact, both vegetable and animal bodies are composed of the same elements—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen: why then should they not be ruled by the chemical laws that govern the creation? Are not animals subject to the influence of electricity, of magnetism? is not man, himself, influenced by chemical agents, acids, and alkalies, by the vicissitudes of atmospheric constitution; and in our intercourse of life do we not observe attractions and affinities, which daily illustrate the lines of Drummond—

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* Supplement to the Atomic Theory.

> "Hast thou not seen two pearls of dew
> The rose's velvet leaf adorn,
> How eager their attraction grew
> As nearer to each other borne?"

In fine, what are our affections and our antipathies, but attractions and repulsions? Man is incessantly decomposed and reproduced, according to chemical laws, in the laboratory of nature. Our nervous sympathies are sometimes developed in the most extraordinary manner. In the hospital of the Blind in Paris, called *Les Quinze Vingt,* there was a pensioner, who by the touch of a woman's hands and nails, and their odour, could infallibly assert if she were a virgin; several tricks were played upon him, and wedding rings put on the fingers of young girls, but he never was at fault. The author knew a young man, born blind, who, on feeling a lady's hand and hearing her speak, could invariably pronounce whether she was handsome or not; and he very rarely was mistaken.

The sympathetic power of fascination is another unaccountable phenomenon. Reid attributes to the nervous system an atmosphere of sensibility. Ernest Plater maintained that our soul could diffuse itself in mutual transmissions. On this most curious and important subject I have expressed myself as follows in a former publication:—

"What is then this invisible vital fluid, this electric principle, that the touch, the breath, the warmth, the very aroma of those we are fond of, communicate, when, trembling, fluttering, breathless, we approach them? that enables us, even when surrounded with darkness, to recognise, by the feel, the hand of her we love? Nay, whence arises the feeling of respect and veneration that we experience in the presence of the great and pre-eminently good? It may be said, this is the result of our education; we have been taught to consider these individuals as belonging to a superior race of mortals. To a certain extent this may be true; yet there does exist an impressive contagion when we are brought into the presence, or placed under the guidance, of such truly privileged persons. Their courage, their eloquence, their energies, their very fanaticism, thrill every fibre, like the vibrations of the chords under the skilful harpist's hand. Actuated by this mystic influence, the coward has boldly rushed into the battle, the timid dared unusual peril, and the humane been driven to deeds of blood. Fanatic contagion has produced both martyrs and heroes. Example stimulates and emulates, despite our reasoning faculties. Imitation is the principle of action, the nursery of good and of great deeds; we either feel degraded by the ascendancy of others, when we fancy, however vainly, that we may attain their level—or devote ourselves to their cause and their service, when we tacitly recognise their mastery. Fortunately for our frail race, sympathies are liable to be worn out by their own exhausting power. Attrition polishes, but indurates at the same time; thus does social intercourse harden our gentle predispositions. Experience is to man, what rust is to iron: it corrodes, but at the same time protects the metal to a certain degree from the magnet's mighty power.*

Our impressionability and irritability are also subject to be essentially affected by certain stimulants, that actually deprive the nervous system of certain powers of their sensibility. Of this nature, is the intoxication produced by alcoholic liquors, by the inhalation of ether, and by magnetic influence; the intoxication of the mind produced by enthusiastic exaltation, is of a similar nature. We have seen individuals in a state of inebriety suffering with apparent indifference, what might, under other circumstances, be considered excruciating agonies; a drunken man, with a fractured leg, has been known to walk about without the appearance of any suffering, until the broken limb actually yielded under him. The recent important experiments made in the inhalation of sulphuric ether, when the most painful operations have not been felt, is a corroboration of the long established fact; similar operations having been performed without any appearance of suffering when the patient was in a magnetic torpor. Thus have enthusiasts borne the most horrible tortures without appearing to endure a pang; their ideas seemed to be concentrated in a burning focus: here the life of relation is nearly extinguished—the external senses are rendered so obtuse and callous, that they become insensible to hunger and thirst, to heat or to cold, however intense; and bodily injuries, which would occasion intolerable agonies to others, are borne with stoic indifference, nay, sought for and enjoyed with rapturous delight. The effects of enthusiasm were strongly illustrated in what was called the work of miracles, in Paris, in 1724, where, strange to say, this aberration continued for upwards of twelve years. A Priest, of the name of Paris, having died in odour of sanctity, at least, according to the decision of the Jansenists, whom he had aided in opposing the famous bull *Unigenitus*, the Appellants, for such was called the sect, appealed to the remains of their beatified leader to operate miracles in their common cause. These Appellants were absurdly persecuted, therefore miracles became manifestations easily obtained. Having succeeded in finding credulous dupes, the next step was to work their credulity into a beneficial state of enthusiasm. They therefore summoned all the sick, lame, and halt, of their sectarians, to repair to the tomb of St. Paris, for relief. Crowds were soon collected round the blessed sepulchre. The first patients were in general females. They were stretched upon the gronnd, and the stoutest men that could be found were directed to trample with all their might and main upon the patient's body, kicking the chest and stomach, and endeavouring to tread down the very ribs with their heels. So violent were their exertions, that a hunchbacked girl was stated to have been kicked and trampled into a goodly shape.

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* Curiosities of Medical Experience, p. 437.

The next probation was called the plank, and consisted in laying a deal board upon the patient while extended on the back, and then getting as many athletic men as could stand upon it to press the body down; and in this endeavour they seldom shewed sufficient energy to satisfy the supposed sufferer, who was constantly calling for more pressure.

Next came the holy trial of the pebble, a diminutive name they gave to a paving-stone weighing five and twenty pounds, which was discharged by a priest upon the patient's stomach and bosom, from as great a height as he well could raise such a weight. This terrific blow, the report states, was sometimes inflicted a hundred times, and with such violence that the furniture, &c. in the room vibrated with the concussion. Carré de Montgéran affirms, that sometimes the pebble (*le caillou*) was not found sufficiently powerful, and the operator resorted to an iron fire-dog (*un chenet*), weighing about thirty pounds. This instrument having, by way of trial, been hurled against a wall, brought part of it down at the twenty-fifth blow. The convulsionist on one of these occasions exclaimed, "Oh how delicious! Oh what good it does me! Oh, dear brother, hit away—again—again"—for the operators were called by the affectionate name of brothers. One of these young ladies, who was not easily satisfied by ordinary pain, wanted to try her own skill, and jumped with impunity into the fire—an exploit which obtained for her the glorious epithet of Sister Salamander. These desperate maniacs, moreover, strove to display a state of purity and innocence, by whining and wheedling like spoiled children, and assumed infantile names. One was called *L'Imbécile*, another *l'Aboyeuse*, a third *La Ninette*, and they used to beg and cry for barley-sugar and cakes; and the most ingenious could never guess that by barley-sugar they meant a stick big enough to fell a bullock, and cakes meant paving-stones. The excesses of these enthusiasts were at last carried to such a length, and their ceremonies were debased by such obscenities, that the police was obliged to interfere and forbid their detestable practices.

Cabanis has expressed himself on this curious subject in the following remarks: "Sensibility may be considered in the light of a fluid, the quality of which is determined, and which, when carried to certain channels in greater proportion than to others, must of course be diminished in the latter ones. This is evident in all violent affections, but more especially in those ecstasies where the brain and the other sympathetic organs are possessed of the highest degree of energetic action, while the faculty of feeling and of motion, in short the vital powers, seem to have fled from the other parts of the system. In this violent state fanatics have received with impunity severe wounds, which, if inflicted in a healthy condition, must have proved fatal or most dangerous; for the danger that results from the violent action and external agents on our organs, depends upon their sensibility, and we daily see poisons which would be deleterious to a healthy man innocuous in a state of disease. It was by availing themselves of this physical disposition that impostors of every description and of every country operated most of their miracles; and it was by these means that the convulsionists of St. Médard amazed weak imaginations with the blows they received from staves and hatchets, and which in their ascetic language they called *consolations*. This was the magic wand with which Mesmer overcame habitual sufferings, by giving a fresh direction to the attention, and establishing in constitutions possessed of great irritability a sense of action to which they had been unaccustomed. It was thus that the *Illuminati* of France and Germany succeeded in destroying external sensations amongst their adepts, depriving them in fact of their relative existence.*

That these delusions were associated with a state of hysteria amongst the female victims of the imposture, there can be no doubt. Pressure to an incredible degree is often found the only means of relieving the most distressing, and apparently the most alarming, hysteric symptoms. I had a patient in Bordeaux, a young lady, suspected of labouring under a disease of the heart, but evidently suffering from mere hysteria; very frequently her respiration was alarmingly suspended; but pressure to the extent of two or three hundred pounds' weight could alone restore the breathing: five or six heavy weights were put on a folio volume, placed on her abdomen, and a nurse, weighing about sixteen stone, would sit upon this incumbent mass until relief was obtained. A similar case fell under my care in Germany, when the manual pressure of two or three persons on the pit of the stomach was the only method that could relieve the convulsive action of the diaphragm, threatening immediate suffocation.

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* Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme.

I shall shortly refer to these strange anomalous sensations, producing impressions that prompt not only to the most extraordinary desires, but to the commission of the most heinous crimes, utterly uncontrollable by the reasoning faculties. Our senses may be in a morbid condition; so can our minds. In the one instance we indulge in the most extraordinary appetites; in the other, we entertain most extraordinary desires. We see chlorotic girls and pregnant women eating chalk, charcoal, tar, spiders—nay, the most disgusting substances. A woman at Andernach, on the Rhine, longed for her husband, murdered him, ate what she could of him, and salted the rest. Tulpius mentions another longing lady, who devoured 1,400 red herrings during her pregnancy. Ludovicus Vives relates the case of a woman, who longed for a bite in a young man's neck, and who would have miscarried had she not been gratified. Roderick à Castro tells us of another amiable female, who had set her heart upon biting off a bit of a baker's shoulder; the husband bribed the baker at so much a bite, but the poor fellow would only "stand treat" once. All these anomalous feelings arose from peculiar sensations; and in like manner, when the mind is disordered and our perceptions are vitiated, we seek to indulge the most execrable and unnatural propensities.

It is through the nervous system and its ramifications that our peculiar sensations are referable to particular organs, both as regards pleasure and pain. The sensation may appear general, but in reality its origin is local; therefore will each peculiar sensation produce a peculiar association of ideas. This is rendered evident by the peculiar impressions transmitted by our senses. These senses will be modified by habit, and various circumstances and conditions;—for instance, the olfactory nerves of the anatomist and the perfumer—the gustatory nicety of the ploughman and the epicure—the auditory nerves of a piper and an exquisite pianist—will all differ in the nature of their impressionability,* just as the sight of bloodshed will produce a different effect on the feelings of a butcher and those of a sensitive philanthropist. Habit reconciles us to the most repulsive scenes, while it blunts our most refined enjoyments. One might say that our nervous system is educated with our minds. This is most conspicuous at the age of puberty: as that period developes the powers of reproduction, so do our moral faculties undergo a corresponding change, when mental energies and vigour are called forth to enable us to fulfil our future destinies and support our progeniture—a wise provision of the Supreme Intelligence, that enables man to breast the adverse tide of the stormy waters of life. Yet there are temperaments in whom this desirable, this necessary change, is not operated; and such individuals will remain puerile and frivolous, unfit for any manly exertions. Thus we see some persons possessed of what are called "strong nerves,"—supporting the most painful operations without a moan; while others will rend the sky with their lamentations at the puncture of a lancet. The psychologist might as well bid the negro not to wear curly hair, as to tell a pusillanimous man that he ought to display a stoic indifference when in pain and under affliction.

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* The story of the wealthy tallow-chandler, who sold his business, stipulating that he should be allowed to attend on "melting days," to enjoy the aroma of his former trade, if not founded on fact, is grounded on probability. Strange as it may appear, nervous impressions differ so much in their nature, that individuals, like our tallow-chandler, have been known to enjoy the most disgusting odours, nay, to prefer them to the most delicious perfumes. It is asserted of Dr. Cotton (author of Virgil Travesti and other works) that his greatest delight was the effluvia of the offensive feet of female attendants.

Thus far I have sought to demonstrate (without entering into physiological details, which would have led me far beyond the limits I have prescribed to this work) that *sensibility* is that inherent property of animal life which is *perceived* by the mind. Until the mind takes cognizance of the *sensation*, no *perception* is produced ; therefore, if from any particular cause our *sensations* are morbid, imperfect, or vitiated, our *perceptions* will consequently be equally erroneous, our understanding defective, and our judgment impaired.

That our understanding is influenced by our *constitutional disposition*, is a fact fully admitted by the immortal Locke in the following passage :— " There is," he says, " it is visible, great variety in men's understandings; and their *natural constitutions* put so wide a difference between some men in this respect, that art and industry would never be able to master; and their *very natures seem to want a foundation* to raise on it that which other men easily attain unto ; and it is easy to perceive that men are guilty of a great many faults in the exercise and improvement of this faculty of the mind, which hinder them in their progress, and keep them in ignorance and error all their lives.*

Most of the emotions, passions, and propensities of our race, are influenced both by natural instincts and by intellectual operations; and, as I have already advanced, in the proportion to the degree in which each of these powers predominates, are we to be considered as possessing a freedom of will, or as being ruled under various circumstances by laws over which we have no control.

This important, this vital question, is not to be viewed in the light of the "vain wisdom and false philosophy" of the "infernal Peers" when "reasoning high"—

"Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate—
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute—
And found no end in wandering mazes lost!"

No! If it is admitted—and who can doubt it?—that a proper system of education, wise institutions, and true Christian charity, may tend to ameliorate the condition of our race, it becomes our duty, dismissing all metaphysical subtleties, to shew that the study of MAN should constitute one of the most essential pursuits of MANKIND.

But in this investigation we must not be guided by the abstract arguments and Utopian visions of the psychologists, who, to use Bolingbroke's expression, only "vend us poetry for philosophy, and multiply systems of imagination." Physiology and the study of nature should direct both our experiments and our observations. Physiology will demonstrate the correctness of Broussais's remarks on this subject: "Our wills, as well as our perceptions and our ideas, are impeded, forced, vanquished, obscured, *denaturated*, in the strangest manner by the stimulation which our viscera (more especially those of the digestive and generative organs, excited in various modes) communicates to the brain. So soon as an excitation, more acute than that which prevails in the normal state, is experienced in the tissue of our viscera, so soon do we begin to lose some portion of our freedom; we are first deprived of the freedom of our actions, and we subsequently lose that of our powers of thought."*

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* Conduct of the Understanding, sect ii.

In the following pages I shall never lose sight of this important view of the condition of *man*. It varies according to the impressionability of his sensitive faculties—according to age, to the state of health, and to social position. His thoughts never repose; they are as versatile as his impressions, if he is of an unsettled disposition; or they furrow his brain, if he pores over special objects in consuming lucubrations. According to his temperament and his nervous susceptibility, he will be borne upon the wings of hope and expectation to regions of fancied delight, or sink, helpless and unwilling to be helped, in the slough of despondency and despair—which his pride calls resignation. A trifle in appearance, the stimulus of a few drops of bile or blood, will raise his spirits or depress them, brace his *nerves* or *unnerve* him. I use these common, metaphoric expressions — for they are founded on observation. Perchance, we may meet with manly attributes in children; but much more frequently do we behold childish propensities in men. So true are the lines of our poet Dryden, only second to Shakspere in his philosophical reflections,—

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* De L'Irritation, chap. iv., sect. iv.

> "Men are but children of a larger growth;
> Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
> And full as craving too, and full as vain.
> And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
> Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
> But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
> Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
> To the world's open view."
>
> *All for Love.*

SECTION IV.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF CORPOREAL AGENCY ON THE MIND.

In the preceding Sections, when treating of our different temperaments, and our susceptibility to their influence, we have seen the power of matter over mind. Nor, in maintaining this fact, rendered evident by daily, by hourly observation, need we dread the accusation of advocating the doctrine of *materialism*—*Materialism*, the stilted scare-crow of bigotry, set up to frighten Reason from the field of knowledge, that it may batten on the produce of a soil, rendered luxuriantly productive by the muck of ignorance.

In the dreams of sanctimonious Theomachists (for such I must denominate many vain and presumptuous theologians) it is maintained, that the power of the soul over the body is such, that volition can master our sensations, neutralize and check the power of our passions;—that the mind cannot be diseased—nay, that it is impious to think it possible that our immortal part can be subject to any of those maladies and infirmities to which flesh is heir. Much confusion, much bitter, nay, blood-thirsty recrimination and hostility, have arisen in polemical discussion on the acceptation or the definition of a word; incalculable miseries and vast enjoyments have resulted from the interpretation of a term. The old French philosopher, Balzac, has said, "J'ai fait de delicieux voyages, embarqué sur un *mot*, dans les abymes du passé; comme un insecte qui flotte au grès d'un fleuve sur un brin d'herbe."

Our own Byron has admirably illustrated this power in his Lara:—

> "Religion, freedom, vengeance, what you will,
> A *word* 's enough, to raise mankind to kill;
> Some factious phrase, by cunning caught and spread,
> That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed."

Scholastic lore only adds to confusion of ideas by its definitions; and Guizot, in his work on civilization, has truly observed, "It is common sense that gives to words their common signification: good sense is the genius of humanity. When, on the contrary, the meaning of a word is determined by science, this determination is the work of one person, or of several individuals, and has arisen from the influence of some particular fact that struck their mind. Hence, scientific definitions are in general most narrow in their views, and therefore much less correct than the popular acceptation of the term."

I have been led into this digression by the synonymous acceptation given to the terms *soul* and *mind*. I am not about entering into the thorny thickets of metaphysics, whence, as Bacon truly remarks of philosophical researches, "we bring back many scratches, but no food." Yet, for the elucidation of my views on the condition of our race, it is essential that I should touch upon the knotty point.

Of the soul we know nothing—of the mind we know much: for although we can neither account for nor explain the specific nature of its disorders, we do know that it may be influenced, and deprived of all its glorious attributes, through the instrumentality of matter; we can trace and study its gradual development, its manifestation, and its decay, from the cradle to the tomb. To add to the confusion in definition, *life* has also been identified with *soul* and *mind*. Yet we also know, that we can deprive an organized body of life, by inflicting death, although we may not venture to explain what life may be, when its mortal coil is shuffled off. Galvanism, it is true, may produce actions similar to those of many of our functions; but who would dare to assert that life is the result of galvanism or electricity? All that we know of life is involved in two lines of Shakspere:—

> "All that live must die,
> Passing through nature to eternity."

All the wild hypotheses of psychologists and metaphysicians, all the barbarous vivisections of physiologists, have not thrown a ray of light on the mysterious nature of *life:* yet the discussion has been carried on with all the virulence of polemical fanaticism, and self-inspired spiritualists have condemned to metaphorical *auto da fés* the heretical physiologists and geologists whom they have accused of materialism.

It would be difficult to say whether the speculations of the ancient philosophers and poets on the origin and nature of life were more absurd than those of modern dreamers. Lucretius and other poets considered *love* as the source and arbiter of *life*, and the *Venus generatrix* the fount of our existence. Hence the following lines:—

> "Per te quoniam genus omne animantûm
> Concipitur, viretque exortum lumina solis."

Then, again—

> "Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem,
> Efficis ut cupidè generatim sæcla propagent."

Anaximander the Milesian asserted that the primitive animals were formed of earth and water mixed together, heated and animated by the solar rays. These aquatic creatures became amphibious, and were gradually transformed into the human race. Here we discover the *transmutation of species*, maintained by some moderns. Dumas and Bichat considered life as a double endowment, each distinct and co-existent, under the names of an organic and an animal life, with two distinct sensibilities, an unconscious and a conscious. Richerard and Magendie asserted that life was manifested by two systems of action and relation, each of which has its separate and peculiar functions—a system of nutritive action, and a vital system, to which was added a system of generation. They considered the brain as the organized substance of mental power; in consequence of which we were what we were made in our brain, thus rendering education and all logic perfectly useless. The following are Richerard's words:—" Il existe une science dont le but est d'apprendre à raisonner justement, c'est la *logique*, mais le jugement erronê ou l'esprit faux tiennent à l'organization. Il est impossible de se changer à cet egard: nous restons tels que la nature nous a faits."*

Did not these notions become dangerous, by endeavouring to prove that all efforts to meliorate the condition of mankind and improve our intellectual faculties were idle, such hypotheses would not be worth noticing or discussing. In regard to all these speculations I can only observe, with Mason Good, "that those who are desirous of following them up, and of witnessing an exposure of their absurdity, cannot do better than apply themselves to the metaphysical writings of Dr. Reid, Dr. Beattie, Dr. Campbell, and Professor Stewart, who, if on the overthrow of so many Babel buildings, they have not been able to raise an edifice much more substantial in their stead, have only failed from the insuperable difficulty of the attempt.*

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* Precis Elémentaire de Physiologie, v. 11.

No: physiologists and rational psychologists do not presume to explain the nature of the *soul* or of *life;* nor do they venture to inquire into the first causes of living phenomena—for, being first, how can any prior phenomena explain them? But we do know something regarding the manifestation of our mental faculties, although the nature, or rather the *quomodo* of their operations, is beyond the ken of human understanding. If the *mind* and the *soul* are not distinct principles, what are we to say of an infant? we must believe that it possesses an immortal soul, but where is its mind, which at that period is not equal in its attributes to the instinctive impulses of other animals? Can we refuse a soul to an idiot? where is *his* mind? If the mind and the soul in an infant are the same thing, then must the soul also progress in its development towards a certain degree of superiority.

The theologists of the Church of Rome maintain that a child cannot sin before the seventh year of its age—on the principle, that until that period it cannot distinguish right from wrong; therefore, if the mental condition of a child or an idiot are such that they are not responsible for their actions, this irresponsibility must surely lead one to consider the perishable mind and the immortal soul in a different light. It therefore appears evident that we are born with a soul, but not with mental powers; that the mind can be destroyed, but the soul is indestructible. If mind and soul are one and the same, how can we refuse a soul to the brute creation? Can we pretend to say that a dog—that an elephant, has no mind? are not affection, gratitude, jealousy, mental operations? Can we maintain that these emotions are purely corporeal, without plunging headlong in the chaotic quagmire of materialism, by endowing matter with a mind?

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* Study of Medicine, vol. iii. c. iv.

When the ingenuity of man's vanity has woven the gossamer tissue that separates reason from instinct—when Descartes and Reid advance that instinct is merely a property of body or gross matter alone, unendowed with any peculiar powers, and merely operated upon by a combination of mechanical forces—did these philosophers reflect on the noble devotion of the dog, who starves himself to death over his master's corpse, or the avenging act of the dog of Montargis, who seized upon his master's murderer? Did these ingenious speculators consider these generous emotions—nay, these *sentiments*—the produce of mechanical forces—of pulleys and of blocks, or of levers? If they were pulleys, and blocks, and levers, they must elevate the mind of brutes to a proud altitude, towering majestically over man's boasted reason. The immortal Newton, so far from holding the

Deity to have created brutes as machines without any mind at all, considered their whole actions as the constant, direct, and immediate operation of the Deity himself. Whatever may be our presumptuous notion on the subject, we must admit that the whole creation is governed by the Supreme Intelligence that has been called by philosophers the *anima mundi.*

The ancients admitted a distinction between mind and soul, or rather thought the soul consisted of two parts—the active and the passive; the former immortal, eternal; the latter destructible. Such was the doctrine of Aristotle. Plato also made a distinction between the mortal or sensitive, and the immortal and intellectual parts of the soul.

I am not going to enter the lists of controversy with Smellie and Darwin, to decide whether reason is the result of instinct, or instinct is the result of reason; but I fully coincide in opinion with Mason Good, when he maintains that "it is clear that there is a principle implanted in the living form, equally distinct from all mechanical, chemical, and rational powers, which directs the agent by an unerring impulse—or in other words, impels it by a prescribed and *unerring law*, to accomplish a definite end by a definite means."

It is this law—this *unerring law of nature**—

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* These unerring laws have been fully recognised by the most eminent divines. The pious Hooker thus expresses himself on the

which I am desirous of illustrating in these pages. In this inquiry, far from denying the mighty power of the mind, or in other words, of our reasoning faculties, to subdue our predispositions—our animal, instinctive, intuitive propensities—I shall endeavour to prove to what extent this power can be effectually exerted, when our wandering, I may say our wanton imagination, is brought before the judgment-seat of reason—reason implored so devoutly by Young :

> "Teach my best reason, reason—my best will
> Teach rectitude ; and for my firm resolve
> Wisdom to wed."

The same poet has not feared to separate *life* from *soul*, since he thus expresses himself :

> "Life makes the soul dependent on the dust ;
> Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres ;
> Through chinks, called organs, dim life peeps at light.*
> Is not the mighty mind that son of Heaven
> By *tyrant life* dethroned, imprisoned, pain'd ?"

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subject :—"This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural ? and as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published, it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto ; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world. Since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law upon it, Heaven and Earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labour has been to do his will. See we not plainly that obedience of creatures *unto the law of Nature is the stay of the whole world ?*"—KEBLE'S ED. vi. p. 257.

* Waller expresses himself in somewhat similar words—

> "The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new lights through *chinks* which time has made."

I cannot better illustrate this difficult enquiry, than by quoting the following luminous view of the subject, taken by one of our most distinguished physiologists.*

"The degree in which the operations of the mind are dependent upon its material instruments, is a question which cannot be regarded as conclusively determined by scientific evidence alone, and it has little practical bearing on physiological research. The doctrine usually regarded as having the best scriptural basis—that the mind has an existence altogether distinct from that of the body—is attended with several difficulties, of which, those arising from the phenomena of insanity are perhaps the most important. On the other hand, the opinion held by some, that mental phenomena are the mere results of material changes, appears to involve difficulties at least equal: among which may be noticed, the consciousness of personal identity, preserved throughout the continual and rapid changes to which the nervous structure is subject. The assertion, however, that psychical operations *cannot* be the result of material changes, is based on the assumption, that we know far more of the essential character of both than is admitted by the best metaphysicians to be the case regarding either: this is a question which scarcely comes within the boundaries of human knowledge. Neither hypothesis is inconsistent with the revealed doctrines of the immortality of the soul; though the second could not be made to conform to it, without the additional supposition that some refined form of matter, on which psychical operations essentially depend, has also an eternal existence. All the upholders of this doctrine seek a confirmation of it in the expression 'spiritual body,' used by an authority which is all but supreme. The certainty of a future existence, in which all that is corruptible shall be done away, is the great practical fact for the Christian. On the mode of it the philosopher may speculate; and even though he may come to the conclusion that 'mind and matter are logically distinct existences,' yet he finds their operations so inextricably interwoven in the phenomena of man's terrestrial life, that he cannot pursue either class by itself alone."

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* Carpenter.

To this admirable passage our author annexes the following note:—"The writer is most happy to find himself supported in these views by so high a theological authority as that of the propounder of the 'Physical Theory of Another Life,' who, after pointing out how completely the question—Whether the human soul is ever actually or entirely separated from matter—is passed over by St. Paul, as an inquiry altogether irrelevant to religion, he thus continues:—'Let it then be distinctly kept in view, that although the essential independence of mind and matter, or the abstract possibility of the former existing apart from corporeal life, may well be considered as tacitly implied in the Christian scheme, yet that an *actual* incorporeal state of the human soul, at any period of its course, is not involved in the principles of our faith any more than is explicitly asserted. This doctrine, concerning what is called the immortality of the soul, should ever be treated simply as a philosophical speculation, and as *unimportant* to our Christian profession.'"

The more we reflect upon the mental attributes of our race, the more must we feel convinced, that although they are influenced by corporeal agency, *reason*, the greatest blessing that the Omnipotent has bestowed on man—"the poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour," is the only safeguard of the mind's healthy operation. Yet, in the midst of all these perplexing scholastic disquisitions and controversies, do we find one of our most distinguished psychologists denying the influence of reason in the exercise of some of our most important faculties! Dugald Stewart asserts, that "remorse, shame, indignation against injustice, are not the result of the exercise of our reason."

Reason, no doubt, is the only guide to truth; but how frequently do we form false deductions from correct premises! Reason is also the source of much perplexing scepticism: she is essentially analytic and synthetic; she will require, ere a judgment is formed, either mathematical demonstration, or the strongest analogies; she is not satisfied with the brilliancy of a sophism, and will even weigh the most plausible syllogism with hesitation. Dryden has strongly expressed the occasional weakness of its power:—

> "Oh, why did Heaven leave man so weak defence,
> To trust frail reason with the rule of sense?
> 'Tis overpowered, and kick'd up in the air,
> While sense weighs down the scale and keeps it there.
> Or, like a captive king, 'tis borne away,
> And forc'd to countenance its own rebels' sway."

Dismissing this intricate subject, I shall now proceed to follow the development of our mental faculties from childhood. It is only by taking a comprehensive view of the progress of these faculties, that the plastic power of education, both moral and physical, tending not unfrequently to neutralize even hereditary transmissions, can be properly considered.

There can be but little doubt that we are born without any pre-notion of any kind—without any innate or inherent ideas. This doctrine, however, does not militate against the existence of certain instinctive and intuitive impulses, regulated by the first laws of nature, and a manifestation of the principles of organic life, which direct its operations to the well-being, preservation, and reproduction of the living frame. We even observe many of these acts displaying what might justly be termed mental faculties, such as reason and even experience would have dictated. This apparent association between instinct and reason is daily witnessed in animals, who evince in their actions what would be considered the most profound prudence and foresight, if we believed that they themselves were conscious of the purpose for which they were acting, or of the future result of their labours; although we cannot deny that many of these operations clearly prove that animals have a perfect knowledge of the end in view. We have a strong illustration of this animal instinct in a human being bereft of reason, in the case of an unfortunate idiot girl, with whom a ruffian had satiated his brutal lust. The poor creature was delivered of twins, without any attendance, when it was found that like a dog, or a cat, she had gnawed the umbilical cord to liberate her offspring.

We have reason to believe that these instinctive faculties prevail even in the embryo. Balls of hair are found in the stomach of the new-born calf; a proof that the unborn animal had licked itself—a practice which we observe after the birth of various animals. This act is a manifestation of a compound character, and involves *instinctive feeling* and *instinctive intelligence.* The unborn calf, no doubt, felt itself uncomfortable from an irritation of the skin, and its *instinctive intelligence* prompted it to seek relief by the friction of the rough tongue. This instinct appears to be a common law of organized matter, as inherent as ponderosity and gravitation in unorganized bodies.

So soon as the infant is born, it is placed in relation with external agencies: all the sensations produced by their influence occasion cries that clearly denote uneasiness, if not suffering. This circumstance may be easily accounted for when we consider the sudden change of temperature and medium to which the infant is exposed. Here we clearly witness the difference of temperament and nervous sensibility—one child will be impatient and violent; another quiet, and one might say apparently resigned. The one will roar out as loud as his frail powers enable him to express his feelings; the other will moan piteously, and excite greater commiseration.

We may, therefore, conclude that our entrance into the world introduces us to *sensation* and *perception*—the two endowments which may be considered the avenues to all our future mental associations and operations; and thus *sensation* and *perception* will be more or less vivid, according to our different temperaments or condition of body, that render us not only at that early period of our existence, but in after life, more or less susceptible of certain impressions, emotions, and passions, impelled by constitutional predisposition to beneficial or injurious influences, developing what might be called *constitutional* good or evil qualities. I make use of the word *development*, for I cannot agree with Dugald Stewart, who maintains—"that the desire of *esteem* operates in children before they have the capacity of distinguishing *right* from *wrong*." *

We have already seen that the nervous system is the channel of communication between external objects and the mind: one of the most active agents in this communication is *curiosity;* an instinctive principle of action essential to our preservation, ever occupied in seeking to ascertain the nature of every object that surrounds us, and which has been compared to the trunk of the elephant, "now uprooting a sturdy oak, and now turning over a straw."

The mode in which our sensations and emotions are transmitted to the *sensorium*, or the seat of our reason and of volition, may appear marvellously complex in its machinery, yet there is a harmonious simplicity in its wondrous combinations and in its simultaneousness of action; for though each of the mental faculties that are instrumental in placing our understanding in relation with the world, and I might say with ourselves, may be separately considered and consecutively commented on, yet their combination acts as a whole, and, like the machinery of an intricate piece of clock-work, not a wheel in its construction can be clogged in its rotation, without a stoppage or a derangement of the entire mechanism. It is therefore evident that soundness of mind or of understanding, which is the result of a comparison of perceptions, can only be acquired when these agents of mental transmission are regular in their functions: the slightest derangement in their catenation, constitutes a mental aberration more or less permanent, and more or less subversive of sound judgment.

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* Philosophy, vol. i. p. 55. I cannot but think that in this opinion psychologists have confounded *esteem* with the *desire of being noticed*, which is common to all domesticated animals—the ground-work of jealousy and envy. What can an infant know of *esteem?*—an opinion resulting from our judgment, which leads us to appreciate estimable qualities, many of which, in a social point of view, may be any thing but pleasing. A child cares no more for *esteem* than for a nut-shell—nay, much less. He can make a boat of the one, and amuse himself by floating it in a basin of water. What can he make of *esteem?* He merely wishes to be noticed, petted, spoiled, and indulged in every capricious fancy—that may render his claims to esteem in after life a very doubtful matter.

Although I wish to eschew all metaphysical disquisition, yet it is necessary for my purpose that I should say a few words on this most important consideration.

Our intellectual functions may be divided into three principal orders:—

1. Impressions.
2. Intellectual combinations.
3. Expressions.

Again—the functions of *impressions* are subdivided in *general* and in *special sensations.*

(*a*) *General sensations* are those that are directly transmitted to the brain, or the seat of our intelligence, producing the *elements of ideas.**

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* Ideas are defined by Locke as arising from sensation, and im- art whatever a man observes, and is conscious to himself he has in

(*b*) *Special sensations* depend upon a specific action on particular organs, and produce what are called the five senses.

2. *Intellectual combinations* comprise the *intellectual faculties* and the *passions.* Under this head we have to consider the reciprocal influence of *instinct* and of *reason*, together with the physical and moral constitution of man.

3. *Expression* is the function by which the *exterior man* can perceive the *interior*, or distinguish between our moral and our physical state.

It is more particularly our intellectual combinations and functions that now fall under our investigation; and the following are the attributes of these instrumental faculties:—

1. Sensation.
2. Perception.
3. Reflection and consideration.
4. Memory and recollection.
5. Imagination.
6. Abstraction and analysis.

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his mind. Ideas may be divided into *ideas of sensation*, in allusion to the source whence they are derived, and into *ideas of reflection*, by which the *ideas of sensation* are *retained*, *thought of*, *compared*, *compounded*, *abstracted*, *believed*, &c. These ideas have also been called *objective* and *subjective*, and are presented to the mind in *simple* or in *complex forms.*

Simple ideas consist of such as are limited to a single notion or perception—such as *unity*, *light*, *darkness*, *sound*, &c.

Complex ideas are formed of an association of simple ideas, submitted to *combination*, *distinction*, *comparison*—such as *beauty*, *gratitude*, *hatred*, *jealousy*, &c.

7. Association of ideas.
8. Comparison.
9. Judgment, the comparison of ideas.
10. Reason, the comparison of judgment.*

As I have already observed, these instruments of mental transmission, although they are consecutive in their operation, and may be considered sequent in their course, yet act in such a simultaneous manner, that sensations are submitted to the test of our judgment and reason with electric rapidity.

However, the rapidity of thought and of judgment must depend upon various circumstances. In infancy and childhood, for instance, the judgment must be retarded by doubt and inexperience; when under physical derangement, all these functions may not only become sluggish, but over-excited in their operation. *Perception* may be deceptive, *memory* fallacious, *imagination* distracted, our *association of ideas* unlinked, *comparison* incorrect or doubtful; hence *judgment* will be suspended by hesitation, and not unfrequently our *reason*, no longer guided by a sound train of mental associations, will come to false conclusions, and prompt to erroneous determinations.

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* In this classification I have not admitted *attention*, which I look upon as connected with other faculties; nor have I included *taste* or the *moral sense*, as both are merely exercises of the judging and reasoning powers: it would be foreign to my present purpose to enter more fully into this debateable matter, my object being merely to prove that physical agency may, and often does, interfere with the healthy exercise of our moral capacities.

Our temperaments, as we have seen, will frequently influence these mental operations. The tumultuous circulation of the sanguineous, the deranged digestion of the bilious and atrabilious, the sluggishness in the functions of the lymphatic and phlegmatic, may not only render sensation more or less acute, but produce morbid and incorrect *perceptions*, and consequently *erroneous* judgment and unreasonable acts. Our emotions, our passions, have an incessant tendency to disturb the harmonious balance of our mental faculties. Thus, fear will deprive a man of all his power of reflection, or even memory; will induce a poltroon to mistake a herd of cattle for a hostile column, or a hedge for an enemy drawn into line ; while, on the other hand, rash animal courage will inspire a desperado to charge a whole squadron. A vivid imagination will set reflection at nought, and incapacitate us from making a judicious comparison.

We must now consider the gradual progress of our mental faculties, as our earliest sensations act upon our growing power of intellectual combinations through the *medium* of our perceptions; and we shall soon see how memory engraves on the *tabula rasa* of the child's mind, the result of experience, as the instinctive propensities manifest themselves, and the intellect is developed, until the actions of life are regulated by the intelligent will. The capability of improvement, both physically and mentally, is the essential characteristic of our race, and gives us the superiority over the creation ; since the reason of brutes would in many instances surpass ours, were it not limited by a *maximum* and *minimum* in its improvements and susceptibilities of greater perfection than what essentially appertains to the species. The progress of civilization has not altered the nature of our emotions and our passions, it has only modified their manifestation; for although by the influence of education the capabilities of our faculties may be improved, our natural propensities remain unchanged and unchangeable.

I shall now endeavour to illustrate this progress of our intellectual faculties by an example. Let us suppose that you present to a young child a piece of sugar and a piece of alum: it will endeavour, without any choice or discrimination, to lay hold of both these substances, utterly ignorant of their nature; when he has tasted them (for curiosity prompts every child to taste every thing), he discovers that one substance is pleasant, being sweet ; the other disagreeable, being bitter and pungent. Here at once we observe the dawn of our comparative faculties in distinguishing good from evil—that which pleases, and that which occasions unpleasant sensations. Again: expose the child to the cold of a winter day, then wrap it up in warm clothing: he will arrive at a further knowledge of good and evil—of what is beneficial and what is injurious to him, and which gradually induces him to seek the one and shun the other. Let us reverse the case, and take a hot summer day—he will then seek what he before avoided; here again we observe the development of memory, abstraction, association of ideas, and comparison, at least to a certain extent; for when the child is again offered alum and sugar, he will shew, by his greedy acceptance of the one, and the impatient rejection of the other, that he recollects their qualities.

The same progressive advance of the intellectual powers that leads us to a knowledge of the good and bad qualities of an external and material object, will, by analogy, induce notions of good and bad actions.

A young child has not the most distant ideas of the laws, or the nature of property: he fancies that he has an undeniable right to every thing he sees, and wishes to obtain. It is probable that most men in a rude state of nature are impressed with similar notions: we have reason to believe that all men had originally a right to all things. The savage, in appropriating to himself whatever he covets, has no idea that he is committing the criminal act called a theft, for he will take it in the presence of its owner. Our early circumnavigators tell us that the natives of the newly discovered islands *robbed* them before their face. This appears to me an erroneous expression; had they been what we call *robbers*, they would have sought to purloin the object of their desire by stealth: to say that a man is a *robber* when he takes your property in your presence, without having recourse to any violence in word or deed, is as absurd as to call a man who insults you to your face, a backbiter.

But to return. In this state of ignorance a young child takes what does not belong to it, and is punished, in some manner or other, to teach him lessons of probity. No doubt, while smarting under the infliction, he does not understand what it means, and considers his case a very hard one; he is as yet perfectly at a loss to comprehend the nature of his guilt; but the dread of punishment will induce him not to commit the same act again, although he only knows that he has acted wrong from the chastisement he received. But some time after, another child takes away his cake or his sugar-plumbs; he now feels the loss of property; he has a notion, however imperfect, of the laws of mine and thine. Let us now suppose, that this other child is older or stronger than he is, and not only takes away his property, but beats him into the bargain; his young mind will then be impressed with a notion of the abuse of power, and the disadvantage of weakness. Let us indulge in another supposition: a child is beaten for what another child has done; he is thus made acquainted with what we call justice and injustice; he sees one child devouring his cake without offering him a share of the dainty, hence will arise an idea of selfishness and avarice; but another child offers to halve his bun with him, and he feels delighted, not only with his share of the cake, but with the little stranger's benevolence and generosity, and the two little creatures will laugh and smile at each other with mutual gratification.

I am disposed to think that it is in this progressive manner that man forms his notions of what are called *eternal truths* and *moral principles*, with which he is supposed by some psychologists to be inspired when ushered into the world. Paley admirably describes this progressive growth of our ideas: "Having experienced in some instances a particular conduct to be beneficial to ourselves, or observed that it would be so, a sentiment of approbation rises up in our minds, which sentiment afterwards accompanies the idea, on mention of the same conduct, although the private advantage which first excited it no longer exists."

One cannot but marvel, when we find a learned philosopher* asserting that the vulgar look no higher for the origin of moral good and evil, justice or injustice, than the codes and pandects, the tables and laws, of their country and religion. Egotism and self-love will teach us, as I have sought to shew by the preceding example, that we come to an early knowledge of good and evil, of justice and injustice, by our own experience, and our personal losses or disappointments, compared with our gratification and the satisfaction of possession.

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* Dr. Cuthbert.

Shaftesbury has said, with some degree of correctness, that " faith, justice, honesty, and virtue, must have been as early as a state of nature, or they never could have been at all." No doubt, the savage, when he takes his departure for war or the chace, and leaves his family and his flock, or whatever he possesses, under the protection of his brethren, must have some reliance on those qualities, which very probably he does not know by any name; but these notions, instead of being derived from instinctive rules of moral conduct, simply arise from a plain association of ideas, and the consideration that his brethren would act towards him as he would act towards them, were their position reversed; not from any personal feeling of regard, or from any moral or virtuous principle, but for their common interest; for he is aware that while he is fighting a common enemy, or seeking provisions for his horde, he is, although absent, promoting their welfare, and therefore does he naturally conclude that they will promote his; for man, being created a gregarious being, must feel convinced, even in his natural condition, that reciprocal protection and assistance constitute the chief support of all communities, and that an aggregate force is more effective than individual exertions and personal prowess.

In the progress of our impressions regarding virtue and benevolence, the effect of education, both religious and moral, must also be borne in mind. No doubt, our first notions on the matter arose from our conviction of their being essential to our personal welfare and advantage; for experience shews us that an unjust act, even in the rudest state of society, may be detrimental to ourselves, and bring on our heads retribution and merciless revenge. Therefore the practice of what is called *virtue*, may *primarily* be looked upon as conducive to our interests; but *subsequently* the precepts of morality and religion, that are more or less inculcated in the youthful mind in civilized society, may lead us to consider virtuous and just actions not only as beneficial to ourselves, but acceptable to the Divinity, and thereby tending to afford us a better chance of prosperity in this world, and of eternal happiness hereafter.

To insist that man is born with innate ideas of virtue, appears to me as absurd as to maintain that he is created wicked and corrupt. No doubt our instinctive propensities and emotions, were they indulged in without the check of our reasoning faculties, would plunge man in a vortex of crime and imprudence, subversive of all social order. He would indulge his animal appetites without restraint until satiety ensued; but the characteristic of mankind is the susceptibility of an advance towards a meliorated condition, so long as he moves in a cycle of improvement. The same questionable notions that have been entertained regarding the innate knowledge of good and evil, of vice and virtue, have been also advanced to account for our ideas of beauty and deformity. Socrates of old, and, strange to say, many modern psychologists, asserted that our notions of beauty arise from an analogy with the beauty and sublimity of the qualities of the mind; that material objects only affect us by means of the moral ideas they suggest; and that "the human face is beautiful, chiefly as it presents to our conception the qualities of the mind." Such is the doctrine of Dugald Stewart;* he adds, "it is the *mind* alone that possesses original and *underived* beauty; and that what we call the beauty of the material world is chiefly, if not wholly, reflected from intellectual and moral qualities. The intention of Nature in thus associating the ideas of the beautiful and the good, cannot therefore be mistaken."

According to these singular assumptions, George Barnwell must have been struck with the beauty of Milwood, "being," according to Dugald Stewart's views, "reflected from her intellectual and moral qualities—as the *light* we admire on the disc of the moon and the planets, when traced to its original source, the light of the sun."[*] George's poor uncle had no chance, after such a reflection.

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* Philosophy of the Social and Moral Powers, vol. i. p. 280.

In my humble view of the question, I am apt to think, that our notions of beauty are in general the result of education and habit, added to pleasing sensations and recollections. A child will admire a playful cur, much more than the most beautiful spaniel who growls and snarls at him. A country bumpkin will prefer the coarse features of a buxom milk-maid, to the chiselled symmetry of the Venus de Medici. "Every eye forms its beauty," sayeth the olden proverb; and it is fortunate both for man and for womankind that such is the case. Elegance of taste I consider an acquirement of our education; from our earliest childhood, we are in the habit of hearing that such a person is beautiful—handsome—pretty; similar objects, therefore, by comparison and an association of ideas, constitute a sort of type for our guidance. There does exist, no doubt, a powerful influence in symmetry, and harmony of proportion and distribution; yet do we see even well educated persons, who will prefer a Chinese pagoda to the most chaste Grecian temple. Our notions of beauty are conventional: a race-horse by some is considered beautiful; yet in the eyes of the generality of people, a hunter, or even a good-looking coach-horse, will appear more graceful in its shape. Our ideas of personal beauty depend moreover on our race. The Mongolian, the Ethiopian, the American, the Malay, will not admire the object of the Caucasian's adoration—

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[*] Op. citat., vol. i. p. 281.

> "For contemplation he and valour formed,
> For softness she and sweet attractive grace."*

But even in these cases an individual transferred in childhood to the society of another race, will form his notions of beauty from what he sees and hears around him.

On this subject Burke expresses himself in the following judicious terms: "Perfection is not the constituent cause of beauty;" and in regard to the doctrine, that beauty may be applied to the qualities of the mind, he says, "Those virtues which cause admiration, and are of the sublime kind, produce terror rather than love—such as fortitude, justice, wisdom, and the like: never was any man amiable by force of these qualities. Those which engage our hearts, which impress us with a sense of loveliness, are the softer virtues—easiness of temper, compassion, kindness, and liberality, though certainly these latter are of less immediate and momentous concern to society. Those persons who creep into the hearts of such people, who are chosen as the companions of their softer hours, and their reliefs from care and anxiety, are never persons of shining qualities nor strong virtues. It is rather the soft green of the soul, on which we rest our eyes, that are fatigued with beholding more gloomy objects."

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* Paradise Lost, b. iv.

Our eloquent writer further adds, "The general application of this quality (beauty) to virtue, has a strong tendency to confound our ideas of things; and it has given rise to an infinite deal of whimsical theory, and induced us to remove the science of our duties from their proper basis (our reason, our relations, and our necessities), to rest it upon foundations altogether visionary and unsubstantial. We must conclude that beauty is for the greater part *some quality in bodies acting mechanically upon the human mind by the intervention of the senses*." *

We have now taken a brief view of the development and subsequent application of our mental faculties; but we must bear in mind that many circumstances, depending upon temperament, social position, and our relative situation, will produce singular irregularities of the mind, peculiarities, eccentricities, antipathies, delusions, bordering upon a state of insanity, and not unfrequently dangerous in their nature, so as to render it doubtful whether the individuals labouring under such aberration, should be left an uncontrolled power of indulging in their phantasies.

These irregularities arise from a want of equilibrium in the exercise of our mental faculties; thus, the imagination of one person will be so wild and erratic as to prevent him from coming to any sound conclusion; and renders a correct association of ideas a most difficult, if not an impossible attempt; one man will possess a retentive memory, while another will scarcely recollect a fact of recent occurrence. To such an extent may these discrepancies be carried, that many a man of genius is considered *cracked*—an expression which led Dr. Parr, in a similar case, to say, "that such men were most decidedly *cracked*, but that the crack let in the light." We may find one individual who will solve any mathematical problem with the greatest facility, while another cannot get through the first rules of arithmetic. The soldier whose daring spirit prompts him to ascend the breach, and whose ardour can scarcely brook the delay of its being rendered practicable, would be but badly calculated to conduct a long siege or a blockade. The dashing partisan would hesitate in adopting a Fabian plan of campaign. It was by a wise selection of their instruments of power, both as regarded temperament and mind, that the Jesuits obtained their mighty influence; and a choice of ministers and diplomatic agents constitutes one of the most important duties of a wise or clever monarch. He will be more likely to obtain sound counsel from the Bilious and Atrabilious, than from the Sanguineous and the Lymphatic. In these respects phrenology would have proved a most invaluable system, if its doctrines were not impugned, or at any rate rendered doubtful, by anatomical and physiological facts. In many instances physiognomy may become our guide; for the features are not unfrequently the mirror of the mind, which exercises its plastic power upon the lineaments of our countenance from our very cradle, until they will bid defiance even to the eloquence of language, when the eye and the mouth contradict the tongue, and when the very voice in its assumed intonation will give the lie to the most solemn asseverations; for a man must have been long practised in forensic tergiversation, before he can attain the faculty of asserting a falsehood with self-command and inflexible imperturbation.

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* On the Sublime and Beautiful, Part III. Sect. xi. xii. xiii.

The sound operation of the mind is frequently disturbed by the slightest physical influence—a paroxysm of fever, a deranged digestion, broken sleep, bodily fatigue, producing morbid sensations. Ben Jonson told Drummond that he had spent a whole night looking at his great toe, fancying that he saw Roman and Carthaginian warriors riding over it and fighting. Religious exaltation will produce similar phenomena. Thus we find the monks of Mount Athos fancying that they experienced celestial joys when gazing on their navel: hence were they called *Omphalopsychians.** There are many persons who cannot take strong tea or coffee, or drink certain wines, without being exposed to similar aberrations.

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* Vide Article "Ecstatic Exaltation," in the Author's "Curiosities of Medical Experience," 2nd. Ed. p. 40.

Indecision and uncertainty are the bane of many an individual of sound intellects in other respects. Dr. Reid relates the case of a man who remained in bed all day, from want of determination in selecting a pair of trowsers to put on.

If our understanding is subject to be disturbed by physical agencies, they will also produce fresh actions, and the development of faculties that had remained latent for years. For instance, a man struck by the shaft of a cart, was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital with a concussion of the brain; as he recovered from the accident, he spoke a language unknown to his attendants, but which a Welsh milkman, who was in the ward, stated to be Welsh—and he immediately conversed in that tongue with the patient. It was found, upon inquiry, that he was by birth a Welshman, but having left his native land in his youth, he had forgotten his native dialect, which he had not spoken for upwards of thirty years. H.R.H. the Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden, Stéphanie,* assured me that she was but an indifferent German scholar, until she laboured under a nervous fever, during which, to the surprise of the ladies of her court and her attendants, she spoke the language both fluently and correctly. Coleridge mentions the case of an ignorant servant girl, who, during a paroxysm of fever, repeated with perfect correctness passages of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew: and it was at length found out that she had lived in the service of a learned clergyman, who had been in the habit of walking about the house reciting aloud passages in those languages. Dr. Rush mentions an Italian gentleman, who in the beginning of an illness spoke English, in the middle of it French, but on the day of his death expressed himself in his native tongue.

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* This amiable Princess, one of the most intellectual women it has ever been my good fortune to meet with, is the niece of the Empress Josephine.

In the Assembly Missionary Magazine we read of the account of the Rev. W. Tennant, who, while engaged in a conversation in Latin with his brother, fell into a trance, and was to all appearance dead. His friends were actually invited to his funeral, but his medical attendant, on examining the body, thought that he discerned signs of life: he had remained three days in this state of suspended animation, when he gradually recovered; but in such a state of total oblivion of the past, that, observing his sister reading a book, he asked her what she had in her hand; on her reply that it was a Bible, he said—"A Bible! what's a Bible?" He was now totally forgetful of every former transaction, was taught again to read and write, and to learn Latin with the aid of his brother; until, one day, in repeating a lesson from Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly felt a shock in the head, and he then could speak Latin as fluently as before his illness.

Boerhaave gives a most extraordinary instance of oblivion in the case of a Spanish tragic author, who had so completely lost his memory after a fever, that he forgot not only his own language, but even the alphabet. His own poems and works were shewn to him, but he could not be persuaded that they were his productions. Afterwards, however, he began once more to compose verses, which had so striking a resemblance to his former writings, that he at length became convinced of his being the author of them.

Dr. Abercrombie mentions an old gentleman who, in an attack of the head, had almost forgotten the English language, and expressed himself in a mixed dialect of French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Turkish. Having been some time afterwards severely burnt about the head, by setting fire to the curtains of his bed, his recollection of English was restored, but only to a certain degree—for his expressions were often most erroneous; for instance, having been taken to see a small house, he observed—"It is very neat; but it is a very little child."

The memory may be thus impaired by various causes—injuries of the head, rheumatic and gouty affections, indigestion, the use of narcotics, want of food, and senile indiscretion. A singular example of the last cause is given by Sir Alexander Crichton, in the case of an old attorney of seventy years of age, who, though married to a lady much younger than himself, kept a mistress, whom he constantly visited. He was suddenly seized with great prostration of strength, giddiness, and forgetfulness; but the last was of a peculiar kind, and consisted in the mistaking the name of one thing for that of another. So that if he wanted bread, he would ask for his boots; and though enraged at the latter being brought to him, he would still call out for boots or shoes. In like manner, if he wanted a tumbler to drink out of, he would ask for a chamber utensil, and if this was not brought, he would call for a dish. Dr. Abercrombie also mentions the case of a gentleman who uniformly called his snuff-box a hogshead. He had been a trader in tobacco, so that the transition from snuff to tobacco, and from tobacco to a hogshead, seemed quite natural.

It is related that an elderly man who fell from his horse in crossing a ford on a winter's night, totally forgot the name of his wife and children, although he did not cease to recognise and love them as fondly as before the accident. Cold has been at all times considered injurious to memory; hence Paulus Œginus called Oblivion the Child of Cold.*

While the memory of certain individuals is faulty and uncertain, others have been distinguished by their amazing powers of recollection. History informs us that Cyrus knew the name of every soldier in his army. Mithridates, who had troops of twenty-two nations under his banner, became a proficient in the language of each country. Cyneas, sent on a mission to Rome by Pyrrhus, made himself acquainted in two days with the names of all the senators and the principal citizens. Appius Claudius and the Emperor Hadrian, according to Seneca, could recite two thousand words in the order they had heard them, and afterwards repeat them from the end to the beginning.

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* See the article "Memory," in the author's "Curiosities of Medical Experience," 2nd edition, p. 405.

That memory was influenced by physical causes, was a fact well known to the ancients. Valerius Maximus relates the case of an Athenian who, being struck on the head with a stone, forgot all literary attainments, although he preserved the recollection of other matters. The soldiers of Anthony, in their return from the Parthian war, were attacked with loss of memory after eating some poisonous plants in their march. Numerous instances of the kind could be adduced.

I have thus dwelt upon Memory—justly called the Mother of the Muses—to shew that if this function is subject to be impaired by corporeal agency, all our other mental faculties are equally liable to a similar influence, since memory is the principal link in the intellectual chain.

When a late ingenious writer maintains, that "*the mind itself cannot be insane*, but is always able to act aright with a correct organization, or where there is no interference to disturb its functions,"* I verily cannot understand the meaning of the passage. The same argument might be applied to the body, and one might say—"The body itself cannot be sick, but is always able to do well when in a sound state of health, and where there is no interference to disturb its functions." This author, no doubt, wishes to assert that the mind or the soul are incorruptible, being a Divine emanation ; but without entering into a theological controversy, I might venture to ask how the *soul*, if it is incorruptible, can be brought to judgment and punishment for its corruption ? or does he mean to say that the body alone is corruptible, and liable to future condemnation? If that is the case, then the immortal soul is not to be answerable for corporeal delinquencies. Plato and his disciples entertained a curious notion on this matter: they imagined that every passion that had been contracted by the *soul* during its residence in the *body* remained with it in a separate state; and that the soul in the body and out of the body differed no more, than man differs from himself when he is in the house or in the open air. According to this view of the subject, the passions of the soul survive the body; and it is for this reason that the souls of the dead appeared frequently in burying grounds, and hovered about the places where their bodies were interred, still hankering after their old worldly pleasures, and desiring again to enter into the bodies that gave them an opportunity of enjoying them.

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* Dr. Moor, "Power of the Soul over the Body."

If corporeal agency is thus powerful in man, its tyrannic influence will more frequently cause the misery of the gentler sex. Woman, with her exalted spiritualism, is more forcibly under the control of matter; her sensations are more vivid and acute, her sympathies more irresistible. She is less under the influence of the brain than the uterine system, the plexi of abdominal nerves, and irritation of the spinal cord; in her, a hysteric predisposition is incessantly predominating from the dawn of puberty. Therefore is she subject to all the aberrations of love and religion; ecstatic under the impression of both, the latter becomes a resource when the excitement of the former is exhausted by disappointment, infidelity, and age—when, no longer attractive, she is left by the ebb of fond emotions on the bleak shore of despondency; where, like a lost wanderer in the desert, without an oasis upon earth on which to fix her straining eyes, she turns them to heaven, as her last consolation and retreat.

In woman, the concentration of her feelings (a concentration that her social position renders indispensable) adds to their intensity; and like a smouldering fire that has at last got vent, her passions, when no longer trammelled by conventional propriety, burst forth in unquenchable violence. Insanity frequently offers a sad proof of this fact; for it is invariably observed that those females who have been educated with the greatest care and precaution, are the most obscene and disgusting in their language and conduct, when labouring under mental aberration. The reason of this apparently extraordinary fact is to be attributed to that very concentration and imprisonment of the mind to which I have alluded. In females who move in the lower and humbler spheres, there does not exist that necessity for concealing the thoughts that come uppermost in the mind. Their ears have become accustomed to the foul language that is constantly uttered around them, and when under the influence of passion, they will freely indulge in a similar phraseology: not so in higher grades, when nature casts off the shackles of artificial life. It is owing to this strange compound of anomalous emotions that poor Woman has been exposed to the bitter and unjust invectives of many of our poets and satirists—even of our Shakespere. For although many ladies have considered him as the special poet of their sex—and most indubitably he has delineated many noble and glorious characters in his female personages—yet whenever he had occasion to put into a second or a third person's mouth any animadversion on their errors and capricious nature, it has been with such a saturnine bitterness, that one might imagine that they delivered his own opinion on the subject—

"FRAILTY, THY NAME IS WOMAN!"

seems to have been his ruling notion.

But alas! if women are frail, and may occasionally deserve the harsh epithets bestowed upon them, to what are we to attribute their sad destiny? Simply *to their organization, their education, and our injustice.* What is dishonour in them, is the boast and pride of man; and their fall constitutes his triumph. Well may woman exclaim with our olden poet Beaumont—

"Hard nature! hard condition of poor women!
That, we are most sued to, we must fly most.
The trees grow up, and mix together freely,—
The oak not envious of the failing cedar,
The lusty vine not jealous of the ivy,
Because she clips the elm; the flowers shoot up
And wantonly kiss one another hourly,
This blossom glorying in the other's beauty;
And yet they smell as sweet, and look as lovely.
But we are tied to grow alone. O honour!
Thou hard law to our lives, chain to our freedom,
He that invented thee had many curses."

I cannot better conclude these observations, than by quoting a passage of one of our most able and philosophic physiologists, who thus expresses himself on the subject:—

"There is no obvious structural difference in the nervous system of the two sexes, save the inferior size of the cerebral hemisphere in the female. This difference, which is not observed in other parts of the encephalon, is readily accounted for, when we compare the psychical character of woman with that of man. For there can be no doubt that, putting aside the exceptional cases, which now and then occur, the intellectual powers of woman are inferior to those of man. Although her perceptive faculties are more acute, her capability of sustaining mental exertion is much less; and though her views are often peculiarly distinguished by clearness and decision, they are in general deficient in that comprehensiveness which is necessary for their stability. With less of the *volitional* power that man possesses, she has the *emotional* and *instinctive* in a much stronger degree. The emotions therefore predominate, and more frequently become the leading springs of action than they are in man. By their direct influence upon the bodily frame, they produce changes in the organic functions, which far surpass in degree anything of the same kind that we ordinarily witness in man; and they thus not unfrequently occasion symptoms of an anomalous kind, which are very perplexing to the medical practitioner, but very interesting to the physiological observer. But they also act as powerful motives on the will; and, when strongly called forth, produce a degree of vigour and determination which is very surprising to those who have usually seen the individual under a different aspect. But this vigour, being due to the strong excitement of the feelings, and not to any inherent strength of intellect, is only sustained during the persistence of the motive, and fails as soon as it subsides. The feelings of woman being frequently called forth by the occurrences she witnesses around her, are naturally more disinterested than those of man; *his* energy is more concentrated upon one object, and to this his intellect is directed with an earnestness that too frequently either blunts the feelings, or carries them along in the same channel, thus rendering them selfish. The *intuitive* powers of woman are certainly greater than those of man. Her perceptions are more acute, her apprehensions quicker, and she has a remarkable power of interpreting the feelings of others, which gives to her not only a much more ready sympathy with these, but that power of guiding her actions so as to be in accordance with them, which we call *tact.* This tact bears a close correspondence with the *adaptiveness* to particular ends which we see in the instinctive actions. In regard to the inferior development of her intellectual powers, therefore, and in the predominance of the instinctive, woman must be considered as ranking below man; but in the superior purity and elevation of her feelings she is as highly raised above him. Her whole character, psychical as well as corporeal, is beautifully adapted to supply what is deficient in man, and to elevate and refine those powers which might otherwise be directed to low and selfish objects."

SECTION V.

MENTAL POWER.

When theological metaphysicians maintain that what they call the *power of the soul*, in all healthy bodies, is able to restrain our passions, our emotions, and our unruly desires, I apprehend that they have frequently confounded causes with effects; viewing in the same light our passions, and the acts to which they are likely to impel us. No one will presume to deny the evident power of our reason in a well constituted mind, in checking and restraining us from the commission of acts contrary to sound precepts of morality, and injurious to our worldly interests; inasmuch, that their perpetration might endanger our lives, our property, and our reputation. Did not this faculty of weighing our actions in the scale of prudence prevail, all social ties would soon be dissolved, and man reduced to the level of inferior animals, if not much below it. But although reason can assume an ascendancy over our actions, it is unequal to the task of altering our natures—our natural and instinctive impulses, which, were they not held under subjection, would prove injurious both to ourselves and to the community. *Reason* may check the indulgence of our appetites and our desires, but it cannot alter their essence, their nature, when the mind dwells upon certain sensations and perceptions, either pleasurable or painful. Our will may endeavour to turn the tide of our thoughts into another channel, but too frequently this faculty is like casting a pebble in a rivulet to check its course: for a moment, the current may eddy round the obstacle, but still the stream will pursue its destination, until the waters have attained the level ordained by Nature's laws. In like manner will our train of thoughts continue uninterrupted until forcibly drawn away by a more powerful diversion, and in the ratio of this comparative power, will one passion succeed or supersede another. Thus does reason counteract and neutralize our inordinate propensities; yet the nature of that propensity is not changed. For example, a man may entertain an illicit affection for another man's wife—he may covet the possession of a valuable property: reason will prompt him not to rush on to inevitable ruin by bearing away the object of his desires; but the desire remains the same, until it is weakened by time, or succeeded by other excitements. A thirsty man may take up a cup of water, but if he is told that the liquid contains a poisonous substance, he will refrain from gratifying his desire, however acute it may be; but the thirst still continues, nay, it is probably increased by the disappointment in his not having been able to slake it. Revulsion, and what physicians call counter-irritation, may act on the mind as well as on the body.

The generally received notion, that the knowledge of ourselves constitutes the most difficult of studies, I do not consider evident. There are, no doubt, many errors and evil principles of action of which man is to a certain degree unconscious—such as egotism, vanity, pride, self-sufficiency; but the passions that are more likely to interfere with our main interests and those of society, are in general secretly admitted, however disagreeable the admission may be. Every man knows if he is courageous or timid, honest or fraudulent, whether his assertions are true or false, his views criminal or innocent, his protestations sincere or artful. There does exist, no doubt, an elasticity, a pliability in our conscience, that enables us to stretch it to a very great extent, to compound with our vices, to qualify our misdeeds; for as our virtues are not free from a taint of mortal frailty, our immoral acts may be extenuated on the plea of some redeeming qualities. Bacon has admirably pourtrayed this natural alloy of our good and bad qualities, which he calls "a mixture of the soaring angel and the crawling slimy serpent."*

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* "Scientia tanquam angeli alati, cupiditatibus vero tanquam serpentes qui humi reptant." De Augmentis.

One can scarcely believe that there exist many men, unless hardened in guilt by a series of unpunished crimes, or triumphing in the success of their iniquity, who do not feel, before, during, and after the commission of a foul deed, that they are engaged in a pursuit contrary to the laws of God or man, and to the opinions of society. They may indulge in the hope of avoiding detection and chastisement, they may laugh to scorn what they call the prejudices of the world; but they know that they are doing wrong, and acting against the warnings of conscience, more powerful than the firmest resolves: even the sceptic's philosophic infidelity cannot resist its power, so well described by Lee in his Mithridates.

> "I tell thee, boy, remorse and upstart fear
> Oppress me, even in spite of all my knowledge,
> Tho' none of those that boast philosophy
> Have made a deeper search in Nature's womb
> Than I—(the midnight morn has seen my watchings:)
> I tell thee, none can name her infinite seed
> Like me; nor better know her sparks of light,
> Those gems that shine in the blue ring of heaven;
> None know more reason, for or 'gainst yond' first
> Bright cause, can talk of accidents, above me.
> Yet there's a thorn, called conscience, makes its way
> Through all the fence of pleasure, fortified
> With reasons, that ill seems good to me,
> And stings thy guilty father to the soul."

But even this power of conscience is set at nought by human sophistry, ambition, and triumphant crime.

> "Conscience!
> Poor plodding priests and preaching friars make
> Their hollow pulpits, and empty aisles
> Of Churches, ring with the round word; but we
> That draw the subtile and more piercing air,
> In that sublimer region of a court,
> Know all is good we make so; and go on
> Secured by the prosperity of our crimes."
> *Ben Jonson.*

Thus will men, despite this fearful monitor, follow the impulse of their disorderly passions and propensities: we behold the wise, those whom we esteem good, rushing headlong to perdition, as though they were propelled by the laws of gravity. The pious and quaint Jeremy Taylor has truly depicted this sad condition of our nature—thus, when alluding to the power of wealth, he says: "Let him but have money for rehearsing his comedy, he cares not whether you like it or no; and if a temptation of money comes strong and violent, you may as well *tie a wild dog to quietness with the guts of a tender kid*, as to suppose that most men can do virtuously, when they may sin at a great price." Then again, when touching on the empire of voluptuousness: "You shall see some men fit to govern a province; sober in their counsels, wise in the conduct of their affairs, men of education and reason, fit to sit with princes, and to treat concerning peace or war, the fate of empires, and the changes of the world; yet these men shall fall at the beauty of a woman, as a man dies at the blow of an angel, or gives up his breath at the sentence and decree of God. In the temptation of voluptuousness, a man is naturally, as the prophet said of Ephraim, like a pigeon that hath no heart, no courage, no conduct, no resolution, no discourse, but falls as the waters of *Nilus*, when it comes to its cataracts."*

We have seen that some of these impulses are instinctive, totally independent of volition—others, the manifestation of temperament, of our natural constitution, transmitted to us by our parents—unaccountable, uncontrollable, when

> " The flesh doth thrill,
> And has connexion by some unseen chain
> With its original source and kindred substance."†

Under this overwhelming power, our firm resolutions are but ropes of sand, to moor us in safety, amidst the storm of our passions. No language that I could command could depict this servitude more powerfully than the divine whom I have just quoted. " Some men are wise, and know their own weaknesses, and to prevent their starting back, will make fierce and strong resolutions, and bind up their gaps with thorns, and make a hedge about their spirits—and what then? This shews that the *spirit is willing*, but the storm arises, and winds blow, and rain descends, and presently the earth trembles, and the whole fabric falls into ruins and disorder: a resolution (such as are usually made) is nothing but a little trench which a very child can step over."

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* Sermon X.—" The Flesh and the Spirit."

† Sir A. Hunt.

It has been asserted, that when the body is in a healthy state, the *soul* is always able to regulate our conduct, and shape it according to the dictates of religion and morality: this assumption, I fear, will not stand the test of observation. I rather apprehend that a sickly condition of the frame is more likely to produce serious reflection and virtuous resolves, than when man enjoys an exuberance of rude health, and lavishes its powers in the pursuit of sensual enjoyments. Even then, in the midst of the gloom and moroseness of bodily suffering, as we weave a dismal winding sheet to shroud all our earthly desires, truant Fancy will here and there shoot a bright and golden thread across the mournful tissue. "High fantastical" imagination will intrude in our deepest lucubrations—divert our train of thinking, however intense, and even bent upon another world; and, "by a kind of omnipotency, creating and annihilating, by the motion of its magical wand, things in an instant, when things distinct in nature are married by fancy as in a lawless place."*

The power of our emotions and passions in resisting this influence of reason, has been most philosophically described by Crichton—"When they (the emotions) are powerful, they withdraw the attention of the person from all objects except those which are more immediately connected with the passions; and in consequence of doing so, destroy in a remarkable degree the operation of reason. For what does the expression, to be actuated by reason, mean as applied to our actions? Is it not the possessing the power of attention, in such a degree as to be able to compare with each other the ultimate effects which our actions may produce, not only on ourselves, but also on that of every other person and every thing with which they are in any way related—and to regulate our conduct accordingly? He who can take the most comprehensive view of these various objects of thought, and even regulate his conduct accordingly, will always appear to be the most reasonable as well as the wisest man. But this operation of the human understanding requires not only an attentive examination of each idea, but also an easy transition of attention from one subject to another; events totally incompatible with passion, in which some powerful idea is constantly present, and in which our attention is also fixed by our corporeal feelings. The corporeal pleasure or pain which accompany our passions, always tend to disengage attention from objects to abstract thoughts, and they consequently tend to destroy the restraint, which the mind must be kept in while exercising the power of judgment; hence it will yield to other desires and aversions, which arise from the corporeal sensation, and is often thrown in the most violent and ungovernable excitement."

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* Fuller.

In regard to the question of free will, no doubt we are the arbiters of our conduct. We may cut our throat or the throats of our neighbours, fire houses, rob property, break windows, and cut away blind men's dogs—indulge in any crime or frolic to which our passions or our fancy may prompt us; but we cannot by volition and all its firmness command our thoughts, our desires, our emotions—we cannot at will alter our temperament and our nature—become humane, charitable, benevolent—despite an apathetic and an egotistic disposition. We may ostentatiously assume the attributes of these generous qualities, but our actions do not arise from a heart-felt impulse and natural sentiments of commiseration for the distressed—a sympathetic share in the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. Our volition had nothing to do with our creation, our temperament, our growth and development, and it is also alien to the thoughts that cross our busy brain. We cannot command our affections, or resist our antipathies—we cannot even deliberate, when the impetus of our passions overcomes all obstruction. *Deliberation* itself is not influenced by volition, it is a mental process connected with comparison and association of ideas; for when a man, in a state of doubt, resolves to deliberate and consider what line of conduct is most likely to prove advantageous, deliberation has already commenced, and the intellectual faculties have recovered their influence.

Paley thus expresses himself on this matter—"It is on few, and only great occasions, that men deliberate at all; on fewer still, that they institute any thing like a regular inquiry into the moral rectitude or depravity of what they are about to do, or wait for the result of it. We are for the most part determined at once, and by an impulse, which is the effect and energy of pre-established habits. And this constitution seems well adapted to the exigencies of human life, and to the imbecility of our moral principles. In the current occasions and rapid opportunities of life, there is oftentimes little leisure for reflection; and were there more, a man who has to reason about his duty, when the temptation to trangress it is upon him, is almost sure to reason himself into an error."

It is no doubt true that our reason wrestles with the enemy—our reason is in constant collision with our passions—submitted to the antagonistic attack of adverse powers, waging against each other an incessant warfare. The mind is ever hesitating, deliberating; alternately attracted and repelled by duty and by passion—our animal appetites and our reason: for, let us not be mistaken, our animal appetites are in every respect analogous to the instinctive appetites of what we call brutes—unless their gratification is checked by divine and human laws, or by hygienic rules—we rush headlong into the commission of what are called *sins*;[*] and gluttony, drunkenness, and sensuality, are the result of the unrestrained indulgence in the mere instinctive impulses of the animated kingdom, from which we only differ by ratiocination. "Animalibus pro ratione impetus; homini pro impetu ratio."[†]

This double existence, if it may be so called, gave rise to the notion of a *duality* of life—we have a double brain, a pair of eyes, a pair of ears, &c.; but this doctrine must fall to the ground, since, notwithstanding these double faculties, our impressions and perceptions, in a healthy state, are single. I have already alluded to the notion of the ancient philosophers, who believed in the existence of a double soul; at the same time, there can be no doubt that there does exist within us a double power in directing our will, like the Manichean principles of good and evil. I think it is Dr. Moore who states that, in the ceremony of beatification in the Roman Church, while the advocate of the departed holy personage holds forth the claims to canonization, another advocate, personating the devil, ascends an opposite pulpit, and urges his claims and his right to detain the soul of the deceased within his clutches. Truly, a similar debate seems to take place in the brain of man, when hesitating between a virtuous and a culpable resolve. The most absurd anecdotes have been related of this mental struggle; amongst others, it is told of an Irish High-Churchman, who fancied that one-half of his body had embraced Popery—and to punish it for its heresies, he would not allow it to come into his bed. Thus by keeping one leg and one arm out in the cold, a rheumatism ensued, which the Papal moiety of the poor man maliciously communicated to the orthodox side, until both religions went upon crutches.

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[*] Theologists of the Roman Church divided *sins* into *venial*, and *capital* or *deadly;* the first being slight infractions of duty, the last of a fatal tendency. The capital ones consisted of *pride*, *avarice*, *envy*, *anger*, *idleness*, which mean sins of the *soul;* whereas the two others, *gluttony* and *luxuriousness*, mean sins of the *body*. St. Gregory considers the sins of the mind the more heinous, while those of the flesh were of a more infamous nature.

This classification of *sins* must have been at one time a considerable source of revenue to the Church, as it enabled it to establish a *tariff* of penance with an evaluation of indulgences, and the price of masses for the repose of souls. Helvetius relates the case of a preacher in Bordeaux, who, in exhorting his congregation to contribute to the relief of departed souls, exclaimed—"When the dropping of your money in the offertory plate produces the sound of *tin! tin! tin!* then you might hear the poor souls in purgatory loudly laughing—*Ha! ha! ha! hi! hi! hi!*" De L'Esprit, D 2, xix.

[†] Seneca, De Ira.

There can be no doubt that a proper moral and religious cultivation of the mind may strengthen its powers, and enable it to come off triumphant from its contest with matter. No doubt there are temperaments that facilitate this course of mental training—there are temperaments in which the passions are preserved in ice or in frozen bile. But when our virtuous sentiments prevail, we are sometimes apt to run into an opposite extreme of perfection, and even the influence of religion does not purify the mind from worldly contamination, and secure it against temptation. The illustrious prelate, whom I have already quoted, thus expresses himself on this subject:—

"When the spirit is made willing by the grace of God, the flesh interposes in deceptions and false principles. If you tempt some man by a notorious sin, or to rebellion, to deceive his trust, or to be drunk, he will answer, he would rather die than do so; but put the sin *civilly* to him, and let it be disguised with little excuses—such things which indeed are trifles, but yet they are colours fair enough to make a weak pretence ask whether it be a sin or no? If they can but make an excuse, or a colour, so that it shall not rudely dash against the conscience with an open professed name of sin, they suffer temptation to do its work. If there be any thing to say for it, though it be no more than Adam's fig-leaves, or the excuses of children or truants, it shall be enough to make the flesh prevail, and the spirit is not to be troubled; for so great is our folly, that the flesh always carries the cause if the spirit can be *couzened;* because we will suffer it in too many instances, and cannot help it in all."*

The fatal influence of our passions and our inordinate desires is such, that not unfrequently it brings on that form of insanity called *monomania,* when the most singular and the most criminal propensities are indulged in, although the mind is fully conscious of the absurdity or the criminality of the impulse. We have seen that the predisposition to suicide, to theft, are not only uncontrollable in many instances, but hereditary transmissions afflicting a whole generation: the invincible desire to shed human blood, to burn and destroy, are striking instances of this fatal propensity—so irresistible, that the laws of all civilized nations have exempted the unfortunate victims of these sad delusions from all moral responsibility. The cases recorded are most numerous, but I shall only select a few of the most striking ones to illustrate the distressing subject.* The history of Henriette Cordier, given by Dr. Georget, is one of intense interest. This unfortunate woman, aged twenty-seven years, was a servant, of a mild and cheerful disposition. In the month of June, 1825, a singular change was observed in her character; she became silent, melancholy, absorbed in reverie, and lost her place. She fell gradually into a state of stupor. Her friends were alarmed, and suspected some unfortunate *liaison*, but they were mistaken. In the month of September she attempted to drown herself. The following October she was placed in service in the house of a Madame

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* St. Augustine has also said: "Non enim cuiquam in potestate est quid veniat in mentem."

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* This subject has been admirably treated by Dr. Prichard in his work on the Different Forms of Insanity.

Fournier; the 4th of the following month her mistress went out, telling her to prepare dinner, and to go to a neighbouring shop kept by a Madame Belon, to buy some cheese. Henriette had been in the habit of frequenting the shop, and had always noticed and caressed a beautiful little girl, nineteen months old, the child of Madame Belon. On this unfortunate day she went to the shop, and displayed the greatest fondness for the child, and persuaded her mother to let her take it out for a walk. She immediately took the child home, ascended the staircase with a large knife she took from the kitchen, and with one stroke cut off the infant's head. She then placed the head by the casement, and stretched the body on the floor near it. Madame Belon soon after came to seek her child, and called Henriette from the bottom of the stairs; to this application the girl replied with much composure—"Your child is dead." The distracted mother rushed upstairs, when Henriette took up the child's head and threw it out of the window. The mother ran out of the house, struck with horror; and the officers of justice proceeded to take up the murderer. They found her quietly sitting in a chair near the body of the child, gazing on it; the bloody knife near her, and her hands and her clothes smeared with gore. On being questioned, she replied with indifference: "I intended to kill it." Her insanity being proved, she was sentenced to imprisonment for life with hard labour. Dr.

Esquirol states that, immediately after this trial, six cases of a similar nature occurred, which one might attribute to a contagion of crime.

Dr. Esquirol also relates the case of a young man of a sombre and surly disposition, who had lost his father at the age of fourteen, and had never shewn much affection towards his mother. At the age of eighteen his dejection increased: he shunned society, yet continued to work industriously at a manufactory where he was employed, displaying neither in word nor action any sign of insanity; but declaring repeatedly, that he felt a strong inclination to commit murder, and that there were moments when he felt that he could feel pleasure in killing his sister or his mother; adding, "I am no longer master of myself." On several occasions, after having embraced his mother, his face became red, his eyes sparkled, and he exclaimed—"Mother, take care of yourself; I am forced to kill you." One day he met a Swiss soldier in the street, a perfect stranger to him, when he seized his sword, and attempted to stab him. On another occasion, he drew his mother into the cellar, and attempted to kill her with a bottle. When removed to the asylum of Charenton, he admitted, that five or six times he had been on the point of killing his mother and sister. After a proper treatment of ten months, he was restored to health, and became an affectionate son and an industrious artizan. In this case the mental energies had overcome the morbid impulsions, and the influence of temperament was subdued.

Another case is related of a servant girl in the service of Baron Humboldt, who entreated her mistress to discharge her; and falling upon her knees in the greatest agitation, told her, that whenever she undressed her little child, she was so struck with the whiteness of its skin, that she experienced an almost irresistible desire to tear her to pieces.

The unfortunate history of John Howison, who was executed for the murder of the widow Geddes, at King's Cramond, offers a fearful illustration of the influence of temperament. This wretched man entered the cottage of the old woman, and shortly after fled from the house, having nearly cleft her head in two with the edge of a spade. No motive could be adduced to account for the desperate act, and insanity was pleaded at the trial. It appeared in evidence, that Howison was miserably superstitious; feared supernatural enemies, and resorted to absurd ceremonies to protect himself against witches; salting his bed and head; wearing a Bible round his neck, which he never read, without which, he asserted, he would long ago have been dead. He had a fancy to become a Quaker, and attended their meetings for some months, but paid no attention to the worship, but muttered to himself—smelt his Bible—pricked himself with pins and needles to draw blood; and he was seen to kneel and invoke the Virgin Mary, while he wounded himself in both hands, and smeared the door with his blood. He was also subject to false perceptions; and would sit down brushing away flies, for hours, from his face—when there were no flies; and at night he had struggles with witches, and was heard to cry out—" Hands off." This miserable wretch, it also appears, had an incredible appetite, devouring half a peck of potatoes at a meal, with one or two pounds of a bullock's liver almost raw. Immediately after this repast, he drank a quantity of coffee, and ate two or three pennyworths of bread. When asked why he preferred his meat raw, he answered, that " he liked blood,"* and the meat " with the suction in it." He, further, would suck the blood from his pricked wrist and hands, after every two or three mouthfuls of food.

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* This thirst for blood is, I fear, much more prevalent than might be believed. The French Revolution afforded several sad proofs of it. I well recollect, during the reign of terror, being accosted by a deputy—a member of the *Convention*, (who resided in the same house with us)—after I had witnessed a *wholesale* execution in the *Place de la Révolution*, he slapped me on the shoulder, and said with a fearful smile—" *N'est ce pas mon petit-ça fait du bien de voir couler le sang?*" David the painter used to chuckle at the thought of bloodshed, and exclaim —"*Oh! j'aime à broyer du rouge!*" During the Peninsular war I spoke to several French officers, made prisoners, about the merciless butchery of the Spanish; some of them declared that they only regretted that their arms were *so tired* with the bloody work, " *que nous ne pouvions plus travailler.*" There are too many instances of the fact on record, to doubt that the sight of blood will produce a tigerish excitement in some temperaments. The taste of human blood is said to produce similar effects. I was questioning a young man who had been led on by the infuriated rabble, in the massacres of September, at the *Abbaye*, and I full well remember his reply: " When I got there I was like a *poule mouillée*, but they gave me a drink of *wine and blood*, and then I fell to work merrily." Byron has truly said,—

" The sight
Of blood to crowds begets the thirst of more,
As the first wine cup leads to the long revel."

When apprehended, he insisted on maintaining his innocence, invariably adding, "Nobody saw me do it." When parting from the governor of the jail to proceed to execution, he avowed that he felt, at that moment, a strong impulse to murder him, although he had been most kind to him. He had confessed, on the preceding evening, that he had committed eight murders, although they had never been heard of,—a strong presumption that he laboured under a delusion.*

A striking illustration of this sad propensity arising from the state of the body, is afforded in a case mentioned by Dr. Hawkins, of a young and, until that period, a healthy woman, the mother of five children, in humble, but not in indigent life. She experienced the most miserable feelings of gloom and despondency, accompanied by a strong, and, by her own account, an almost irresistible propensity, or temptation, as she called it, to destroy her infant. This feeling came on when the child was a month old. She begged to be continually watched, lest she should yield to this strange desire. In this state she was admitted into the

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* This case is amply related by his advocate, Mr. Simpson, in a valuable paper on Homicidal Insanity, inserted in No. V. of the Edinburgh Law Journal.

Hitchin Dispensary. Her digestive functions were much deranged, and she suffered from a tape-worm. Five months after her admission, she took the small-pox. During the eruption the mind was serene and happy, and she felt free from the dreadful temptation by which she had been grievously tormented. But upon the subsidence of the small-pox, the propensity returned with all its former horror. However, this disease shortly after began to decline, without any apparent cause, and she was discharged. Her child was now six months old, and she seemed quite well. She bore another child, and, about a month after its birth, she was assailed with a similar propensity to destroy it. The symptoms continued until the child was half a year old, and from that time gradually declined. Occasionally, for a few days, a sort of change took place; the propensity to destroy the child being replaced by an equally strong disposition to commit suicide. It is worthy of remark, that during the most distressing periods of her disease, she was perfectly aware of the atrocity of the act to which she was so powerfully impelled, and prayed most fervently to be enabled to withstand so great a temptation. She repeatedly told Dr. Hawkins, that the melancholy inclination had been so powerful, that she certainly would have yielded to it, if she had suffered herself to use a knife even at her meals,—for the knife was the instrument which she felt necessitated to employ in the perpetration of the act.

Of the propensity to thieve, or *Cleptomania*, and its hereditary transmission, I have adduced several curious facts in the first section of this work.

Another singular irresistible impulse is observed in *Pyromania*, or the propensity to destroy by fire. Dr. Gall cites the case of Mary Frank, a German girl, who fired twelve houses, and was arrested on the thirteenth attempt. In this case, it appears that this wretched creature was, at the time, more or less inebriated. He also mentions another instance of a young girl, who made seven attempts to burn houses in the neighbourhood of Cologne. When interrogated as to the motives which had prompted her to the desperate act, she burst into tears, and confessed that, at certain periods, she felt her reason forsaking her, and that then she was irresistibly impelled to the commission of a deed of which, when done, she bitterly repented.

Jonathan Martin, who set fire to the cathedral church of York, is a case within our own recollection. This desperate man was a religious enthusiast: he stated that he had been visited by an angel, who ordered him to follow the example of St. Edward the Confessor. When questioned whether he regretted what he had done, he replied, "Not at all; I would do the same again; the house of the Lord ought to be purified from the unworthy ministers who corrupt the traditional purity of the Gospel." When it was observed, that was not the way to instruct the clergy, he replied, with a smile, "You are wrong—this will make them reflect; they will perceive that the finger of God has directed my arm. Christians, who are seriously converted to the true faith, will acknowledge that I have done what is right. The Lord's ways are mysterious, and it is his will that does every thing on earth and in heaven." When drums announced the arrival of the judges, he exclaimed, "This is strange! one would think that the last judgment had sounded." Martin was considered a lunatic; but he was not more insane than many of the iconoclastic Covenanters of olden time, and not a few fanatical sectarians of the present day.

The propensity to commit suicide has already been noticed as often being an hereditary transmission, and the result of certain temperaments. The presumption of its being a proof of insanity is by no means evident; and it more frequently occurs in cases where the mind is perfectly sound, and the act long contemplated and deliberated before its perpetration. By several of the ancient philosophers it was commended; and we learn in the annals of Roman history, that many patricians who had incurred the imperial displeasure, put an end to their existence. To the present day the Chinese and Tartars consider it a praiseworthy act after a defeat—when, according to their notions, a brave man should not survive dishonour. A Suttee is proud in ascending her funereal pile.

It may be urged, that in all these cases of unnatural propensities, the individuals were not in a sound state of mind. This, no doubt, is true; but the unsoundness of mind is only in its degree. The homicidal monomaniac, the thieving, the incendiary monomaniac, are considered mad, because they commit—or are impelled by an uncontrollable impulse towards the commission of, a crime cognizable by the law. But there are many propensities equally beyond the control of reason, that urge men, who are not only considered as possessing sound, but superior intellectual faculties, to acts that are not less prejudicial to the interests of society, than misdeeds that are visited by the gallows or transportation. In what light are we to consider the conduct of the systematic libertine, who employs all the powers of persuasion, or of temptation, he possesses, to seduce and ruin any female that unfortunately crosses his path, and sees *her* punished for the crime *he* committed—men of rank and fortune, who devote their wealth and influence to indulge in corrupting innocence, and glut their lust on poverty! *

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* On this subject Paley has made the following sagacious remarks:—" The *seducer* practises the same stratagem to draw women's person into his power, that a *swindler* does to get possession of your goods or money; yet the *law of honour*, which abhors deceit, applauds the address of a successful intrigue: so much is this capricious rule guided by names, and with such facility does it accommodate itself to the pleasure and conveniency of high life! Seduction is seldom accomplished without fraud; and this fraud is by so much more immoral than other frauds, as the injury effected by it is greater, continues longer, and less admits reparation."—Moral Philosophy. Book iii. p. 3.

> "Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal lust,
> Is meanly selfish; when resisted, cruel;
> And, like the blast of pestilential winds,
> Taints the sweet bloom of nature's fairest forms." *

In what intellectual category are we to class the drunkard, who commits gradual suicide, by destroying all the moral and physical endowments of man? In what estimation are we to hold the gamester, who resorts to every art in enticing to his hell, and ruining, the unexperienced simpletons who fall in the snare? In what grade shall we place the base slanderer, whose breath

> "Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
> All corners of the world! Kings, queens, states,
> Maids, matrons,—nay, the secrets of the grave
> This vip'rous slander enters!" †

A silly girl, or a fanatic, are considered lunatics, when they experience an unaccountable delight in seeing houses, and churches, and cottages on fire; another poor wretch is immured for life in a madhouse, because he cannot refrain from stealing forks or spoons; a third unfortunate merely escapes the scaffold, because his thirst of blood is an involuntary and monstrous appetite, that renders him irresponsible to the laws of the land. But the man of fashion, who feels proud in beholding the victim of his licentiousness reduced to the lowest state of social degradation—who triumphs when he

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* Milton's "Comus." † Shakspere's "Cymbeline."

bears a mother away from her dishonoured children;—the gamester, who, after winning the last shilling of a desperate man, reads the following morning over his tea and toast, that he terminated his wretched existence in the Thames;—the sordid miscreant, who realizes a splendid fortune, and purchases an aristocratic stand in society, by cheating the rich, and by oppressing the poor;—the bigot, who kindles inquisitorial fires to propitiate the merciful Deity, whom he represents as an inexorable and sanguinary tyrant;—the ambitious statesman or warrior, who inundate with blood the fairest fields of peace and plenty;—these beings are gifted with reason!

Yet these ambitious and unprincipled men, who have sought to overthrow all virtuous opposition, possess influence and rank; they are not considered monomaniacs, although power was their ruling, their only passion—blinding them, in their dizzy career, to all moral and humane considerations. These men may be legislators and magistrates—can display their intellectual superiority in courts, in councils, and in churches—can rule in cloisters and in camps; and what constitutes the difference between these important members of the human family, and the poor lunatic? *They* can adduce what are considered plausible motives for their actions—*reasonable* incentives. The wandering madman's *reason* is fled; *he* cannot account in any rational manner for his extravagances or his crimes.

Yet both are acting under the same immutable laws of the creation—both have followed the impulses of their nature, of their temperament, irresistibly, despite the dictates of reason—if, indeed, reason has the faculty of interfering and interrupting the eloquence of imagination, or the persuasive power of passions. Nay, the monomaniac, as we have seen, is often aware of the horrid nature of his propensities, and endeavours to check their influence; whereas the sane man, possessed of all his reasoning faculties, will yield to the impetuosity of his inordinate passions, although he knows that they are destructive and iniquitous.

This anomaly is perhaps a wise dispensation for the ultimate welfare of mankind, or at least what is supposed to be its advance towards an ideal perfectibility. The acts of an individual, when they do not involve general considerations, are but of a trifling comparative importance; they can only affect the immediate circle within which he moves: the mischief he may commit, the good he can effect, are local, circumscribed by exiguous boundaries. What is it to society, if a monomaniac cuts the throat of an old woman, or decapitates a child—if another madman steals a watch, and a third sets a barn on fire—unless slaughter, rapine, and incendiarism become contagious, and produce popular demonstrations arising from anarchic motives? Social order is not affected by the lunatic's acts—he is shut up in a mad-house, and there is an end of it. The case is widely different when the acts of an individual considered sane, and probably selected by Providence to scourge mankind (when famine and disease have ceased their ravages) become the means by which certain important ends are brought about. A dead old woman, or a headless child, a lost fork and spoon, or the ruins of a burnt dwelling, impart no lessons, deliver no homilies to the bystanders; but the field of battle, the fall of an empire, the devastation of a flourishing kingdom, which may all result from the unbounded passions of one man, read fearful lessons to the conquered and the conquerors—to regenerated generations—to the triumphant lawless—and to future legislators. These events roll on in an impetuous tide; who ever attempts to breast it, is swept away by the current, unless he wisely follows its course, and submits to the everlasting laws of gravity. Thus is it that restored dynasties rarely reign long—it is contrary to the apparent designs of the creation: rivers never retrograde to their source. In a regenerated nation young blood has been transfused in an old body—a fresh graft has vivified a languid sap, the tree will yield a different fruit; if you do not savour the produce, you may cut it down, but you cannot alter its bearing. This is consonant with nature's laws—destruction and reproduction. The annals of the world are written in blood; and when the purple ink is curdled, the historic muse dilutes it with our tears.

Where, then, is this boasted power of the soul over the body—in short, over our passions—if it cannot guard the monomaniac from murdering his neighbour, or an ambitious statesman or soldier from desolating an empire, and dooming thousands to slaughter? What evidence of this power can be adduced from isolated insignificant cases, in which reason has convinced a man visited by spectral illusions, that they were but the creation of a heated and morbid imagination?—where common sense has led him to conclude that the flitting forms before him were the offspring of a deranged digestion and an excited sensorium, similar to the double vision of inebriety, or the phantasies of a febrile delirium.*

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* One of the most interesting of these cases, which is constantly brought forward to prove the influence of the mind over corporeal power, is that of Nicolai, related by himself to the Royal Society of Berlin, in 1799. He was a man of much imagination and great industry: during the year 1790 he had been subject to causes of great anxiety and sorrow; and it would seem that he had that year also neglected to lose blood by venesection or leeches, as frequently as, for some years, in consequence of vertigo and other complaints, resulting from studious and sedentary habits of life, he had been accustomed to do. Early in February several incidents of a disagreeable nature occurred to him, and on the 24th of that month he relates: "At ten o'clock in the forenoon, my wife and another person came to consult me. I was in a violent perturbation of mind, owing to a series of incidents, which had altogether wounded my moral feelings, and from which I saw no possibility of relief; when suddenly I observed at the distance of ten paces from me a figure, the figure of a deceased person. I pointed at it, and asked my wife whether she

Helvetius has said, "Les hommes ne sont pas méchants mais soumis à leurs intérêts: ce n'est point de la méchanceté des hommes dont il faut se

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did not see it. She saw nothing; but being much alarmed, endeavoured to compose me, and sent for a physician. The figure remained some seven or eight minutes, and at length I became a little more calm."—In the afternoon, a little after four o'clock, the figure which I had seen in the morning again appeared. I was alone when this happened; a circumstance which, as it may be easily conceived, could not be very agreeable. I went, therefore, to the apartment of my wife, to whom I related it. But thither also the figure pursued me. Sometimes it was present, sometimes it was absent; but it was always the same standing figure. After I had recovered from my first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I *considered* them to be really what they were, the extraordinary consequence of indisposition; on the contrary, I endeavoured as much as possible to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me. I observed the phantom with great accuracy, and very often reflected on my previous thoughts, with a view to discover some law in these associations of ideas, by which exactly these or other figures might present themselves to my imagination. Sometimes I thought I had made a discovery, especially in the latter period of my visions; but on the whole, I could trace no connection which the various figures, that thus appeared and disappeared to my sight, had, either with my state of mind or with my employment, and the other thoughts which engaged my attention. The figure of the deceased person never appeared to me after the first dreadful day, but several other figures shewed themselves afterwards very distinctly; sometimes such as I knew—mostly, however, of persons I did not know; and, amongst those known to me, were the semblances of both living and deceased persons, but mostly the former: and I made the observation, that acquaintances with whom I daily conversed, never appeared to me as phantasms; it was always such as were at a distance. When these apparitions had continued for some weeks, and I could regard them with the greatest composure, I afterwards endeavoured, at my pleasure, to call forth phantoms of several acquaintances, whom I for that reason represented to my imagination in the most lively manner—but in vain. For, however accurately I pictured to my mind the figures of such persons, I never once could plaindre, mais de l'ignorance et la corruption des législateurs, qui ont toujours mis l'intérêt particulier en opposition à l'intérêt général." There is much truth in this opinion, although it would tend to militate against that predisposition to evil which is unfortunately the characteristic of certain constitutions, and which is developed in early life. This fact we witness in the instance of cruelty towards

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succeed in my desire of seeing them *externally;* though I had some short time before seen them as phantoms, and they had perhaps afterwards unexpectedly presented themselves to me in the same manner. The phantasms appeared to me in every case involuntarily, as if they had been presented externally, like the phenomena of nature, though they certainly had their origin internally: and at the same time I was always able to distinguish with the greatest precision phantasms from phenomena. Indeed, I never once erred in this, as I was in general perfectly calm and self-collected on the occasion. I knew extremely well when it only appeared to me that the door was opened, and a phantom entered, and when the door really was opened, and any person came." These figures, Nicolai further related, haunted him when alone, or when in company, or even in the streets, and continued to haunt him for about two months. They were, however, most common when he was at home, and were seen whether his eyes were open or shut, though they sometimes disappeared when he closed them. They were occasionally numerous, like people in a fair; and all were coloured, though a little more forcibly than nature. At length they began to speak, either to one another or to him. These speeches were short, and never disagreeable. His friends would seem to appear, and address consoling discourses to him. At last they disappeared; sometimes retiring for a time; and lastly, during the time in which he was writing the account of them. (Nicholson's Journal of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and the Arts, vol. v. p. 164.)

This interesting case rather confirms the influence of the body over the mind, than the faculties of our mental energies in overcoming impressions arising from a morbid state of the system. Had not Nicolai been a philosopher, he might have become a lunatic.

animals—one child will delight in tearing a fly limb by limb, in pricking, and biting, and pinching dogs and cats, plucking feathers out of birds, pouring ink in their water, and throwing away their food; while another will fondle and cherish every living thing about it. If all men were born wicked, our lot would be a very dismal one. If we were all impelled by a blind fatality to evil deeds, education would be a waste of time; but, unfortunately, it is but too often that this very cultivation of the mind produces the evil that we attribute to our nature, and we are expected to breathe the pure air of heaven surrounded by a putrid atmosphere, to seek for a blooming lotus on the surface of an asphaltic lake!

As we pursue the inquiry in the development of our passions, we shall trace them to the various erroneous notions we have imbibed from our very infancy; to the superstitions that surround us; to the ignorance of our monitors and guides, who, groping in the dark, merely tell their purblind disciples to hold on their skirts and follow them; to the arbitrary principles of governments; the iniquities of what is called justice, and which from our boyhood associate the solemnity and learning of a judge with the gallows and the gaol; to the fatal views we are made to entertain of men and things—our conventional ideas of what is called virtue, and the real nature of what is called honour; of which Paley has expressed himself in the following energetic language. "The law of honour being constituted by men occupied in the pursuit of pleasure, for the mutual conveniency of such men, will be found, as might be expected from the character and design of the law makers, to be in most instances favourable to the licentious indulgence of the natural passions. Thus it allows of fornication, adultery, drunkenness, prodigality, duelling, and of revenge in the extreme, and lays no stress upon the virtues opposite to these." How different is this estimation in which honour is held from the definition of it given by Reid: "Honour is only another word for a regard to duty, to rectitude, to propriety of conduct!"

We have now considered the utter inability, in too many instances, of our reason to overrule our actions or our will. We now must turn our attention to the efficiency of our *reason* in controlling our *mind*, when we are not labouring under such a degree of mental aberration as to legalize a certificate of our being insane. Numerous instances are on record of men who have entertained ideas not only totally incompatible with any reasonable view of their morbid impressions, but under the full consciousness of their ideas being the most extravagant delusions. The case of Dr. Waldenstein of Gottingen, is an illustration of this melancholy condition. Although a man of deep learning and research, and convinced of the absurdity of his impressions, he was unable to resist their baneful influence. "My misfortune," he says, "is, that I never exist in this world, but rather in possible combinations, created by my imagination to my conscience. They occupy a large portion of my time, and my reason has not the power to banish them. My malady, in fact, is the faculty of extracting poison from every circumstance of life—so much so, that I often felt the most wretched being, because I could not sneeze three times together. One night when I was in bed I felt a sudden fear of fire, and gradually became as much oppressed by imaginary heat as though my room were in flames. While in this situation, a fire-bell in the neighbourhood sounded, and added to my intense sufferings. I do not blush at what might be called my superstition, any more than I should blush on acknowledging that my senses inform me that the earth does not move. My errors form the *body* of my judgment, and I thank God that he has given me a *soul* capable of correcting it. When I have been perfectly free from pain, as is not unfrequently the case when I am in bed, my sense of this happiness has brought tears of gratitude into my eyes. I once dreamt," adds the wretched man, "that I was condemned to be burnt alive. I was very calm, and reasoned coolly during the execution of my sentence. 'Now,' I said to myself, 'I am burning, but not yet burnt, and by and by I shall be reduced to a cinder.' This was all I thought, and I did nothing but think. When, upon awaking, I reflected upon my dream, I was by no means pleased with it, for I was afraid that I should become *all thought and no feeling*. What is very distressing," he adds, "is that when I am ill I can think nothing, feel nothing, without bringing it home to myself. It seems to me that the whole world is a mere machine, expressly formed to make me feel my sufferings in every possible way." What a melancholy confession from a reflecting and intelligent man! Does it not illustrate Rousseau's definition of reason, "*the knowledge of our folly!*"

I cannot agree with those psychologists who maintain that the attention is equally summoned into action and dismissed at the command of the will. If such were the case, would any man in his senses rivet his attention to a painful subject? would he not dismiss it at once? for if we continue to dwell upon it, then no doubt the mind will still further lose its power and become confused, shifting from one object to another without any correct association. The case of Spalding, an eminent German scholar, recorded by himself in the Psychological Magazine, confirms this fact. His attention, he tells us, had been long kept upon the stretch, and had been still more distracted by being continually shifted from one subject to another; when, being called upon to write a receipt for money paid to him on account of the poor, as soon as he had written the few first words, he found himself incapable of proceeding further; he strove all he could, and strained his attention to the utmost, but to no purpose: he knew the characters he continued to make were not those he wished to write, but could not discover where the fault lay. He then desisted, and partly by broken words and syllables, and partly by gestures, made the person who waited for the receipt understand that he should leave him. For about half-an-hour a tumultuary disorder reigned in his senses, so that he was incapable of remarking any thing very particular, except that one series of ideas of a trifling nature, and confusedly intermixed, forced themselves involuntarily on his mind. At the same time his external senses continued perfect, and he saw and knew every thing around him. His speech, however, failed in the same manner as his power of writing, and he perceived that he spoke other words than those he intended. In less than an hour he recovered himself from his confusion, and felt nothing but a slight head-ache. On examining the receipt on which the aberration first betrayed itself, he found that instead of the words "fifty dollars," he had written "fifty dollars through the salvation of Bra——," the last word being left unfinished, and without his having the least recollection of what it was intended to be.

Here we find a state of abstraction—of reverie—in which neither volition nor reason were engaged; still the mind was occupied, and there existed no delusion that could warrant a conclusion of even temporary insanity. The history of Archimedes presents a decided instance of this mental abstraction. When the Roman army had at length taken Syracuse by stratagem, which the plans of this consummate engineer had hitherto prevented them from taking by force, he was shut up in his closet, and so intent on a geometrical demonstration, that he was equally insensible to the shouts of the victors and the outcries of the vanquished. He was calmly drawing the lines of a diagram, when a soldier rushed into his room and clapt a sword to his throat—'Hold, friend,' said Archimedes, 'one moment, and my demonstration will be finished.' The soldier, surprised at his unconcern, resolved to carry him before Marcellus; but as the philosopher put under his arm a small box full of compasses, dials, and other instruments, the soldier, conceiving the box was filled with gold or jewels, could not resist the temptation, and killed him on the spot.

Not only will a fixity of thought produce a degree of mental aberration bordering upon insanity, but too great a mobility of our mental faculties, flying from one subject to another, when the mind is indulging in good or in evil designs, will occasion a similar result, whatever may be the splendid endowments and the genius and ability of the individual. Cataline, to whom Cicero attributed superlative virtues and vices,* is described by Sallust as a man whose "eyes had a disagreeable glare, his complexion was pale, his walk sometimes quick, sometimes slow, and his general appearance indicated a discomposure of mind approaching to madness."

To what conclusion are we to come? Simply that there are, unfortunately for the welfare of society and the character of man, beings whose passions are not only uncontrollable, but seem to rise in the ratio of the efforts employed to keep them down; while, on the other hand, there are more fortunate individuals, in whom reason holds sufficient power to sway their corrupt propensities, and whose temperament lends its powerful aid in the preservation of integrity. Though such favoured mortals may not claim any merit for an active struggle with their evil inclinations, they enjoy the advantage of passive submission to Reason's dictates. Of such men, a modern writer has sagaciously observed, "A man can have no merit for controlling or for not yielding to emotions, passions, or affections, which he never feels, or which he has never learnt to look upon as things which ought to be controlled. It is possible that a man whose conduct is less equal, and less externally correct, may, in reality, be exercising a greater control over himself, or engaged in a more conscientious struggle, than one whose life, as to external acts, is blameless; and strict justice requires that the power of self-command shall not be awarded to what may be the mere result of apathy, of feelings undeveloped, or of feelings deadened by physical infirmity or age. The perfect man is one whose emotions, passions, and affections, are unimpaired, but who governs them and directs them to great ends. He sees what is best, and he pursues it. His virtue is wisdom in action." *

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* Utebatur hominibus improbis multis, et quidem optimis se viris deditum esse simulabat, erant apud illum illecebræ libidinum multæ; erant etiam industriæ quidam stimuli ac laboris; flagrabant libidinis vitia apud illum; vigebant etiam studia rei militaris; neque ego unquam fuisse tale monstrum in terris ullum puto, tam ex contrariis diversisque inter se pugnantibus naturæ studii cupiditatibusque conflatum. Quis clarioribus viris quodam tempore jucundior? quis turpioribus conjunctior? Quis civis meliorum partium aliquando? Quis tetrior hostis huic civitati? Quis in voluptatibus inquinatior? Quis in laboribus patentior? Quis in rapacitate avarior? Quis in largitione effusior?—*Oratio pro Cœlio.* Sect. v. vi.

Unfortunately it is this perfection that cannot be met with! Perfectibility is not an attribute of our race: even wisdom is a gift but rarely conferred on man. " A wise man," says Cicero,† " must be satisfied with himself, neither pining and fretting under troubles; nor broken with any terrors; nor tormented with any impatient ardent desires; nor dissolved in trifling pleasures or joys. To him no accident of this mortal state appears so intolerable as to sink the spirits, nor so joyful as to give him

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* Dr. Conolly.

† Senect. 2, Book 4.

high transports. And what is there in the pursuits of this world, and in this short transitory life, that can appear of great consequence to a truly wise man, whose soul is so constantly on the watch, that nothing happens to him unforeseen or surprising—nothing unexpected—nothing new?"

This is the description of a *wise* man: the search of a *perfect* one would be as idle a pursuit as to strive to obtain fire without heat, or life without sensation. If perfection existed, the immutable laws of the creation (as far as we are yet acquainted with them) would be subverted, for imperfection appears to form part of the creation's scheme.

Happily for mankind, despite the imperfections of our nature, there are to be found individuals blessed with a temperament calm and unexcitable, capable of reflecting ere they act, and possessing, to a certain degree, that free will which the Creator first bestowed upon our race, as depicted by our Homer:—

> "God made thee perfect, not immutable;
> And good he made thee; but to persevere
> He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will
> By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
> Inextricable, or strict necessity."

But such men knew the struggles they had to encounter with their unruly propensities. They have themselves stood on the giddy brink of the precipice; and when they see others precipitated headlong in the fatal gulf,—although they may condemn, they pity and commiserate the fate of human beings less favoured than themselves. Such good men, truly Christians, bless their Creator; instead of vowing to his wrath their hapless fellow-creatures, they strive, by all the means within their power, to meliorate the condition of society, not by words, but deeds; not by visionary Utopian schemes, but by striving to enforce equitable institutions; to diminish the sum of necessity, and thereby the power of temptation, and the impulsion to crime: to attain this desirable end, they will enforce the urgency of educating the masses, lest they educate themselves in the fearful school of adversity and destruction. The reflecting man who has himself escaped a fall, is the best calculated to point out and remove the stumbling-blocks of mankind, for he knows practically—

> "How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
> How complicate, how wonderful is man!
> How passing wonder He who made him such!
> Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!
> From diff'rent natures, marvellously mix'd—
> Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
> Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain,
> Midway from nothing to the Deity!
> A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
> Though sullied and dishonour'd—still divine!
> Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
> An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
> Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
> A worm! a God!"
>
> YOUNG.

PART II.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE PASSIONS.

SECTION I.

NATURE AND CLASSIFICATION OF THE PASSIONS.

The various *sensations* and *emotions*, that I have endeavoured to point out in the preceding Sections of this work, which urge us to attain the fulfilment of our desires, with an impulsive force independent of our will, may be considered to constitute those principles of action that are called *passions*.

Helvetius has said, "It is the passions that rouse the soul from its natural tendency to rest, and surmount the *vis inertiæ* to which it is always inclined to yield; and it is the *strong* passions alone that prompt men to the execution of those heroic actions, and give birth to those sublime ideas, which command the admiration of ages.

"It is the strength of passion alone that can enable men to defy danger, pain, and death. It is the passions, too, which, by keeping up a perpetual fermentation in our mind, fertilize the same ideas which in more phlegmatic temperaments are barren, and resemble seed scattered on a rock.

"It is the passions which, having strongly fixed our attention on the object of our desire, lead us to view it under aspects unknown to other men; and which, consequently, prompt heroes to plan and execute those hardy enterprises, which must always appear ridiculous to the multitude, till the sagacity of their authors has been evinced by success."

In this eloquent passage our ingenious philosopher alludes to those passions which prompt men to dignified and noble pursuits, however those pursuits might be ultimately the cause of much misery to mankind; for it applies in a great measure to the projects of the ambitious, and their endeavours to obtain fame and glory. Under these all-powerful influences, our passions must too frequently become insurmountable obstacles both to public and to private welfare, since even our most virtuous and praiseworthy desires, when carried beyond certain limits, may defeat the most estimable intentions, and be productive of as much injury as our evil propensities.*

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* La Rochefoucauld has truly said, "Les vices entrent dans la composition des vertus, comme les poisons entrent dans la composition des remèdes; La prudence les assemble et les tempère, et elle s'en sert utilement contre les maux de la vie."

These generous passions moreover are acquired, and are social results, whereas some of the most prejudicial propensities are primitive, instinctive, animal—grafted, I might say, on a sapling disposed to produce good or evil fruit, maturated by adventitious circumstances; and it is in these instinctive impulses that the nature of man bears so strong an analogy to that of the lower animals.

The natural pursuit of man, and indeed of all the animal kingdom, is to enjoy security, ease, and pleasure, and to avoid danger and pain; all his powers of reasoning, and his judgment in weighing his ideas, either in an abstract or a concrete form, tend to this sole end, whatever may be the means.

> "Self-love and reason to one end aspire—
> Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire."

We must however distinguish from the *passions* those instinctive sensations that stimulate man to action in a natural and involuntary, one might say an unconscious process, to the attainment of certain enjoyments and gratifications, and to the avoiding certain evils. The chief instinct in these perceptions is *curiosity*, which is manifested in all our actions, from the cradle to the grave. It is this faculty that guides, or rather directs us (as our intellectual powers are gradually developed) in our acquirement of the essential knowledge of *causes and effects*, whence originates a necessary association of ideas. For when we know that any one thing is the cause of another, the association of our ideas will influence our judgment, through the act of *comparison.* These instinctive sensations cannot be called passions, although they may by their vehemence assume their character. Our passions, generally speaking, tend to abridge our existence, whereas our instinctive sensations and perceptions tend to prolong it.

The natural, the animal appetencies of our race, are functional; when they are not gratified, they will produce uneasiness and pain. Not unfrequently a non-obedience to these dictates of nature will occasion a morbid condition of mind and of body. Our passions produce an excitement of a different character: they lead to excesses of emotion unknown in the indulgence of natural feelings, although it is to these natural feelings that our modified passions owe their origin.

For instance, man, in a rude state of society, may ferociously destroy an opponent in self-defence, without entertaining any sentiment of hatred or envy, arising from calculation and premeditation; he may seek the society of the other sex, although a stranger to love and its concomitant sentiments; he may satiate his hunger and slake his thirst, although gluttony and luxurious desires are unknown to him—his appetite once gratified, he seeks the calm retreat of the forest or the cave to repose his weary limbs. These pursuits and enjoyments do not constitute acquired passions, although they may soon assume that type. For instance, if the foe of the savage triumphs over him—displays an enviable superiority, either by his personal strength, or the aid of his companions or followers; if the maiden of his desire is borne away by a rival, or enticed from him by what she may consider superior attractions; if he is deprived of his repast, and his comforts, and his property, either by violence or by craft, and is unable to defend it; then will the consuming feelings of hate, and envy, and jealousy, and revenge, assume a sovereign sway, banish peace from his breast, and urge him to plan and to perpetrate acts of ruthless violence or malicious cunning, in the ratio of his power or his weakness, in recovering what he has lost, or in punishing the despoiler.

The pursuit of pleasurable sensations, and the apprehension of pain and evil, being the chief object of man's attainment, both in his rudest condition and a high state of civilization, self-love and egotism will invariably predominate. Self-love is the mainspring of all human actions, honourable or dishonourable, laudable or despicable:

> "Two principles in human nature reign:
> Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain."

The Supreme has wisely bristled all mortal enjoyments with obstacles, necessary to check, if not sufficient to prevent excesses. But these very obstacles add to the charm of possession; convincing us, in every path and walk of life, that nothing that is desirable can be obtained without toil, trouble, and peril. It is these very obstacles to our enjoyments and the gratification of our desires, that stimulate our energies, and spur us on in the pursuit of the phantom that we vainly strive to grasp. In these endeavours, such obstacles will appear to us impediments easily overcome by daring or perseverance, and vanity deceives us in our estimate of their magnitude.

Although doomed to submit in turn to the inexorable scythe of Time, man applies the short span of his eventful existence to speculate on the kaleidoscopic illusions of life; seeking to give a corporeal form to flitting shadows, and to clothe the nakedness of truth in the alluring and gawdy garb of phantasy. Neither the sad contemplation of the ruins of what had been stupendous in grandeur and marvellous in execution, nor the painful spectacle of the departure from the world's busy scenes of many of our cotemporaries and companions, who commenced their career of life with us, are sufficient to convince us of the vanity of all human pursuits—a confluence of wild and ambitious hopes and fears constitutes sources of disappointment and of sorrows, which may be said to form a deep reservoir of fluctuating misery.

The possession of the object of our pursuit is no doubt flattering ; yet the satisfaction which it yields only makes us more impatient, and even reckless, in the pursuit of other objects which most probably we can never obtain, and in forming desires that can never be gratified. Every enjoyment, although it may satiate, propels us in search of what our fancy pictures as pleasures and enjoyments of a more permanent nature; but which, like the preceding ones, if they could be procured, would end in similar disappointment. While hurried along in the vortex of annihilation, like the bright torches of the Promethean games, gradually extinguished in the race of life,

> "Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the world,
> When Pleasure treads the path which Reason shuns.
> When against Reason Riot shuts the door,
> And Gaiety supplies the place of Sense;
> Then foremost at the banquet or the ball
> Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die."*

The pleasure of excitement may be compared to the festive board of the sensualist: no surfeit, however painful or disgusting—no scene of degradation from brutal excesses—no consideration on the fleeting nature of all our enjoyments, can deter the sensual man from seeking with impatience the same enjoyments that have already cruelly disappointed him,—the same gratifications that have made him recoil from reflection, and blush before his own mirror. The very sight of a human skeleton will not temper the delight which he feels in contemplating beauteous and voluptuous forms; or lead him to reflect, that the charm of youthful features and their downy bloom are but skin-deep attractions, masking a fearful skull. Were not lectures of mortification thrown away upon our passions, who could contemplate this fleshless wreck of Nature's fairest works, and address to it, unmoved, the words of our old poet, Cyril Tourneur,—

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* Young.

> "Here's an eye
> Able to tempt a great man—to serve God!
> A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.
> Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble;
> A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
> To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
> Here's a cheek keeps her colour; let the wind go whistle;
> Spout, rain, we fear thee not: be hot or cold,
> All's one with us: and is he not absurd,
> Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
> That fear no other God but wind and wet?
> Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labours
> For thee? for thee does she undo herself?
> Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,
> For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
> Why does yon fellow falsify highways,
> And put his life between the judge's lips
> To refine such a thing? keep his horse and men
> To beat their valors for her?
> Surely we're all mad people, and they
> Whom we think are—are not.
> Does every proud and self-affecting dame
> Camphire her face for *this?* and grieve her Maker
> In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves
> For her superfluous outside—and for *this?*
> Who now bids twenty pounds a night? prepares
> Music, perfumes, and sweetmeats? All are hush'd:
> Thou may'st lie chaste now! It were fine, methinks,
> To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
> And unclean brothels: sure 'twould fright a sinner,
> And make him a good coward: put a reveller
> Out of his antic amble;

And cloy an epicure with empty dishes.
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
Look thro' and thro' herself. See ladies with false forms—
You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms."*

Yet it is probable that it was after reading these appalling lines, that a voluptuary converted a skull into a goblet, to quaff his sparkling wine in midnight revelry.

But let us turn to fairer features of our frail race. If such is the pertinacity with which we adhere to what we call the pleasures of life, in the abandonment to our evil passions—it is also grateful to reflect, that the same pertinacity may obtain, in the exercise of our better principles of action,—although in both cases the warnings of experience are idle admonitions. Ingratitude does not stay the hand of Charity, or weaken our confidence in ostensible professions of truth and fidelity. Imposture does not teach distrust to the benevolent; nor will perfidiousness of the blackest dye, make the generous man circumspect and wary.

Man seems created to be constantly poised by his passions; a condition admirably described by Akenside,—

"Passion's fierce illapse
Rouses the mind's whole fabric with supplies
Of daily impulse; keeps the elastic power
Intensely poised, and polishes anew
By that collision all the fine machine,
Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees

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* Vindici's address to a lady's skull, in "The Revenger's Tragedy."

> Incumbering, choke at last what Heaven design'd
> For ceaseless motion and a round of toil."

In such a perpetual state of agitation, of fermentation—under the influence of constant yet fluctuating desires, how can man expect to enjoy the chief object of his pursuit—*happiness*, or rather *content*, the only kind of negative happiness that man can possibly even *hope* to attain?—although Paley has defined happiness as "any condition, in which the amount or aggregate of pleasure exceeds that of pain, and the degree of happiness depends upon the quantity or the excess."

But the happiness that men contemplate and pursue does not—cannot exist: it would require impossibilities. If we could define that enviable state, it would consist of hope without fear—activity without disquietude—fame without calumny—love without inconstancy or jealousy—friendship without selfishness; to which should be added, to use the language of Madame de Staël, "an imagination which embellishes in our eyes all that we possess, and withers the recollection of all that we have lost."

Seneca has also defined the condition necessary to constitute this blessing: "The true felicity of life," he says, "is to be free from perturbation; to understand our duties towards the gods and men; to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future; not to deceive ourselves with either hope or fear, but to rest satisfied with what we possess,—which is abundantly sufficient: for he that is so, wants nothing. He must also look death in the face, and bid it welcome: open his door to poverty, and bridle his appetites."

Dryden has followed up this idea in the following lines:—

> "In wishing nothing, we enjoy still most,
> For even our wish is in possession lost.
> Restless, we wander to a new desire,
> And burn ourselves by blowing up the fire.
> We toss and turn about our feverish will,
> When all our ease must come from lying still;
> *For all the happiness mankind can gain*
> *Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.*"

Content is attainable, for its possession is not beyond the verge of possibility. Still it does not satisfy the restless mind: it is a condition that does not seem consistent with our turbulent and fickle nature; we can no more restrain the prurience of our ideas, than the gradual elevation of our youthful stature. *Contentment* is too pure—too unalloyed—too calm, to be properly estimated; it is too limited and confined in its influence; our thoughts, once disturbed from a placid state, resemble the gradual extension of the watery circle, which expands in waving spread, when the idler's pebble has ruffled the calm surface of a lake. Content would spell-bind ambition's flights—and, to a certain extent, ambition is an universal and ruling propensity. Our poet Young has well felt this restless condition:—

> "What makes men wretched? Happiness denied?
> No, 'tis happiness disdained.
> She comes too meanly dressed to win our smile;

> And calls herself *Content*,—a homely name:—
> Our flame is Transport, and *Content* our scorn.
> Ambition turns and shuts the door against her,
> And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead;
> A tempest to warm Transport near of kin."

So long as we do not enjoy what we may wish to obtain in mental perspective, we are not tranquil; and tranquillity alone can constitute contentment. Hence do our passions mainly spring from the reckless nature of our dispositions—the unceasing excitement of our peculiar temperament producing a state of *mal-aise* and discontent, under which we labour—we know not *why*, and which urges on in a dizzy pursuit of fresh excitement, we know not *wherefore*.

We often see a man with all the elements of content about him, yet is he dissatisfied with himself and all that are near him,—nay, all that are far away. Neither health nor wealth can satisfy him; he can fully appreciate all the charms of a tranquil life, yet he seeks unnecessary trouble and perplexity. It is the necessity of excitement—the variety that it displays—the stimulus that it administers. Excitement is a moral dram, to rouse the torpid faculties—to nerve the unbraced arm—to shake the inactive from a lethargic state: these are the subjects who are prone to abridge their wretched existence.

We now come to consider the other chief pursuits of man, the enjoyment of pleasure and the avoiding pain.* We have seen in the former part of this work, that the corporeal pleasure that affects any particular organ, arises from the sensibility and impressionability of its structure and its functions. There is no doubt, however, that pleasure, although locally excited, is closely associated with mental gratification; the satisfaction of an ardent desire, the consciousness of rectitude, the triumph of vanity, the indulgence of self-love, the intercourse of affection, will all produce pleasurable sensations, although they may differ from those experienced by our senses. Pleasure is rarely accidental, although an unexpected occurrence may afford a most lively sense of gratification: pleasure chiefly arises from a pleasing association of ideas. It is more than probable, generally speaking, that pleasure is preceded, and often ushered in, by previous desires. The thirsty man pants for the beverage which is to quench the ardour that consumes

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* Dr. Southwood Smith, in his admirable work, "The Philosophy of Health," thus expresses himself on this important subject:—" Is

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sensation, then, the ultimate object of organization? Simple sensation cannot be an ultimate object, because it is invariably attended with an ultimate result; for sensation is either pleasurable or painful. Every sensation terminates in a pleasure or a pain. Pleasure or pain, the last event in the series, must then be the final end.

"Is the production of pain the ultimate object of organization? That cannot be, for the production of pain is the indirect, not the direct—the extraordinary, not the ordinary, result of the actions of life. It follows that pleasure must be the ultimate object, for there is no other of which it is possible to conceive. The end of organic existence is animal existence; the end of animal existence is sentient existence; the end of sentient existence is pleasurable existence; the end of life, therefore, is enjoyment. Life commences with the organic processes; to the organic are superadded the animal; the animal processes terminate in sensation; sensation ends in enjoyment; it follows that enjoyment is the final end." Vol. i. c. iii.

him; the hungry long for the means of subduing the pangs of inanition: the more hungry and thirsty we are, the more keenly do we enjoy the means of relieving the painful cravings, although they may be unexpectedly placed within our reach.

If the conscious mind enjoys the sensation of pleasure, it is also affected by bodily pain; and I believe that corporeal sufferings influence the functions of life much more by mental depression, and anxiety for the present and the future, than by any immediate agency threatening existence; although long-continued sufferings must inevitably wear out the frame, by sleepless nights and miserable days producing general functional diseases. But if pain influences the mental faculties, the mind in return will re-act upon pain. Sudden mental emotions have been known to relieve a patient from the most acute sufferings; fright has raised the gouty man and the paralytic from his couch. We also know that the apprehension of a painful affection is often the harbinger of its invasion. The common advice to a person labouring under a tooth-ache, "Not to think of it," is not so idle as one might suppose.

Various and curious are the views entertained on the nature of pleasure. Descartes asserted that it consisted in a consciousness of our perfection! Sulzer contended that both pain and pleasure originated in the facility or the difficulty in the soul in attaining its ends. Plato maintained that these sensations consisted in nothing but an exercise of our faculties in a manner favourable or unfavourable to organization and life!

Pleasure, therefore, may be considered as *corporeal* and *mental;* although there is an intimate connection between them, yet they differ widely in their results. Corporeal pleasures in general arise from the gratification of our appetites; when they are satisfied, satiety, lassitude, and even loathing for the former object of our desire, will ensue. Mental pleasure, especially when of a cheerful character, so far from depressing our energies, stimulates us to fresh exertions. The delight we experience in witnessing a generous and a noble deed, the self-congratulation we feel after a praiseworthy action, produces a state of what the French call *bien être*—of indescribable calm, and placid delight; such also are the pleasures that a sentient mind enjoys in viewing the beauties of nature, the rising sun, or the moonlit night. These scenes impress us with such a sense of inward admiration and devotion, of contentment and peace, that even paintings, representing similar objects, will, by association of ideas, excite pleasurable sensations. The heart must be withered that does not expand when we behold the glories of the creation; when, after "surly Winter" has passed off, we greet the gentle Spring:

> "Flushed by the spirit of the genial year,
> Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
> Shoots, less and less, the live commotion round;

Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is Love!" *

Unfortunately, these are perceptions that require a certain intellectual impressionability. Ordinary beings can only enjoy the positive, the animal pleasures of the senses—the mere gratification of appetite or desire.

But there are also pleasurable, or rather gratifying sensations of a less enviable nature—such as the satisfaction the revengeful experience when they behold a prostrate foe; the exultation the injured man must feel, when retributive justice has overtaken the author of his miseries; the triumph of the ambitious in having surmounted the obstacles to their progress: these sensations, which to a certain degree may be called pleasurable, since they are grateful to our feelings, instead of producing a tranquil condition, will exert a powerful influence on all the faculties—they are tumultuous enjoyments very near akin to pain. Indeed, there are few pleasures that are not followed by occasional suffering:

"Grey experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy—
Pleasure must be dashed with pain."

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* Young.

Dean Swift has viewed this subject in the following humorous lines:—

> "'Tis said the gods tried all their art
> How pain they might from pleasure part;
> But little could their strength prevail—
> Both still are fastened by the tail."

Dryden thus expresses himself:—

> "Pleasure ne'er comes sincere to man,
> But lent by Heaven upon hard usury;
> And while Jove holds us out the bowl of joy,
> Ere it can reach our lips, 'tis dash'd with gall
> By some left-handed god."

When Socrates, surrounded by his disciples, was chafing his galled limbs, his reflections on pain and pleasure induced him to wish that some fabulist would write them in an apologue. This Addison has attempted, and in his marriage of these two sensations, he quaintly adds: "By this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into our heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off."

Buffon has taken the following view of this condition of mankind:—"In man," he says, "positive physical pleasure and pain only constitute a small proportion of his sufferings and his delights. It is imagination, incessantly at work, that does every thing, or rather does nothing but aggravate his unfortunate condition. For it presents nothing to his soul but vain phantoms or exaggerated images, on which he is compelled to ponder; more agitated by these illusions than it would have been by realities. Thus the mind loses the faculty of judgment, and even its empire. It only compares chimeras—its wishes are merely secondary, and mostly unattained. Volition over which all power is lost, becomes an useless burthen. Desires are converted into miseries, and vain hopes are at best but deceptive pleasures, disappearing and vanishing so soon as a certain state is enjoyed, as the soul, reassuming its seat, is able to form a judgment.

"We therefore do nothing but prepare for ourselves fresh miseries when we seek for pleasure, and we become unhappy so soon as happiness becomes our pursuit: happiness is within us; unhappiness is external, and we go to seek it. Why do we not endeavour to persuade ourselves that a peaceful state of mind is our only true good, and that we cannot seek to increase it without risking its possession; that the less we desire, the more we possess; and that all we wish for beyond what nature can afford is *pain*, and that nothing is *pleasure* but what her bounty bestows?"

The different views entertained both by the ancients and the moderns respecting the origin and nature of our passions, have led them to classify them in various categories. Zeno viewed passions as an unnatural perturbation of the mind. Plato called them the "wings or chariot-horses of the soul." According to the Stoicians, our opinion of two good and two evil principles constituted four primitive passions—*desire* and *joy*, *sadness* and *fear*: these they subdivided into thirty-two secondary passions.

The Epicureans only admitted three passions—*joy*, *pain*, and *desire*. The Peripatetic Philosophy classed passions according to the order of their generation, established by Aristotle:—1. Love and hatred. 2. Desire and aversion. 3. Hope and despair. 4. Fear and audacity. 5. Anger. 6. Joy and sadness.

In more recent times, St. Thomas Aquinas divided our passions into the following order:—*Love*, *hatred*, *desire*, *aversion*, *joy* or *delectation*, *pain* or *sadness*, *hope*, *despair*, *fear*, *audacity*, and *anger*. The six first, being excited by the presence or the absence of the objects that excited them, they placed under the dominion of *concupiscence*. The five other passions, which raised difficulties in the presence or the absence of their causes, they referred to *irascibility* or *courage*.

St. Augustin, and after him Bossuet, refers every passion to *love;* and maintains that the hatred we entertain towards one object, arises from the love we experience for another; desire is the love of what we cannot obtain, and joy the result of the love of what we possess. Audacity is a love that impels us to undertake the most difficult projects to secure the object of our affection. Hope, a love that flatters itself it will meet with a fond return. Despair, the feeling of having lost the object of endearment. Anger, a love irritated, by an attempt to deprive it of its treasure, and that seeks every means to protect and secure it.—In fine, withdraw love, and no passions will exist; create it, and every passion will arise.

Descartes admitted six primitive passions,—*admiration*, *love*, *hatred*, *desire*, *joy*, *sadness*. La Chartre, the physician of Louis XIII., divided passion into *simple* and *complex*, arising from *intellectual appetite*, and from *sensitive appetite*; the simple he considered to be influenced either by the *irascible*, or by the *concupiscent* principle, and he admitted eleven of them: *love and hate*, *desire and aversion*, *pleasure and pain*, *hope and despair*, *boldness and fear*, and lastly—*anger*. The complex or mixed passions he attributed to both principles; and he admitted nine of them,—*shame*, *impudence*, *pity*, *indignation*, *dulness*, *emulation*, *jealousy*, *repentance*, and *amazement*.

Stahl considered our passions as the guardian principles of our being, inspiring us with the means of protecting it against all perilous contingencies. Haller, and other physiologists, have denied this postulate; and ask, if such were the case, why is it that great danger, instead of inspiring man with additional vigour and permanent resistance, frequently paralyses all his energies, and makes him shrink before exaggerated perils?

Amongst modern physiologists of the French school, Alibert classes the passions into *the instinct of conservation—the instinct of imitation—the instinct of relation*—and *the instinct of reproduction.* Magendie divides them into *animal* and *social.*—Scipion Pinel, as I have already shewn when treating of Temperament, divides them into *cerebral* and *visceral.*

Dr. Reid refers our passions, or active principles, to three classes,—the *mechanical*, the *animal*, and the *rational;* and for this arrangement Dugald Stewart has substituted five active principles: 1. Appetite—2. Desire—3. Affection—4. Self-love—5. The moral faculty. The three first he distinguished by the title of *instinctive or implanted propensities;* the two last by the title of the *rational and governing principles of action.*

It must be obvious that these distinctions must, to a certain degree, be arbitrary and conventional, since all our passions are liable to assume a complex character under various influences, and not unfrequently will degenerate into, or become fused with each other. By simply considering our passions as arising from our instinctive sensations and emotions, and our subsequent relative social position, we may embrace them in the comprehensive divisions of *instinctive or animal passions*, and of *acquired and rational passions;* and this is the classification that I have adopted.

A most philosophic view of our passions has been taken by Dr. Hutcheson, in the following clear and comprehensive language:—"This, however, must be remembered, concerning our natural desires and passions, that none of them can be pronounced absolutely evil in kind: none of them which may not sometimes be of great use in life, either to the person in whom they reside, or to others of mankind, in promoting either their advantage, pleasure, or even their virtue. Superior orders of intelligence, who have the superior power more vigorous, may perhaps stand in no need of such violent motions or instigations; but to mankind they seem often necessary. And there is a moderate degree of each of them, which is often advantageous, and often laudable. Such affections as do not come up to this moderate degree, are not sufficient for the purposes either of the individual or of society; and such as are too luxurious and vehement, whether in pursuit of good or repelling of evil, and pass over the proper bounds, become uneasy and dishonourable to the person in whom they are, and are hurtful or pernicious to society. The moderate degrees of several passions we justly deem not only innocent, but exceedingly subservient to virtue, as its guards or ministers—nay, as the springs of many honourable actions, and as real virtues. By means of these better passions, whether in pursuit of good, or warding off of evil, we enjoy a more lively sense of life, the form of the soul is enlarged, and its activity invigorated."*

In reviewing our passions or principles of action, it is obvious that, in addition to the natural influence of temperament, they must be subject to the various conditions that may bring these temperaments into action, and develope their tendencies; the moral and physical education of the individual—the social position, independent or dependent, affluent or in need, free or in bondage—government — religion — habits — fashions — literature—public amusements, will all prove powerful plastic agents in bringing forth, in encouraging or subduing, and in modifying his predispositions.

Climate has also been looked upon as influencing human passions to a considerable degree. This opinion has been erroneously attributed by Rousseau to Montesquieu; but Montesquieu merely repeated the doctrines of the ancients on this question. Cicero tells us that the air of Athens was sharp, and that from this circumstance the Athenians were quick and witty; on the contrary, the atmosphere of Thebes was thick, and the Thebans were heavy and corpulent. Plato returned thanks to the gods that he was born an Athenian, and not a Theban. Plutarch goes further, and asserts that the inhabitants of the upper quarters of Athens were much more lively than those of the Piræus. Varro mentions a work of Eratosthenes, in which he endeavours to demonstrate that the character of men, and the form of their governments, depended on their respective distance from the sun.*

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* Introduction to Modern Philosophy. B. 1. c. 6.

The old French philosopher Charron gives the following curious details of the influence of climate.

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* In the *Ephémérides Politiques et Religieuses* the following curious statistics have been drawn up to shew the influence of the heat of July and August on the affairs of France.

French Revolution (1789)	14	July	
Second French Revolution (1830)	27, 28, 29	„	
Battle of Poictiers, gained by Charles Martel	22	„	
Philip Augustus saves his crown at Bouvines	27	„	
Battle of Denain, after a series of defeats	25	„	
Affair of St. Antoine, between Turenne and Condé	2	„	
Battle of Fleurus	1	„	
——— Laufelt	2	„	
——— Nerwinde	29	„	
——— Pyramids	21	„	
——— Wagram	25	„	
——— Crécy	26	August	
Charles VI. becomes insane	5	„	1393
Henry II. loses the battle of St. Quentin	10	„	1557
Louis XVI. driven from the Tuileries	10	„	1792
Massacre of the Catholics	24	„	1569
——— Protestants	1	„	1572
Henry III. assassinated at St. Cloud	1	„	1589
Civil war with Louis XIV. began	13	„	1648
The commencement of that monarch's downfall at the battle of Hochstett	13	„	1704

In regard to the revolutionary movements in the French capital, it must be observed, that the instigators of the mob were in the practice of distributing large quantities of wine and spirituous liquors, so that it was not to the high temperature alone that their violence must be attributed, although no doubt it predisposed them to the infuriating excitement of the stimulants.

"Aussi sont diffèrent les naturels des hommes en toutes choses—corps, esprit, réligion, mœurs, comme se peust voir en cette petite table;—car

"*Les Septentrionaux* sont haults, et grands, pituiteux, sanguins, blancs et blonds, sociables; la voix forte; le cuir mol et velu; grands mangeurs et buveurs, et puissans, grossiers, lourds, stupides, sots, faciles, légers, inconstans, peu réligieux et devotieux. Guerriers, vaillans, pénibles, chastes, exemps de jalousie, cruels et inhumains.

"*Moyens*—Sont médiocres et tempérés en toutes choses, comme neutres, ou bien participans un peu de toutes ces deux extrémités, et tenans plus de la région de laquelle ils sont voisins.

"*Méridionaux*—Sont petits, mélancholiques, froids et secs, noirs, solitaires; la voix gresle, le cuir dur avec un peu de poil et crespus; abstinens, foibles, ingénieux, sages, prudens, fins, opiniastres;—superstitieux, contemplatifs;—non guerriers, et lasches, paillards, jaloux, cruels et inhumains.

"Par tout ce discours (tiré en grand partie de la République de Bodin, l. v. c. i.) il se voyt qu'en général ceux de Septentrion sont plus avantagés au corps, et ont la force pour leur part; et ceux du midi en l'esprit, et ont pour eux la finesse; ceux du milieu ont de tout, et sont tempérés en tout."*

Experience, however, and observation, have by no means sanctioned this belief in the influence of climate upon the character; the virtues, or the vices of a nation. Although the inhabitants of the southern parts of Europe are in general remarkable for the vivacity of their intellects, and the quickness of their apprehension; to which is superadded violent excitement and ungovernable fury, when under the impulse of their passions; yet there are people who inhabit zones of the same temperature, who are noted for their apathetic habits and dulness. In regard to the passion of love, although it may be said that a Spanish or an Italian woman is more likely to be carried to the most desperate acts of vindictive violence in her jealous excesses, yet we may observe amongst our own women, more especially those of the upper classes, more romantic attachments, and condemnable imprudence in their amatory visions, than amongst their sun-burnt neighbours of meridional climes. While a British young lady is reclining on her sofa, attuned to tender feelings by languishing love ditties, and, in her dreams of imaginary bliss, is building aerial castles of Eastern magnificence, while fancy strings oriental gems, or is planning cottages of calm retreat, and weaving pastoral wreaths, the Spanish or the Italian girl is simply telling her beads at a Madonna's shrine, preparing to meet her lover at mass, vespers, or the theatre; yet rarely will you hear of them, as we unfortunately too often do of our love-sick dames and damsels, "*jettant*," as the French say, "*leur*

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* De la Sagesse, l. i. c. 44.

bonnets par dessus les moulins ;" or, in plain English, setting all decency at defiance, and running headlong to destruction. If they are disappointed in love, and betrayed, it is true that they will not have recourse to the *cuchillo* of the Andalusian, or the *aqua toffana* of the Neapolitan ; but will philosophise on the matter, like a German *frau*, and either comfort themselves with some *remplaçant*, or pine away in poetical consumption.*

It is more than probable that in these warm latitudes the character of the people depends upon religious superstition and concentrated ignorance, vicious institutions, defective education, and inefficient justice. In such cases crimes will be little thought of, and even assassination must be common; if a man isinjured, in reality or in idea, and can obtain no legal redress, he will take the law in his own hands. Not long ago such was the case even in Scotland, when, as Dugald Stewart observes, "Shocking murders were perpetrated, and seemingly without remorse, by men who were by no means wholly destitute of a sense of morality and religion." And Dr. Robertson makes the following remarks on the same subject: "Under a government so feeble, men assumed, as in a state of nature, the right of judging and redressing their own wrongs. And these *assassinations*, a crime of all others the most destructive to society, came not only to be allowed, but to be deemed honourable." In those days, although not under a sunny clime, a foul murder became a jocular subject; and Sir David Lindsay recorded the assassination of Cardinal Beatoun in the following *humorous* lines:—

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* Préville, the celebrated French comedian, who was also a dramatic *professor*, used to relate the anecdote of one of his young pupils, who, in playing a *premiere amoureuse* in a piece where she had lost a faithless lover, performed her part with such cold indifference, that her master lost all patience, and rebuked her when she came off. "Is it possible, *ma petite*," he said to her, "that after experiencing such a calamity, you could appear so unconcerned? You ought to place yourself in the same position as the character you represent. Now, suppose you had a lover who had basely betrayed and abandoned you, as in the plot of this play, what would you do?" "Do?" replied the *naïve élève*, "why, I'd try to get another one as soon as I could."

> "As for this Cardinal, I grant
> He was a man we might well want;
> *God will forgive it soon.*
> But of a sooth, the truth to say,
> Although the loun be well away,
> The fact was foully done."

It must be obvious that the condition of life in which man is placed must in a great measure influence the nature of his passions. In poverty or humble life he will be more likely to be impelled by *instinctive and animal passions;* whereas in a higher state of civilization, his wants being artificial, and his desires more refined, his passions will bear the impress of polished vices, and be *acquired and rational:* while the poorer man will commit theft, or acts of brutal violence, his superiors will indulge in the pursuits of ambition, lucre, systematic libertinism, under the influence of pride, avarice, vanity, and calculating revenge.

The statistics of crime in France have shewn that evil passions are elicited in some classes and professions more than in others. Out of 15,872 persons committed on criminal charges, 3,138 were field-labourers: only 31 artists and 24 students appear in this fearful catalogue of offences; and what is still more singular, only 78 of the most degraded class of women, upon whose conduct the police keep an incessant and vigilant look out. Next to field-labourers, stood domestics of various description, the delinquencies of personal servants amounting to 1,198. The crimes of the labourers may be attributed to want, those of domestics to temptation; and yet, amongst the thousands of students and artists that crowd the French metropolis and populous cities, many of them in the most abject necessity, and of humble origin, we only find 55 offenders. Does not this fact speak volumes on the question of education?

The statistics of crime is one of the most painful subjects of philosophical consideration. In the first page of this volume I alluded to the observation of Quetelet on this fearful inquiry. His indefatigable labours in drawing his statistical tables, led him to the conclusion I then quoted, to which I now must add the following lamentable deduction: "There does exist a budget that is paid with a frightful regularity—it is that of prisons, *bagnes*, and scaffolds. It is this budget that we should strive to reduce. Society," he adds, " contains in its bosom the germs of all the crimes that will be committed, and, at the same time, the necessary facilities for their development. It is society, one may say, that to a certain extent prepares these crimes, and the criminal is only the instrument of their execution. Every social state admits a certain number and a certain order of delinquencies, that are the consequent results of its organization. This observation, which may at first appear discouraging, affords consolation when you closely consider it, since it shews the possibility of ameliorating mankind by modifying their institutions, their habits, and their intellectual faculties, and in general any thing that relates to their existence. Every year witnesses the reproduction of the same number of crimes, in the same order, in the same regions; each category of criminality exhibits its peculiar, and—more or less—its invariable distribution, according to sex, to age, to the season of the year; all are accompanied in a similar proportion by accessary facts, apparently indifferent, but the recurrence of which nothing as yet can explain. Experience demonstrates, that not only murders annually amount to the same number, but the instruments of destruction are selected in the same proportion."

To this melancholy assertion he annexes the following table of murders committed in France during six years, the two last years a revolutionary period, when all the evil passions of party animosity and revenge were called into action :—*

	1826.	1827.	1828.	1829.	1830.	1831.
Murder in general	221	216	210	220	210	252
By fire-arms	56	64	60	61	51	88
Swords, daggers, &c.	15	7	8	7	12	30
Knives	39	40	34	46	44	34
Sticks	23	28	31	24	12	21
Cutting and bruising instruments	35	40	42	45	46	44
Strangulation	2	5	2	2	2	4
Drowning	6	16	6	1	4	3
Blows, kicks, &c.	28	12	31	23	17	26
By fire	. .	1	. .	1	. .	. .
Unknown	17	1	2	. .	2	2

Thus does man pay a yearly tribute to nature by births and deaths, with the same regularity as the recurrence of crime !

The following table records the different sentences pronounced by the French tribunal on criminals during fifteen years.

1825	4,037	1830	4,130	1835	4,407
1826	4,348	1831	4,098	1836	4,623
1827	4,236	1832	4,448	1837	5,117
1828	4,551	1833	4,105	1838	5,161
1829	4,475	1834	4,164	1839	5,070

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* A similar statistical table of suicides I have already given, pages 16 and 17.

To what are we to attribute this increase during the last three years of this period? The cause is not known: most probably distress has increased; the gavelling of land may possibly have had some influence—many individuals in the rural districts not having sufficient land to support them, but, being landlords, are too proud, or at least unwilling, to become labourers. In England there must be a fluctuation in crime, and in the prevalence of the evil passions: for in a manufacturing country, operatives may earn enough to live upon, or must starve, according to the oscillation in the demand of our goods. This is a question of political economy foreign to my present pursuit, although our passions must be regulated to a certain degree by the prosperity or the misery of man, and the success of our endeavours to meliorate his lot.

In the inquiries of statistical philosophers, it is to be regretted that they have not been able to determine with equal accuracy the relative proportion in the possession of wealth and independence, and the infliction of poverty. Then might be framed a tabular view of the evil passions and the vices that attend upon luxurious fortune, and hang on the train of squalid misery. How different must be the impulses of the tenant of the gorgeous mansion, and the shivering inmate of the roofless shed! While the one, surrounded with intellect and beauty, cools his feverish frame in icy draughts from cups of chrystal and of agate, the other, sunk deep in inert penury and brutal ignorance, flies to the gin-shop, to drown all thoughts, as far as he is capable of thinking, in a lethean draught!

Wealth is reverberated in its pursuits and desires. The vices of the affluent will be marked by pride, vanity, sensuality, arrogance, and refinement; while those of the poor will be characterized by brutal violence and depravity, meanness, cupidity, corruption of body and mind, and a vindictive feeling towards the rich—a constant source of envy, and whom they consider their natural enemies. Helvetius gives as his opinion, "that nature having impressed on every heart notions of a primitive state of equality, impresses an everlasting germ of hatred between the great and the little." But when by some unexpected turn in the wheel of fortune a poor man is elevated to high degree, we observe a melancholy amalgam of the vices and passions of both classes. Faulconbridge tritely says—

> "Whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
> And say, there is no sin but to be rich;
> And being rich, my virtue then shall be
> To say, there is no vice but beggary."

There is scarcely an upstart or *parvenu* who does not illustrate the truth of this declaration in every strut and condescending smile.

In the possession of every luxury that he can devise and desire, the wealthy voluptuary, prodigal both of life and fortune, rarely reflects on the wants of the poor; and, surrounded by abundance, can scarely credit the reports that reach his unwilling ear, of destitution and of hunger. "If the people have no bread," said one of the ladies of the Bourbon court, "why don't they eat cakes?" On the other hand, the needy cannot be persuaded, that the possession of riches is attended with many miseries and galling disappointments unknown to them, and that Nature "mocks the great with empty pageantries."* The *sans culotte*, who had entered the palace of the Tuileries with the blood-stained mob, on the 10th of August, shewed himself a philosopher, when he said to his son, who was admiring the gorgeous bed of the fallen monarch, "Mon fils, nous dormons mieux sur notre paille!"

It is to be lamented that the condition of the poor is much aggravated by many philanthropic writers, who, with the best intentions, widen the breach between the two classes, and strive to make it an impassable gulf. Branding the rich with every opprobrious epithet, cannot, surely, meliorate the position of the needy. By holding forth prospects that cannot be realized, and magnifying (if possible) their many grievances, we only wring tears from their care-worn eyes, to saturate their scanty pittance of dry bread.

At the same time, when we condemn the vices, and what is called the *improvidence* of the poor (as if a man who possesses nothing could provide for future days!) we should never lose sight of their real condition: deprived of all education, worse than in a state of nature (for the naked savage is not induced either by cold or decency to steal clothes out of a ragman's shop), they have nothing to lose, and, of course, every thing to gain; the law is no restriction on them; the laws of the land are not even understood by judges or lawyers. Lord Brougham openly declared, that the lawyer does not see his way any more than the judge or the party;* and when the poor man meets with companions whom he knows to be criminal, escaping with impunity, he not only dares the law, but becomes cunning in eluding its provisions. When the pickpocket and the housebreaker tell him that they have learned, while in prison, that there are thirteen legal definitions of the crime of theft, his chance of getting off will be twelve to one, when he tries an experiment in transferring property.

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* Fenton.

In the admirable story of Guzman d'Alfarache, the miseries of poverty are vividly summed up:—"Poverty, which is not the daughter of the spirit, is but the mother of shame and reproach: it is a disreputation that diseases all the other good parts that are in man; it is a disposition to all kind of evil; it is a man's worst foe; it is a leprosy full of anguish; it is a way that leads into hell; it is a sea, wherein our patience is overwhelmed, our honour is consumed, our lives are ended, and our souls are utterly lost and cast away for ever. The poor man is a kind of money that is not current—the subject of every housewife's chat; the off-scum of the people; the dust of the street; first trampled under foot, and then thrown on a dunghill: in conclusion, the poor man is the rich man's ass; he dineth with the last; fareth of the worst, and pays the dearest; his sixpence will not go so far as a rich man's threepence; his opinion is ignorance; his suffrage scorn; his stock upon the common abused by many and abhorred by all. If he come into company, he is not heard; if any chance to meet him, they seek to shun him; if he advise, though never so wisely, they grudge and murmur at him; if he work miracles, they say he is a witch; if virtuous, that he goeth about to deceive; his venial sin is blasphemy; his thoughts are made of treason; his cause, be it never so good, is not regarded; and to have his wrongs righted he must appeal to that other life; all men crush him; no man favoureth him; there is no man that will relieve his wants; no man that will comfort him in his miseries, nor no man that will bear him company, when he is alone, and oppressed with grief. None help him—all hinder him—none give him—all take from him; he is debtor to none, and yet must make payment to all. Oh! the unfortunate and poor condition of him that is poor! to whom even the hours are sold which the clock striketh, and pays custom for the sunshine in August!"

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* Speech on the Codification of the Criminal Law.

To add to this lamentable picture, which, although drawn in strong colours, is but unfortunately too correct in many points, the sufferings of the poor are generally attributed to their idleness, or the vices of the sufferer:

> " Perhaps you think the poor might have their part;
> *Bond* damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.
> The grave *Sir Gilbert* holds it for a rule,
> That every man in want is knave or fool.
> 'God cannot love' (says *Blunt*, with tearless eyes)
> 'The wretch he starves and piously denies.'
> But the good bishop—with a meeker air—
> Admits and leaves them Providence's care."*

How feelingly has the eloquent Massillon described the cold hearted donations bestowed upon the needy! —" Benevolence is so often accompanied by hardships towards the unfortunate, in stretching forth a helping hand—such a severe and reproachful countenance is betrayed, that a refusal would have proved less cruel than so austere and ferocious a charity. Pity, that appears to commiserate their wretchedness, would console them nearly as much as the liberality that relieves them. They are taunted with their vigour—their idleness—their erratic life, and their vagabondism; they are accused of being the authors of their poverty and their sufferings; and thus, in the act of relieving them, is purchased the right to insult them.

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* Pope.

"But were it permitted to one of these wretched beings who are thus upbraided, to make a reply, if their abject condition did not check their utterance, he would say, 'With what do you reproach me? an idle life, and laxity of morals? And what are the cares that disturb your opulent repose? The cares of ambition—the struggles of fortune—the desires of sensuality. *I* may be a useless servant; but are *you* not a faithless one? You reproach me with a strength that I do not make use of: to what purpose is your own strength applied? You tell me that I should not be fed, since I do not labour; but are you exempted from a similar obligation? Are you only wealthy, to live in a state of worthless indolence? There is a GOD who will judge between us; before his dread tribunal it will be seen if your voluptuous and your profuse existence is more serviceable to you than the artifices to which I may have recourse to alleviate my sufferings."

By *artifices*, Massillon alludes to the supposed tricks played by mendicants to excite compassion. The charge of laziness has ever been the plea for withholding relief from the indigent.

> "Ay! Idleness! the rich folks never fail
> To find some reason why the poor deserve
> Their miseries." *

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* Southey.

Even our Cowper upbraids them:—

> "But poverty, with most who whimper forth
> Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe,
> Th' effect of laziness, or sottish waste."

The wealthy rarely consider that they are the natural guardians and trustees of the needy, forgetting that they have to render an account of that trust before the Sovereign Judge—

> "When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
> Toss Fortune back her tinsel and her plume,
> And drop the mask of flesh behind the scene!"

It is therefore evident that many of our most unruly passions must arise from our condition in the world. If the poor seek the gin shop, the votaries of fashion and fortune will seek the turf—the opera—the mart ; the poor man gets besotted by his coarse potations, or excitement will drive him to crime, whereas the wealthy sybarite will sink into a state of listless satiety:

> "Ere man has measured half his weary stage,
> His luxuries have left him no reserve—
> No maiden relishes, unbroached delights ;
> On cold-serv'd repetitions he subsists ;
> And in the tasteless present, chews the past—
> Disgusted chews—and scarce can swallow down."*

One cannot but feel much regret when we find a writer so estimable as Burke maintain, that "vice in the higher orders loses half of its malignity by losing all its grossness." The vices of the poor may, no doubt, be more offensive to the polished world, but, certainly, they are more excusable than a splendid refinement in viciousness.

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* Young.

Example is another fearful element in the development of the evil passions, in every class, but more particularly amongst the humbler grades, who, although they hate their superiors, yet endeavour to imitate them in their habits, donning their wretched garments with an affectation of elegance, and sporting a bit of glass with as much vanity as if it had been a costly diamond, while a tattered neck-cloth will be put on with a fashionable tie.

Imitation is the rock on which thousands split; and when viewing the faded finery hung up for sale, we can trace rags and tatters to fine clothes. Every man seeks to ape a type: the bandy-legged will get himself booted by Hoby; and the hunchback will direct his tailor to fit him *à-la-d'Orsay;* a club-footed woman *will* be shoed by *Mélinotte*, and a platter hand *will* jam itself into *Privat's* gloves; a shop-boy will eat with a pewter fork—simulating silver—since steel forks are not *genteel*, and eating with a knife is *vulgar*. Imitation is a race of destruction, and its goal the poor house, or expatriation—according to what the insane emulation may have left.

Knox, in his valuable Essays, declares, that the setting of a good example to the lower classes, considered merely as an act of charity, would do more good, and prevent more misery, than if you cut down your last oak, or gave all your winnings at the gaming table to found a hospital or establish a dispensary.

By constantly following the example of others, we become *habituated* to a certain mode of living—a certain train of thinking—a certain line of conduct; our organization, our temperament render them part of our system, both in a moral and physical point of view. What we have borrowed from others thus becomes our property, and we are wretched when deprived of it. Our pleasures, our habits, our different pursuits, become matters of habit, modified by circumstances, into our nature. Habits will reconcile us, by degrees, to the most iniquitous acts. *Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute.* Our first evil deed has been committed after a struggle with our better feelings; the second will meet with less obstacles—and so on, until we become dead to the voice of conscience.

It is habit that attaches us to the most absurd prejudices, and the most vicious institutions; that resists all proposals of melioration in our laws and our customs; that makes us cling with unflinching pertinacity to the most absurd systems and obsolete doctrines. There are many wise and good men who consider all innovation perilous, and who calmly recommend society to endure sufferings which they think it would be dangerous to relieve.

Locke has truly observed, "As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellences which are looked upon as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions."

The influence of religion, of government, and the state of the literature of the day, in developing both our *instinctive* and our *acquired passions*, will be the subject of further investigation. We must now proceed to inquire how far the progress of civilization has given to our instinctive predispositions the modified character of more refined principles of action.

SECTION II.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF PROGRESSIVE CIVILIZATION IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PASSIONS.

Civilization may be defined the gradual development and improvement of the social condition and the intellectual faculties of man. It is not always that these improvements keep pace with each other in their progress. There are countries in which great intellectual powers may be observed, but in which the social condition of the community is far from being so advanced as other nations less gifted with mental superiority. In these cases, however, it will be generally found that these superior intellectual qualifications are confined to a few individuals; the masses remain in comparative ignorance. It may be the interest of these gifted persons to hold talent and power within their own grasp; their influence in society depending in many instances upon the stultified condition of the people. This was the case with the priesthood, from time immemorial, in many regions, where the arts and sciences were confined to the temple or the cloister: hence these privileged beings were looked upon by the vulgar as demi-gods.

One man, possessing extraordinary powers, either as a lawgiver or as a conqueror, has often changed the character of a whole people, both as regards their physical and their moral condition; at other times, this work has been achieved by several individuals, interested or philanthropic as the case might be, to improve the state of society, according to their preconceived notions.

It was chiefly in the form of government and in religious opinion that these revolutions were effected. Social improvement was not concerned in the impulse they communicated. It must, in fact, be the work of time, and does not depend so much upon intellectual superiority as on the progress of independence and the enjoyment of a well defined liberty; for licentiousness is as much opposed to its development as ignorance. Social improvement will arise when man is not only an *adscriptus glebi*, but has something to lose—some property or some vital interest at stake. In feudal times the clergy possessed much comparative learning, but, on the other hand, not only the vassals and serfs, but nobles and knights, were grovelling in uninstructed degradation.

A more equal distribution of property, and the increase in the number of the middle classes, may also be considered as one of the first steps towards general civilization. The poverty of a country does not so much depend on the small amount of the wealth it may possess, as in the general want of fortune amongst its inhabitants, and its less equal diffusion—a diffusion that can only arise from sufficient employment and adequate wages. The adequacy of the wages, again, will depend upon the habits of the people and the state of the markets. As an instance of the backward state of social amelioration in countries rendered wealthy by the possession of vast treasures, we have only to look at Spain, where, with all the mines of Peru and Mexico, the population are a century behind that of poorer countries in point of comfort and improvement; therefore is civilization equally backward in that unhappy land, which may date its downfal from the acquisition of this source of immense riches, and the bigotry that led to the expulsion of the industrious Moors and Jews, which was followed by a stagnation in trade, and an utter neglect in agricultural improvement. To add to the misery of the nation, the clergy and the aristocracy applied large tracts of land to sheep-walks, to increase a concentrated wealth, that had already become destructive to the welfare of the people. It may appear paradoxical; yet, upon the same principle, a poor country may be richer than a neighbouring state where a few possess millions and thousands are starving: if the inhabitants of a poor agricultural district are active, industrious, and sober, with few rich manufacturers and wealthy landholders, it is probable that they will enjoy more equal comfort than a commercial and manufacturing county, vitally influenced by political vicissitudes, obstruction in trade from a fluctuation in demand, or the calamities and the advantages of war, when, from many contingent circumstances, some men may be raised from poverty to sudden affluence, while others are reduced from independence to pauperism.*

It is no doubt true, that in a country rendered wealthy by the enormous riches of some of its citizens, when this property is jeopardized by political events, enormous efforts, gigantic sacrifices will be made for its preservation; but I doubt much whether the services rendered by raw levies, paid by the wealthy, would ever prove as effective in the hour of danger, when the foreigner has invaded the soil, as the spontaneous efforts of a hardy peasantry in defending all that they hold most dear. The fastnesses of the bold and independent mountaineer will remain impregnable long after the low lands have been subjugated, and uninterested troops have been driven out of the field.

To dwell further on this subject would be foreign to my present immediate inquiry. I have only ventured on this digression to shew that the progress of the social and intellectual improvement of men, with the impediments thrown in its development, must prove the origin of many predominating passions, both praiseworthy and condemnable. These passions are the subject of our present consideration.

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* Great Britain is a remarkable instance of this position; the fluctuation of prosperity in its trade having occasioned artificial wants in the inferior classes, that habit converts into absolute necessaries of life. Hence arises the great difficulty of meliorating the social condition of the masses with a prospect of permanency.

We have already seen that the natural, and to a certain extent the instinctive emotions and impulses of man, may be referred to the principles of *self preservation* and the *enjoyment of life.*

It is this feeling that impels, him in the course of his existence, to seek *security* and *pleasure*, and to avoid *danger* and *pain.* In a rude state of society, a certain degree of ferocity was the result of such a condition, whether man endeavoured to overthrow his enemies, or prayed to the supernatural powers to smite and scatter *them*, while they vouchsafed to protect *him.* In the very cradle of what is called *natural religion*, we can trace the rise and progress of many of our most evil impulses. The worship, or rather the dread of a deity of some sort or other, was grafted on our notions of self-preservation; and reason, from its first dawn, pointed out mysterious agencies, that induced man to propitiate their favour.*

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* It has been maintained by some theologists that man possesses an inherent idea of the existence of a Deity. But this assumption is based on such feeble grounds, that even Dugald Stewart, one of the most strenuous advocates of innate ideas, does not admit the intuitive knowledge of a Supreme Being. "The existence of a Deity," he says, "does

Surrounded by constant danger, both force and address became necessary to man in his rude condition, for his protection and his preservation. The destruction of an enemy not only satisfied his thirst of revenge—if that enemy had previously injured him — but not unfrequently it gratified other cravings, since we have reason to believe that man in his savage state was more or less anthropophagous. In the mean time, he beheld all the glad creation around him enjoying life, and the bounties which nature bestowed and scattered around him with a lavish hand. When the demands of hunger and thirst were satisfied, he roved about in search of the means of gratifying other *appetites*, which gradually engendered *desires*,—not as pressing as hunger and thirst, but equally natural and instinctive. The beasts of the field, the birds of the air,

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not seem to be an intuitive truth. It requires the exercise of our reasoning powers to present it in its full force to the mind." (Philosophy, b. iii. c. 1.) However, in this inquiry we have not given due weight to tradition. Although distinct and isolated from each other, the different scattered races of mankind may be traced to one origin; and this original stock was cognisant of the existence of a Deity, who had, according to Holy Writ, made this existence manifest to mankind. Traditional information, from the highest antiquity, may be observed amongst the most rude islanders; and this is proved by their possessing the bow and arrow, the canoe, the paddle, bearing so striking an analogy to each other in their construction, that it is evident they must have been formed after a certain original model. The club, the stone, are natural implements of defence or of attack; but the bow and the bearded arrow, whether its head be of metal, of bone, or of a sharpened pebble, are weapons of an ingenious and complex mechanism, the invention of which could not possibly be attributed to so many rude and untaught beings.

the tiny insect creeping in the grass, every creature that breathed around him, became his guide and his director. He beheld them merciless towards their rivals in enjoyment—he became as merciless as they. Wherever he cast his eyes, on earth, or on the heavens, he beheld the strongest bearing off the prize. Thus his earliest notion was, that *might constituted right.* High civilization has not altered this principle. Force and violence, or craft, may be considered the origin of all governments. History, mendacious as it is, confirms the fact: "What right," said the despoiled to the daring adventurer who desolated his peaceful abode, "what right have you to my field, or my wife, or my children?" "What right," replied the despoiler, "have you to a property that you can neither protect nor preserve?"

Yet in the midst of these enjoyments, frequently obtained at the peril of his life, when beholding the thunder-storm, the lightning flash, the earthquake, the whirlwind, and other marvellous and mysterious phenomena of the creation, that often threatened all around him with inevitable destruction, when fire and flood seemed to convulse the world, man was struck with an unknown and religious awe, for his fears were unearthly; and then a power beyond human control was attributed to some unknown, some occult and dreaded being. It is then that the savage

> "Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the winds."

Here we observe the origin of a natural religion arising from natural terrors. While the savage thus stood in the constant dread of these fearful visitations, which destroyed in his presence the fruit of his labour and Nature's fairest productions, he observed the genial rays of the sun beaming after the dark storm, or dissolving noxious vapours; he beheld the abundance that a grateful soil yielded to his wants; the enamelled verdure that succeeded the wintry sterility of the earth. These blessings he naturally attributed to some benevolent agency, that came to his relief, dispelled his terrors, and inspired his hopes: from these natural reflections arose the conviction in his mind of the existence of a principle of good, ready to counteract the efforts of the evil one, that continually threatened his life and his prosperity.*

Man, moreover, in this primitive condition of his intellects, could not imagine that the same hand that wielded the thunderbolt, allayed the storm; that the source of light and of life could shroud him in darkness, or abridge his days. He, therefore, believed in the existence both of destructive and propitious deities, waging eternal war against each other—the one seeking to consummate his wretchedness, the other to shield him from harm. Perpetually agitated by these contending hopes and fears, he sought to propitiate both these rival powers, imagining that the benevolent spirit was not always able to resist the influence of the destructive principle. From his infancy, man was rocked in the cradle of superstitious terrors; while his manhood was devoted to the propitiation of the angry deities. Here we find the origin of Polytheism; when man must have believed in the plurality of the gods, or have been an atheist.

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* This was the origin of the doctrine of *Duality*, the cradle of *Typhon*, the principle of evil, and of *Ahriman*, the promoter of errors, guilt, and death, struggling against the spirit of light and truth—co-eternal with the Creator, and possessing also a creative power, disputing the empire of the world, and sometimes triumphant in the conflict. Thus *Typhon* vanquished *Osiris*. The scorpion was the emblem of *Typhon*, as the serpent was that of *Satan;* he was also represented as a wolf and a crocodile—types of ferocity and deceit.

> "Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;
> Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
> Whose attributes were rage, revenge, and lust.
> Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
> And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe."*

Any supernatural appearance beyond his comprehension, was associated with some dark mystery—an eclipse, a comet, a meteor, were manifestations of wrath and approaching destruction: even to the present day, the ignorant and the superstitious attribute some ominous foreboding of calamities to these phenomena.

The result of these impressions was obvious. Man imagined that the powers that he dreaded were more continually exerting their baneful influence, than those whom he considered as more kindly disposed. He placed an implicit reliance on the benevolence of the one, but was ever distrustful of the other, whose hostility was typified by the dark and starless nights, the storm and the hurricane, the earthquake and the deluge. A peace-offering to appease a wrathful enemy, became in his eyes more desirable and necessary than grateful oblations to a tutelary power. In his days of tranquillity, health, and abundance, he considered his pleasant existence a natural condition—a matter of course; but so soon as his safety was perilled, or his comforts interfered with, he concluded that the agent of evil was displeased and angry: and, insensible of good, he became acutely alive to evil; fancying that he had a prescriptive *right* to be happy, and was *wronged* when any circumstances disturbed his enjoyments, or pain succeeded pleasure. To the present day, a similar idea pervades the human mind.

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* Pope.

The comparison thus made between the principles of good and evil, gradually became the origin of much mischief. It cradled ambition, and nurtured tyranny. Man began to reflect that he could acquire more power over his fellows by being feared, like the malevolent deities, than by seeking to win their affections and disarm their hostility by kindness. As civilization progressed, and religious worship became more poetical, and, at the same time, more dogmatic, when temples and altars arose, burntofferings were hourly smoking on the shrines of the bloodthirsty divinities ; loud lamentations were re-echoed in their supposed abodes, while winged malediction hovered over their retreat. Their nature was ferocious, and prisoners and slaves, and even beloved children, were slaughtered to rejoice them, in the hope that further victories would crown future efforts, and supply them with fresh victims and more blood. Their worship was incessant, for they were incessantly dreaded ; their worship was fervent, for fervour is the natural attendant on supplication. On the other hand, joyous thanksgivings to the kindly powers were rare—thanksgivings were put up to express gratitude to the infernal gods for having vouchsafed to grant forgiveness; the benevolent deities were not supposed to have had any thing to do in the matter ; on the contrary, had they been powerful, they never would have allowed the mischief to have been inflicted. We have seen in modern times some ignorant Roman-Catholic countries, where the image of the tutelary saint of a town was publicly whipped for not granting rain, or fine weather; and another saint, who had been out of favour, replaced in the vacated niche ! *

It is painful to observe, that as civilization advanced, the gods were represented as being still more

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* Suetonius relates, that Augustus, having lost his fleet by storms, forbade Neptune's statues being carried about with the images of the other gods ; and he adds, that after the death of Germanicus, the people stoned the statues of their divinities in their temples.

insatiable and bloodthirsty. Their primitive oblations consisted of fruits, herbs, cakes—not even perfumes and incense were allowed. The Athenians were merely permitted to sacrifice the produce of the earth; and, until the time of Draco, no blood flowed upon the altars. We can only attribute to the jealousy of power, the introduction of these abominable rites.

However rude the condition of society might have been in early ages and in uncivilized regions, men of superior moral or physical endowments, the most observant and cunning, or the most powerful from their bodily strength and daring courage, were gradually induced, by these conflicting sentiments of hope and fear, confidence and despair, that vibrated the masses, to turn these general impressions to a beneficial account. They envied the influence of the wrathful gods, and sought to share their dreaded power on earth—a power at once creative, preserving, and destructive: for they did also indulge the flattering hope that they might revel in the delight of destruction when they were displeased, and, like the gods, be capricious in their will, and relentless in their revenge.

In the infancy of the human race, old and experienced men performed the duties of the priesthood;* they were consulted in the hour of danger, and during bodily sufferings; they were asked to explain the meaning of the phenomena of nature—to interpret all that could not be comprehended. Old age at all periods was entitled to respect and to confidence, since advanced years were supposed to bring ripened reflections and conclusions. There is a certain prestige of infallibility attached to antiquity; and, even in the present comparatively enlightened condition of society, old and worn out superstitions, and the absurdities of the dark ages, claim supremacy on the plea of their senility.

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* The Greek word πρεσβυς, meant an old man.

When these venerable sages became conscious of the superiority that their condition of life had obtained, they naturally wished to preserve it, not only for themselves, but as the property of their families. Although it was but a spark of intelligence that illumined their minds, still it was a bright luminary in the surrounding darkness, and they determined that this advantage should secure to their children a powerful station in society. They knew but little, but pretended to know more than they did, since to plead ignorance would have been an admission of inferiority, or at any rate of equality. We here trace the origin of priesthood and its functions becoming the privilege of peculiar castes.

The most profitable speculations are those that work upon fear, ignorance, and cupidity. Priests undertook the solemn task of reconciling mankind with the gods, the retribution of their intercession being in the ratio of the supposed guilt of the offender;

and the gods, who were at first sanguinary, were now represented as being also influenced by cupidity and avarice. Precious metals and gems were consecrated to their service, to enrich their shrines, and, at the same time, add to the wealth and the ascendancy of the priesthood,

> "That makes a merchandise of heaven!
> Priesthood, that sells, ev'n to their prayers and blessings,
> And force us to pay for our own cos'nage!
> Nay, cheat Heaven, too, with entrails and with offals!
> Give it the garbage of a sacrifice,
> And keep the best for private luxury."*

Man will invariably form an idea of what is unknown, by analogy with that of which he is cognizant. Therefore priests found it necessary to render religion anthropomorphite. They attributed to the gods all the vices and unworthy passions of men; they gave to them not only the outward configuration of the human race, but all its corruption and corruptibility—a practice which induced Xenophanes to exclaim, "that if the ox and the elephant were painters and sculptors, they would represent the gods after their own image." Debauchery in all its brutal excesses formed part of the mythologic rites; the most disgusting libertinism was considered a flattering homage to some of their divinities, who chuckled when beholding human degradation; a power of intermediation with such deities, must have been productive of considerable wealth and ascendency.*

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* Dryden.

For this purpose they divided the gods into celestial, terrestrial, and infernal; the more numerous they were, the greater number of priests were required to serve their temples; and when their ingenuity could not devise a sufficient variety, they admitted the strange gods of other nations. The Athenians worshipped thirty thousand divine objects; and Pausanias informs us, that from the fear of offending some unknown divinity they erected altars to anonymous deities.

Public worship no doubt gave a mighty influence to this privileged class, but it did not place individuals and families within their grasp; they therefore invented household divinities: every family had its household gods—its *lares* and its *penates;* and sacred amulets, some of them of the most obscene nature, were worn as safeguards from their wrath. As the priesthood claimed an interceding power with these special guardians of families, they were incessantly consulted and supplicated to use their influence to obtain either protection or forgiveness; and priests were considered by the Romans their *Dii Medioxumi.*[*]

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* At Athens the priesthood received a tenth of all confiscations and fines for the service of Minerva, and a fiftieth for the other divinities; to this revenue was added a tenth of all the spoils taken in war, and each temple claimed a measure of barley from every inhabitant of the district in which it was situated. In addition to this income, they possessed extensive landed property, houses, &c. The priestesses of Minerva also received a measure of wheat and one of barley, with an obulum in money for every birth and death. In Egypt one-third of all funded and landed property was assigned to the clergy.

As temples and priests became wealthy, and worship became more refined, the arts were gradually made subservient to the service of the altar. Idolatry can be traced to the very cradle of natural religion. The savage, when setting out on a warlike, a hunting, or a fishing expedition, attributed his success or his failure to any particular circumstance that struck him on his journey, or any peculiar object that appeared uncommon; a stone or a root of some peculiar appearance or strange configuration; a bird, a beast, or a reptile, that soared over him or crossed his path. He had observed that the flight of certain birds was the forerunner of some atmospheric vicissitude; that swarms of certain insects had preceded peculiar maladies; he had been, moreover, told so by his elders; therefore did he attribute to corporeal objects the same hostile or kind disposition that he had vested in the invisible powers. Hence he worshipped stones and animals, and he made up amulets, like the African *Obi* talismans,* formed of all sorts of bits and scraps of odd articles thus accidentally found; and he rudely endeavoured to shape out of stone, clay, or wood, some simulacra of the objects of his fear; for the *Feliche* of the wild Indian was in reality a household god, or a domestic saint; and as he constantly carried it with him, or beheld it at all hours in his hut, or his wigwam, he fancied that he must also be ever present in the divine recollection. According to his view of the character of the god, was the attempted resemblance—most hideous and terrific, with innumerable arms and hands to destroy—the native artists displaying their skill and ingenuity in the representation of the most fantastic monstrosities.

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[*] Although the priesthood amongst the ancients had a great influence in the state, yet they very rarely fulfilled any temporal situations. Their functions were the service of the gods, and initiating a few of the profane in their mysteries, but even then they did not allow the neopphytes any insight of what they considered the nature of the gods; and in the mystic ceremonies of Samothracia, Lemnos, and Eleusis, the wonders of the creation, and the power of the gods, constituted the chief subjects of revelation and instruction. Thus Cicero, when speaking on this subject, says,

> "Rerum magis naturæ cognoscitur quam Deorum."
>
> Sag. xiii. xiv.

Such was the power of these deformed idols, that the progress of the fine arts did not deprive them of their potency. This circumstance can be easily accounted for: the priests and their acolytes could only display the *chef d'œuvres* of the painter and the sculptor as the work of man; but the rude remnant of barbarism had the sanctity of antiquity—of a holy origin. We have seen in a Roman-Catholic chapel a daub of the Virgin Mary represented as a negress, much more prized by the faithful than a Madonna of Raphael, as having been the production of St. Luke, whose portraits are beyond all price amongst the faithful *cognoscenti.* No expense in the building of the temple, was considered too great, as all the skill of architecture, sculpture, and painting was lavished on these supposed dwellings of the gods, to render them superior to the residence of any earthly potentate.

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* One of these *Obi* amulets fell into my hands in the West Indies; its owner was a runaway negro, who gave himself up to the detachment sent in pursuit, so soon as he had lost his protective talisman. It consisted of a piece of the cast off skin of a snake, a lock of hair, a toe nail, a decayed tooth, and a scrap of paper, bearing some Arabic characters, which, although partly effaced, an old Senegal Mahomedan slave told me, had been a passage of the Koran.

It might have been naturally expected, that this gigantic power of the hierarchy could not be viewed by princes and chieftains without some degree of jealousy; but not daring to interfere with it, or exempt themselves from its authority, they endeavoured to associate themselves with the ministers of the altar, by assuming a pontifical rank. Although priests might have been apprehensive of this intrusion, still, as it added to their influence, and at the same time was a tacit admission of their superiority over all earthly rule, they did not oppose the fusion of supremacy; and monarchs were proud in wearing alternately the diadem and the helmet, or the priestly crown and fillet, governing their abject subjects by a right divine. Many of these royal pontiffs considered themselves gifted with the authority of conferring divine attributes on their favourites. Alexander honoured Ephestion with an apotheosis, built cities, erected temples and statues to his memory, instituted festivals and sacrifices for his worship; and went so far as to invest the priests who served his altar, with oracular authority. Lucian affirms that the Macedonian conqueror was so proud of the success of this beatification, that he himself ultimately believed that he was a god. Hadrian paid similar honour to Antinoüs, consecrated the city of Antinopolis to him; and St. Jerome states, that prophecies were delivered at his shrine.

What a fertile field for the development of every evil passion do we now behold! The ruling powers of the land, church and state, founded on ignorance — dark superstition — ambition in all its phases—revenge and lust! Profligacy becoming a religious rite, and depravity a science and an art! The most refined debaucheries practised in the purlieus of the temples, the precincts of the palace, and the dwellings of individuals.*

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* There exists a curious work, called *Erotika Biblion*, attributed to Mirabeau, in which it is fully proved that the vices and disgusting profligacy of the ancients far exceeded any thing that could be imagined in modern times.

The social condition of the Roman people can be easily estimated when we look at the allowance made to the governors of their provinces. According to Lampridius, they received twenty pounds of silver, or a hundred gold pieces, amounting to about £160 of our money; six jars of wine, two mules, two horses, two suits of best clothes, one suit of common clothes, a bath, a cook, a muleteer, and, finally, if unmarried, a concubine (*quod sine hic esse non possent*), being stated in the regulations. When they gave up their situation, they had to return the mules, horses, the muleteer, and the cook, keeping all the other allowances if the government approved of their conduct; in other cases, they were to restore a quadruple of their value. Can we therefore wonder at the criminal actions, the shameless dilapidations, and the oppressive exactions of their proconsuls!

Notwithstanding the early influence and power of sacerdocy, both priests and rulers possessed sufficient wisdom to foresee, that certain moral obligations and stringent legal checks were also necessary to consolidate their power: therefore in the rudest state of society, were laws enacted. These laws were really wise, according to the climate, the religion, or the customs of a nation. They were such, however, not from any virtuous feelings in the legislature, but from the conviction that without a wise legislation the maintenance of good order was unattainable, as well as the preservation of property, justly or unjustly acquired. Although both princes and priests might have maintained that they possessed a prescriptive right to seize upon the property of those who had not the power to defend it, yet, if a similar system of spoliation had been widely diffused and acknowledged, constant rapine and disorder must have ensued, causing an incessant state of uncertainty and peril, which might ultimately have compromised their own stability. On these principles were founded the first laws established in Greece by Phoroneus; by Mercury Trismegistus amongst the Egyptians; by Solon and Lycurgus to govern the Athenians and the Lacedemonians; and by Numa Pompilius to rule the Romans.

We can, therefore, trace the origin of legal codes to the rudest condition of mankind, when cities and populous districts arose where nomadian encampments had once been pitched:

> "Great nature spoke; observant man obeyed;
> Cities were built, societies were made.
> Here rose one little state, another near
> Grew by like means, and joined thro' love or fear."

Thus did nations owe their origin to a confederacy of towns. But this gradual progress towards civilization was marked by the most fierce and cruel passions. It developed ambition in all its multiplied public and private ramifications. Now arose the influence of aristocracy*—the abuse of power at home, and its extension to neighbouring states, to subjugate those who could not defend themselves, and whose territories were necessary for the prosperity of the invader. It must, at the same time, be admitted, that the progressive aggregation of inhabitants did render such a territorial aggrandizement indispensable; moreover, the inhabitants of the invaded districts might have joined the more powerful confederacy, had they desired it, or thought it expedient to unite their strength, and submit to the laws of the stronger.

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* Aristocracy, strictly speaking, meant a superiority in physical strength, or in personal prowess, ; and the chiefs and leaders of mankind in the early period of its history, were, in general, individuals remarkable for their prowess and their daring, displayed in the protection of the weak, and the punishment of despoilers. Such is the signification of the Greek word *ἀρείων—ἀρίστος*, signifying superior bodily strength. Achilles, Hector, Ajax, were represented by the poets as heroes, who, by their personal valour, defeated hosts of enemies. Even in this supposed heroic age, plunder and rapine was universal in the constant scenes of border hostility, or of more extensive depredation. Achilles tells Agamemnon that he merely engaged in a war against the Trojans for his sake, since they had never injured him by bearing away his oxen, or his horses, or in destroying the fruit of his land.

> "Force first made conquest, and that conquest laws."

As social improvement progressed, and wealth increased, the laws of every state required constant revision and alteration. Jurisprudence became an intricate study, as the passions of mankind were influenced by their interests. Soon jurisconsults and magistrates perverted both the letter and the spirit of these statutes, defeating the ends of justice, criminating the innocent, and absolving the guilty, to earn a livelihood. The lines of Gay might be applied, both to the lawyers of old, and many of those of modern times, with much propriety:—

> "For scepticism 's your profession,
> You hold there 's doubt in all expression;
> And when you read, 'tis with intent
> To find out meanings never meant."

The Roman people were at last so indignant at the corruption and venality of their magistrates, that they created Decemviri to inscribe the laws in the twelve tables of Solon, translated into their language; thus establishing written precedents that might be consulted on all occasions.*

We now find the advance of civilization opening the sluice-gates of every evil passion; and converting a code of justice, intended for the safeguard of liberty and property, into a source of one of the most dreaded scourges of society—the inability of having wrongs redressed, or an equitable decision obtained, unless it were paid for at an exorbitant rate. The eloquence of the rhetor was now prostituted to clothe falsehood in the garb of truth—

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* The word law, *lex*, was derived from the reading of the legislative enactments, *lex à legendo*.

> "To entangle justice in her net of laws."

Although, during these successive phases of civilization, sciences and arts were studied, and men were educated for civil services, still society maintained its belligerent character; and princes were both legislators and warriors, wielding the sceptre and the sword; agriculture and mechanics were the province of slaves; and trade looked upon with as much contempt as it is even now held in the military states of the north of Europe, where the sword has never yielded to the toga.

This contempt of trade can be easily accounted for: the man who earned by his industry and his cunning, what he might have obtained at once by the sword, appeared a craven; and, although warriors indulged in rapine and plunder without hesitation or remorse, they did not consider themselves *robbers;* they merely availed themselves of the right of conquest, and carried off the spoils of war. The origin of trade was robbery and barter. The Phœnician and Carthaginian rovers were not much better than freebooters, and *Punic faith* became a by-word of reproach: it was only in a long course of time that adventurers considered exchange and barter more safe than piracy. As mankind congregated in masses, trade became subservient to population, and regular markets were established, ministering both to necessities and luxuries. Low cunning and fraud pervaded all these transactions; and quaint was the expression of Madame de Crequi, when shewn a piece of Gobelin tapestry, that represented Joseph sold by his brethren—she exclaimed: "This is the record of one of the first commercial transactions, and it ought to be hung up in the hall of the Exchange."

As confederacies and nations arose on the face of the globe, it became necessary on the part of the ruling powers to excite a feeling of patriotism, of love of country, which would induce its citizens to entertain a high opinion of themselves, and a low estimation of their neighbours; in short, to make them fight *pro aris et focis*. This source of power was sought by associating their gods in the national welfare, and religion was rendered subservient to political views. Sacerdotal influence had mastered the minds of men, and it now commanded and directed their actions. A sacred character was given to every war—to a just defence, or a wanton aggression; the tutelar divinities of the country were invoked—they were allowed a share in the spoils—bloody trophies were erected before their altars—and, after a naval victory, their temples were encumbered with fragments of the enemy's shattered shipping. In like manner, in more modern and in Christian times, the names of saints became a war cry; and princes and priests asserted that they had seen these holy personages mounted on their chargers, leading on the van, and with their gleaming faulchions pointing out the road to victory!

Have our notions and our practices changed, since the prevalence of Paganism to the present day? Do we not still consecrate the colours of our batallions, and implore the Supreme Intelligence to "abate the pride, assuage the malice, and confound the devices of our enemies?"

Whether or not hostilities had been provoked by our own proceedings, do we not suspend in the temples of the living God the standards taken from the foe, while in their churches they suspend the standards taken from us? If an enemy successfully invaded our territory, or we invaded theirs, would not both parties reclaim their lost banners, and bring them home? When we are victorious, we sing a *Te Deum;* if we are beaten, we order a fast. What would a proclamation ordain, if, on the same day, possibly at the same hour, we won a battle by land, and were defeated at sea? for which of these events would we return thanksgiving, or ask forgiveness of our sins? In fact, this is a Pagan rite, revolting to Christianity; the ancients, before going to battle, put up hymns to Minerva; and, after a victory, returned thanks to Apollo. Pausanias, the Spartan, dedicated to that god a tripod made of the spoils of the Persians, and Hector promised to suspend the armour of his enemy in his temple. We flaunt their colours in our churches, as barbarous as the Scandinavians of old, who drank out of the skulls of their foes, or the Ashantees, who decked themselves with the teeth of their captives!

What right have we to decide—miserable reptiles that we are—to which side of the hostile line the Supreme ought to have inclined? Such supplications are like the prayers of the husbandman. The labourer of the hill will pray for rain, while the cultivator of the swampy valley will solicit dry weather! one sailor will pray for a westerly breeze, and another for a northerly wind. They had much better set sail for the Baltic shores, and purchase bottled winds from a witch! Most undoubtedly, when labouring under calamitous visitations of Providence, it is as natural for man to implore Divine mercy, as for a child to seek the protection of its parents; but to associate the name of the Supreme Being in our ambitious projects and our worldly speculations, is an act of impiety, rendered the more revolting, since it is but too frequently combined with hypocrisy.

But can we be amazed at this clerical presumption, when Christian priests have considered themselves equal, if not superior, to God upon earth? The pious, the eloquent Bourdaloue thus expresses himself, when alluding to the mystery of transubstantiation: "Although in the sacrifice, the priest is only the substitute of Jesus Christ, it is nevertheless certain that Jesus Christ *submits to him*—that he is *subservient to him*, and renders him every day on our altars the *most prompt and the most exact obedience.* If faith did not teach us these truths, should we believe that a man could ever attain to such an elevation, and be invested with a character which enables him—I say it with humility—to *command* his sovereign Lord, and *make him* descend from heaven?"

When thus alluding to the influence of priesthood, I by no means wish to infer that they were the spontaneous fomenters of war or of rapine—except in what were called holy wars and crusades, undertaken to consolidate their own power, and secure their temporal interests. They felt the importance of maintaining their intellectual superiority, and founding colleges and seminaries; therefore the gradual progress of society towards civilization was owing to the clergy's exertions. The fine arts, poetry, literature in all its branches, flourished under their influence; but they had associated themselves with the ruling powers of the day, and assisted their projects by their general ascendancy; with this view they exerted themselves to promote popular enthusiasm, and to make war a national consideration. We have ample proofs that the oracles and augurs of the ancients were in the employment of the government. Cicero clearly admits it, and thus the instructions of the rulers of the people were given out as commands from the immortals. In more recent times, priests, on obtaining temporal power, and becoming the ministers as well as the spiritual directors of monarchs, have of course been actuated by all the political ambition of other statesmen, and in that capacity did the Richelieus and the Mazarines, and other prelates, accelerate the fall of the dynasty they served.

How admirably Dryden has animadverted on this temporal occupation of divines!—

"Is not the care of souls a load sufficient?
Are not your holy stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly noise,
To study souls—their cures, and their diseases?
The province of the soul is large enough
To fill up every cranny of your time,
And leave you much to answer, if one wretch
Be damn'd by your neglect.
Why then these foreign thoughts of state employments,
Abhorrent to your function and your breeding?
Poor droning truants of unpractis'd cells,
Bred in the fellowship of bearded boys!
What wonder is it if you know not man?
Yet there you live, demure, with downcast eyes,
And humble as your discipline requires;
But when let loose from thence to live at large,
Your little tincture of devotion dies,—
Then luxury succeeds; and set agog
With a new scene of yet untasted joys,
You fall with greedy hunger to the feast,
Of all your college virtues nothing now
But your original ignorance remain."

However, when priesthood is accused of having usurped their power to the prejudice of society, the real origin of this influence has not been sufficiently regarded. Their power, so far from having been usurped, was legitimate in every sense of the word; it was the power not only of superior intellectual capacities, but one conferred by popular will. After the fall of the Roman empire, universal confusion ensued—every institution had been overthrown—one body in the state alone preserved its influence, and that was the clergy. The people rallied round them for protection, support, and comfort; they established schools and hospitals; and it must be remarked that the revenues of the church, however enormous they might appear, were divided into equal portions for the building of churches, monasteries, and convents, for the support of their ministers and their inmates, for the education of the people, and for the relief of the poor. Moreover we find that the bishops were elected by the people, in conjunction with the clergy. These elections were carried on with all the violence and animosity of sectarian antagonism, and by the means now resorted to in a parliamentary canvass; not only were the electors bribed, but promised plunder, and Sidonius Apollinarius writes to Domnulus, that one of the candidates for episcopacy actually used his cooks and his kitchen to court the good will of his supporters. After the demise of Auxentius, bishop of Milan, who was an Arian, the electors of his successor came to open hostilities in the church; and on the arrival of an imperial officer, of the name of Ambrosius, to quell the disturbance, his gentle and persuasive manner pleased the multitude, and a child having cried out, "You must appoint Ambrosius," he was unanimously elected. This bishop was the same who was subsequently canonized.

We now come to consider another power, oftentimes more potent than religion itself, and which mainly contributed to the development of civilization. This was the mighty influence of woman, which in all ages propelled mankind in a course of generous pursuits, as well as in the indulgence of many acts of guilt and folly. The influence of religion and of love may be considered the two most powerful levers of the mind; and priests, well aware of the importance of their coalescence, worked upon the impressionable mind of women, to make them subservient to their purpose. The thirst for wealth and power seldom brings forth generous actions, but religion and love are sources whence may flow the most noble as well as the most corrupt sentiments. The magic ascendancy of woman from the earliest ages has been resorted to as one of the principal instruments of human impulses; her possession has been more ardently sought for than even riches and authority; the anxious desire of being distinguished in society, civilized or not, by her smiles, has ever been considered of such value by the vain pride of man, that the hand of a fair enchantress, promised as the guerdon of bravery, urged many a youthful warrior to deeds of desperation which might appear fabulous even in the legends of chivalry, when the fallen knight would die in rapturous agony if his mortal wound was bound with the scarf of the lady of his love.

> "Love raised his noble thoughts to brave achievements :
> For Love's the steel that strikes upon the flint ;
> Gives coldness heat, exerts the hidden flame,
> And spreads the sparkles round, to warm the world."*

Gentle as women are supposed to be, and averse to deeds of cruelty, yet we find their image and their influence associated with the most deadly conflicts, and their names invoked in the commission of the most odious crimes, in many of which they were more than instrumental; nay, they seem to pride themselves in the blood that is shed for them, although that blood may have flowed through a heart that only pulsated for them. A woman would rather weep over the corpse of a brave lover brought to her on his shield, than welcome the craven who quailed before a rival or a foe, or who would not sacrifice his own life, or that of another, at her command.

Excitement is the food of her vanity—trifling incidents produce but transient emotions ; and Madame de Sévigné truly said of her sex—

> "Il leur faut des grands coups d'épée !"

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* Dryden.

A scratch, a slight wound, would not be a sufficient ovation; they would wish to possess a power over life, like the chaste Vestals who gave the signal for the Athletes' death. Woman knows her transcendant power, but she also knows that she may lose it too soon for her pride; and therefore will she strive to exert it when all her fascinating influence is in the ascendant. She considers that time wasted that is not devoted to rule; she smiles at our affected scorn, and our assumed indifference and contempt; to which she would reply in the words retorted to Rousseau by a lady whom he pretended to slight:

> "Tout, jusqu' à ton mépris, m'a prouvé ton amour!"

The influence of their sex, no doubt, tended more than any other circumstance to civilize mankind—

> "Man was at first a rude unpolished mass,
> Till Nature fram'd that charming creature Woman,
> All kind and soft, all tender and divine,
> To mend our faults, and mould it into virtue."

Man, in his savage condition, looked upon the female part of the creation as being merely subservient to his desires and his necessities. War or the chace were his province; labour and servitude the lot—I should not say of his partner, but his slave. She was weak—that was enough for him to trample upon her helplessness. The indifference of the savage to sexual attractions—his apathy in this respect, has been remarked by many travellers.

There is nothing poetical in his nature except revenge.

But as society became more gregarious, man began to feel the value of woman; for he observed that she whom he slighted appeared valuable to others; while woman felt instinctively that she possessed gentler means to punish unkindness and neglect than violence. We find, amongst many uncivilized tribes, that women not only exercised a joint power with the males, but often lorded it over them. Amongst the ancient Germans we see them interfering in all public matters.

Several German writers affirm that women were more appreciated by their ancestors than in any other country.* Their mothers, their wives, accompanied them to the field, sucked their wounds in the heat of battle, and distributed provisions when the conflict was over. The Gauls consulted them on all important affairs; and it was agreed with Hannibal, that if the Carthaginians had any reason to be dissatisfied with the conduct of the Gauls, their complaints should be submitted to the consideration of their wives. Women were, in fact, more esteemed by what were called barbarians than by the polished Greeks, whose wives were occupied in mere domestic avocations, shut up in their rooms spinning and weaving, and occasionally employed in the stables. Hector, in addressing his horses, alludes to the care of Andromache in mingling strengthening liquors with their food, and Nausica was discovered washing linen. This neglect of the Greeks towards their wives may be attributed to their insufferable vanity. They looked upon them as their property, while, at the same time, their courtezans avenged the wrongs of their sex by their superior attainments. Aspasia, the mistress of Pericles, would discuss philosophic points with Socrates; the Athenians consulted her on important occasions; and Lysicles, under her tuition, became a leading man in Athens. Archianassa would argue with Plato; and Hepyllis's conversation was the delight of Aristotle; while Epicurus preferred the society of Leontium to that of the wisest of the Academy.

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* Meiners amongst others, in his work, "Geschichte des Weiblichen Geschlechts."

The influence of woman must have humanized mankind, while, at the same time, it gave rise to all the fierce impulses of jealousy, envy, and revenge: nay, galled vanity would frequently turn man's love to hatred, and prompt him to deeds of violence towards the object of his affections.

In more modern times, in the dark ages, this power of woman never declined. It became still more predominant when combined with the influence of the sacerdocy. With a promise of Heaven's blessings, and of woman's favour, upon earth, what a mighty empire could be obtained over human passions! Woman was tutored in this exercise of uncontrolled authority, both by natural instinct and priestly craft, to rule in court, in camp, and cottage. Convents were instituted for their education, and the influence of their spiritual directors was as great in the nunnery as in courts and cabinets.*

We have seen that the organization of woman renders her peculiarly susceptible of nervous impressions; that her apprehensions are more acute, that her instinctive and intuitive powers predominate over her intellectual faculties, that her energies are more concentrated upon one object. What an instrument for ambition, if it could be brought into action! The most effectual method of obtaining this desirable aid, was to render religion anthropomorphic, and connecting divine objects with earthly endearments.†

I have already noticed the ecstatic visions of St. Theresa, when under the influence of this combination of the spirit and the flesh,* a double gratification of both mental and corporeal desires: during which, notwithstanding the many insinuations to the contrary, virtue and chastity, we have reason to believe, remained intact and triumphant. Fortunate would it have been, both for the interests of religion and of mankind, if similar purity had always pervaded these perilous associations.†

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* This influence prevails to the present day; and we find in an article in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, that in France, no later than three years ago, six hundred and thirty thousand girls were educated by nuns.

† The letter of Madame de Chantal, on *Desire, and the Sufferings of Self-denial*, afford a strong illustration of this fact, when she strove to conquer the love she bore to St. Francis de Sales. She struggled with this affection, which she carried with her to the grave; in her last moments making the painful avowal. No language could describe the mysterious nature of anthropomorphic devotion more fully than the expressions of Bossuet in his letter to Sister Cornuan: "With the Celestial Bridegroom you may venture upon any thing. Lay hold on him: I allow you the most violent transports. It is in the holy eucharist that we enjoy virginally the body of the Bridegroom, and that he appropriates us to himself." Bossuet's works, xi. xii.

However, the great event that was to influence the progress of intellect in every branch, was the discovery of the art of printing. Schism had long torn the very bosom of the church—polemic fury had transgressed all reasonable bounds—and the newly obtained power of widely diffusing information became a fearful weapon in the hands of adverse parties; each fraction from an original stock endeavouring to expose the fallacies of their opponents, and to enlist proselytes under their banners. The revival of letters had prepared the road for this rapid progress of human intelligence. Different sects had arisen, various dogmas had been advanced, the most terrific anathemas were fulminated against heresies, and in every direction fire and sword proved that these denunciations were not to be slighted. All the blood that had been shed by conquerors, and by political factions, were as a drop of water in the ocean, when compared to the torrents that crimsoned the earth in the cause of religion; every evil passion of our nature, every predisposition of temperament, was called forth with furious and unmitigated energy, to support the power of the church, menaced by schism. Sovereigns were allowed a plenary indulgence in every vice, in every crime, provided they united their efforts in crushing the advancing hydra of heresy; all the ingenuity of men and of demons was exhausted to invent new tortures, and inflict unheard-of agonies both on mind and on body. Yet the impulse was given; intellect was progressing, despite her manacles and gyves; and now and then a scintillating meteor shot across the dark horizon that limited human understanding. The endeavours to prevent the mind from thinking and reflecting, were as fruitless as would have been an attempt to prevent the spark of fire from rising upward, or the stone thrown into the air from falling upon the earth.

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* Page 79.

† The profligacy of the monks necessarily drew upon them the admonitions and the reproaches of the bishops. In the sixth centnry they were divided into four classes—1, The *Cenobites;* 2, the *Anchorets;* 3, the *Sarabaits;* and 4, the *Gyrovagi.* The latter were described by St. Benedict as "inhabiting three or four different cells, in different districts; always roving and wandering about, slaves to voluptuousness and gluttonous excesses; and in every respect worse than the *Sarabaits*, who submitted to no rule; and instead of being purified, like gold in the furnace, resembled soft lead; in all their works faithful to the times, they lied to God in their tonsure, their desires being their only law, calling holy what they liked, and denouncing as a sin whatever displeased them."

The very system of monastic education that was adopted in colleges, was pregnant with the future destinies of priestcraft. Since the revival of letters, instead of the legends of saints and polemic disputations, the works of the ancient philosophers, of historians, and of poets, were placed in the hands of students; a thirst for general knowledge had been excited, and they sought to slake it, not only at the fount of truth that flowed in the cloister, but at every prohibited and polluted source of information. Prohibition added to the zest of the forbidden draught. They were told by their preceptors that in matters of faith they should not reason; and they were at the same time tutored in all the subtleties of logic, and in analytic and synthetic inquiries. They were bewildered in metaphysical speculations, and were at the same time admonished, at the peril of their immortal souls, not to allow the faculty of reason to question the truth of the theological doctrines their teachers strove to inculcate; although hundreds of ponderous folios arrayed in their libraries recorded the fierce schisms that had divided the church, each writer condemning the dogmas of his adversary as damnable heresies. Thus buffeted between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, between Optimism and Pessimism, the student ran a fair chance of being a bigot, a hypocrite, or an infidel. He might have been compared to a traveller, who, on arriving in a strange town and threading intricate streets to find his inn, was directed in twenty different directions by every person he met with, and from whom he asked his way.

In this intellectual wilderness there arose from time to time, master spirits, few and far between, like palm trees in a desert; still they served as landmarks for exhausted wanderers, rendered dizzy by a deceptive *mirage;* but the seeds of these solitary trees were scattered far and near, and in time they brought forth a nursery of intellectual exotics—for such they might have been called, so strange and novel were the blossoms and the fruit they bore.

The influence of literature in forwarding civilization amongst the classes that could or would read, soon gave an ascendancy to intellectual superiority. It is true, the literature always partook of the character of the times, and fluctuated, both in matter and in style, with the condition of society, each epoch bearing a peculiar stamp; but it was chiefly philosophic and historic works that formed the rising generation. For notwithstanding the absolute necessity of studying history, its investigation will produce much more evil than works of fiction. In works of imagination we generally see virtue rewarded, and vice and crime punished, in the catastrophe of the story. In history, on the contrary, we mostly find that ruthless ambition and crime will prosper and flourish, while virtue has only the reward of an irreproachable conscience for its consolation. The blood-thirsty despot ascends the throne; the victim of tyranny mounts the scaffold. It was this reflection which led Cotta the Academic to urge as an argument against the existence of a

Providence, the death of Marius, who expired tranquilly in his bed, at a good old age. History, moreover, more especially when traced by contemporary writers, is always of doubtful veracity—opprobrium and praise being lavished according to the opinions of the narrator, who views all that passes around him through a deceptive medium. On this subject, Madame De Staël has made the following sagacious remarks: "To form an estimate of the springs of human actions, even when crimes appear to flourish in the ratio of their recklessness, it is necessary to generalize our ideas—to reflect deeply upon abstractions—to emancipate ourselves, if it be possible, from the empire of our impressions. Therefore is it, that contemporaries can rarely be considered impartial recorders of the events of their times, when the warmth of feeling and of passion leads them to view the evil actions of others through the medium of prejudice and interest, which magnifies or reduces according to the state of our moral vision; and during periods of great excitement, and its concomitant excesses, it is scarcely possible that the hopes of the future can be reconciled with our execration of the past."*

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* The fallacies of history have been the subject of many interesting researches. Dr. Warburton expresses himself in a very quaint manner on the absurdities of historians. After having extolled Raleigh and Hyde, as writers of true historic genius, he adds, "Almost all the rest of our historians want life, soul, shape, and body; a mere hodgepodge of abortive embryos and rotten carcases, kept in an unnatural ferment,

This march of intellect, the result of the deep study of philosophy and history, slow as it might have been, could not be checked; on the contrary, every thing seemed to forward its progress. States and churches were divided against themselves; the thrones of ancient dynasties, and the altars of antique creeds, were crumbling from their corruption. Every institution was degenerating, and lavish expenditure had brought penury to the palace gates. I have already observed, that the intellectual power of a country rarely corresponded with its social improvement. This was proved in the great events to which I allude. The brightness of intellect only brought into a more vivid light, and sharp relief, the miserable condition of the people, and the absence of every element that could forward social improvement. To use a metaphoric figure, one might say, that the galaxy of an intellectual constellation suddenly shone upon surrounding darkness; and, in a few short years, under

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which the vulgar mistake for real life." Let us see what historians themselves admit in the prosecution of the subject. Cicero, in his letters to Lucceius, begs of him, when urging him to become his historian, 'that if he did not think the facts themselves worth the pain of admiring, he would yet allow so much to friendship and to affection, and even to that favour he had so laudably disclaimed in his preface, as *not to confine himself scrupulously to the strict laws of history or the rules of truth.*' Voltaire thus writes to M. Damilaville, "Nous étions convenus, malgrè les loix de l'histoire, de supprimer des vérités. Parcourez ce manuscrit, et si vous y trouvez quelques *vérités qu'il faille encore immoler*, ayez la bonté de n'en avertir.' Thus Mézérai offered Colerbert to pass the sponge over any part of his history that did not suit him.

the mighty power of philosophy, antiquated institutions were levelled to the ground.*

The power that thus destroyed, did not, unfortunately, possess the means of reconstruction: the most fierce passions were let loose; and man, emancipated from a long bondage, not only cast off the shackles of tyranny, but, in his headlong career to destruction, could not be restrained by the influence of reason, common sense, or humanity. The annals of the French Revolution have sadly illustrated these facts; its effects are still felt, and there is every reason to fear that the volcanic eruption will burst forth in many other quarters.

Here let us pause. We have taken a retrospective view of the gradual progress of civilization, and the gradual modifications to which human passions have been submitted during its development: we have seen man in his rude condition, impelled by the instinctive appetites of his organization; his principles of action were neither complex nor refined; he was fierce and cruel to his enemies, but without calculation, premeditation, or ultimate ambitious views, beyond the gratification of his actual desires. Like all other animals, he might have been influenced by fear, anger, jealousy, envy, vengeance; but he was a stranger to ambition, to love, to pride, to vanity, to slander, to libertinism, to avarice, to fanaticism or hypocrisy; he knew nothing of treasons, conspiracies, assassination, defamation, of the bravo's dagger, or the poisoned beverage—in short, of all those acquired passions that arise from our intercourse with mankind, and our relative position in the community. True, if he had not the vices of civilization, he did not display its many virtues: he knew nothing of benevolence, charity, and those social ties which endear us to life even under affliction and incurable sufferings. I shall not add the comfort and solace of religion; for there are, unfortunately, many individuals who move in the most polished sphere of high civilization, who are involved in as profound a darkness as a being in his natural condition—who have beheld the light, and turned from it. While following the advance of civilization, we have also seen that it has only tended to refine our passions, and render them more injurious to society, in a general point of view, than the individual outbreaks of the savage:—for the savage cannot frame any vicious institutions; he cannot wage extensive warfare, conquer kingdoms, and overthrow mighty powers. In his forests and his caverns, there is no probability that some few fortunate families will enjoy all the fruits of the earth, while others are in need of the absolute necessaries of life. It is no doubt evident that the laws of the creation seem to have ordained that a certain proportion of evil, and a certain prevalence of guilt, shall exist; but the history of the world also shews that civilization has meliorated the condition of many classes—improved the social position, both of families, and, to a certain extent, of nations,—at least, when compared to what they once had been. Were the horticulturist to exhibit a plantation in which, although reared in the same soil, and under the same atmospheric influence, certain trees and flowers had attained the greatest perfection, yielded the most delicious fruits, and borne the most fragrant blossoms, while near the favoured spot arose other trees of the same nature, stunted in their growth, withered in their produce, and running wild in their ramifications, unpruned and untended, while around them some miserable flowers raised their sickly heads, would not the traveller ask the gardener, what could have caused this strange difference in the appearance of this anomalous vegetation? and unless he could shew that there are plants that no cultivation can improve, and no care protect from natural self-destruction, canker, or devouring insects, would not the traveller consider that this gardener was either shamefully ignorant, or unaccountably indolent? May not the same question be put to those, who, possessing an influential power on the social condition of mankind, yet allow a similar discrepancy in every walk of life? We have seen that there are many individuals whose organization, whose temperaments may, like certain plants, render all culture useless. Trees yielding noxious fruits that no graft can meliorate; shrubs bearing poisonous blossoms and berries, and rank weeds that must be extirpated to procure valuable productions; but unless a culture, more or less equal, has been applied to every sapling susceptible of repaying the labourer's toil; unless the drooping stem has been propped, and the thirsty flower received its share of water, the bareness of the blighted spot will be attributed to man. The progress of individual intellect, the labours of science, the accumulation of wealth, the refinement of enjoyments, may modify the passions of the more favoured classes; but civilization will never exert its benefits on the community at large, unless social improvement keeps pace with the advance of the mental faculties. Let the philosopher and the philanthropist cast his eyes on the face of the globe —wherever he beholds accumulation of wealth, and

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* Ten years ushered into the world the works of Montesquieu, Raynal, Rousseau, Voltaire, Condillac, Helvetius, and many others of the same school, shedding a fearful gloom on the past, the present, and the future. The following are the dates of their most important productions:—

Condillac.—Essai sur l'Origine des Connaissances Humaines. 1746.
———— Traité des Sensations. 1754.
Montesquieu.—Esprit des Loix. 1750.
———— Défense de l'Esprit des Loix. 1750.
Rousseau.—Discours sur l'Influence des Sciences et des Lettres. 1750.
———— Discours sur l'Inégalité des Conditions. 1754.
Voltaire.—Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations. 1757.
Helvetius.—De l'Esprit. 1758.

And soon D'Alembert, Diderot, Holbach, Mirabeau, and all the contributors to the Encyclopædia, assisted in convulsing society to its very foundation.

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* Kant has thus expressed himself on this subject: "The brutal vices of men do not authorize us to attribute to these vices inherent roots in the human species, any more than the stunted (unanschzlich) appearance of certain trees in a forest, should be a reason to refer it to a certain *species* of plants."—Morale, B. ii. Sect. 2.

an intensity of poverty—a display of many virtuous qualities, and a disgusting exhibition of the most degrading vices—he may come to the conclusion, that the elements of social melioration have not been diffused in a manner likely to benefit the masses. The broad current of civilization rolls like a Pactolus at the feet of thousands who cannot, who *dare not*, dip their humble cup in its waters, that are only destined to irrigate and fertilize some favoured spots.

Further reflection on this fearful subject would be foreign to the nature of this inquiry. Some fanciful philosophers assert that we are in a state of transition—a progress towards the transmutation of our species into more perfect beings. This may be ; but, alas! a transmutation of property is a much more probable event, although the present generation may not be doomed to witness the convulsion:

> "They said they were an-hungry—sighed forth proverbs,
> That hunger broke stone walls ; that dogs must eat ;
> That meat was made for mouths ; that the Gods sent not
> Corn for the rich man only—*with these shreds*
> *They vented their complainings.*"

"*Le passé* est un abîme sans fond, qui engloutit toutes les choses passageres: *l'avenir* est un autre abîme impénétrable. L'un de ces abîmes s'écoule continuellement dans l'autre; *l'avenir* se décharge dans le *passé* en coulant par le *présent*. L'HOMME EST PLACÉ ENTRE CES DEUX ABÎMES!!*

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* Nicole.

PART III.

INSTINCTIVE AND ANIMAL PASSIONS.*

SECTION I.

SELF-LOVE AND EGOTISM.

"La nature de l'amour propre et de ce *Moi* humain est de n'aimer que soi, et de ne considérer que soi." This was the opinion of the intelligent philosopher Pascal. When we consider that the instinctive principles of life are self-preservation, the gratification of all our desires, and the endeavour to avert pain, it must be evident that all these impulses refer to our self-enjoyment, and that self-enjoyment must be more keenly experienced, than we can possibly experience pleasure by witnessing the enjoyment of others, unless they are immediately connected with our own gratification: it follows that *self-love* must be the chief and prevalent principle of action in mankind. All our passions may be traced to this source—the instinctive and animal desire of making ourselves as happy, or at any rate as comfortable, as we can in the world. If others can partake of these comforts without infringing on ours, we are all sufficiently benevolent not to grudge what costs us nothing; on the contrary, it is in general the nature of man to feel some satisfaction in seeing every one around him happy, so long, at least, as he himself is not suffering; for then the pleasure enjoyed by others, I much fear, embitters his privation of similar enjoyments. There are, unfortunately, beings of bilious, and atrabilious temperaments, in whom a predisposition to moroseness and discontent will dash with poison, not only their own enjoyments, but those of their fellow-creatures. Such men are miserable, and scarcely believe that contentment can exist upon the earth. Yet they love themselves; and it is because they cannot enjoy their lives, that they would wish that all the universe were equally wretched; our old poet Thornton has eloquently described this morbid feeling of the malcontent:

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* As I have already stated—Instinctive and Animal Passions are those that emanate from an innate and intuitive impulse, for the *preservation of our species* and the gratification of the three natural appetites—*Hunger*, *Thirst*, and *Sexual Desire;* and under this head we will consider all the passions, however complex they may be, that arise from these four principles.

> " I cannot sleep—my eyes, ill neighbouring lids,
> Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale, sober night,
> Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep;
> Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,
> Unbend'st the feeble veins of sweaty labour;

> The galley-slave, that all the toilsome day
> Tugs at the oar against the stubborn wave,
> Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;
> The stooping scytheman that doth barb the field
> Thou mak'st wink sure. In night all creatures sleep
> Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate
> Repines and quarrels. Alas! he's Goodman tell-clock;
> His sallow jaws sink with a wasting moan;
> Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow's stone!"

This sad condition, I repeat it, arises from temperament; the sanguineous, the lymphatic, rarely suffer under its infliction, as they depend less upon their own exertions, and, either from inclination or necessity, associate themselves in the pursuits of others, upon whom they are more or less dependent for their enjoyments and their wants. Their existence is not so concentrated in self, and exclusive, as that of the bilious and atribilious, who, in their ambitious projects, or their saturnine absorption, think of nothing but themselves, and consider mankind as merely instrumental in the attainment of the object in view.

When we come to consider the nature of man and his relative position in the world, we cannot be surprised at the prevalence of *self-love*, nor are we justified in condemning it in the harsh manner in which it is generally spoken of. It does not require much observation and reflection in man, to convince him that no one can possibly love him better than he loves himself; and as he does not, under ordinary circumstances, feel desirous to sacrifice his own gratification for the gratification of others, he comes to the very natural conclusion that he is merely acting towards others as others would act towards him, a principle which is the foundation of most of our notions in ethics. Although, as I shall shew under the head of Benevolence, there are individuals who, upon the impulse of the moment, will risk their life to save that of a fellow-creature; under the influence of similar generous feelings, we also witness persons who will deprive themselves of many comforts to adminster to the wants of the necessitous; yet, noble as these examples of benevolence and generosity may be, they all may be referred to self-love.

Self-love urges man to obtain power, pleasure, and a good name. He will derive gratification from the possession of any one of these gifts. But the pursuit of these gratifications will produce different sentiments and different passions. The man who seeks to obtain wealth and power, cares but little for what others might call pleasure. On the other hand, the sensualist is indifferent to power or to wealth, except in so far as they may enable him to gratify his desires; and the man who seeks for a good name in society, and a pre-eminence amongst the virtuous and the good, will sacrifice wealth, power, and pleasure in its attainment. The one will feel a sense of superiority in beholding a field of battle covered with his dead enemies—another, in presiding at a festive board—and a third, in dispensing relief and administering comfort in the cottages of the poor and in hospitals. All these individuals experience gratification and pleasure, although of a different nature. One person will feel more delight in confining himself to a humble fare, to enable him to feed the hungry; while another does not bestow a troublesome thought on the sufferings of the needy, if his table is spread with all the extravagant rarities of the season.

Psychologists have endeavoured to draw a distinct line between *self-love* and *selfishness*. No doubt there does exist a certain difference between these propensities. The idea of selfishness involves avarice; it denotes a disposition that seeks to monopolise all the good things of the world, without any regard to the wants of others; it is rarely associated with any benevolent or generous sentiment, and of course deprives the individual whom it rules of many of the most exquisite enjoyments of life. For the egotist, in the full acceptation of the term, is like the miser—his enjoyments are of a narrow, dark, and unhappy nature. In the midst of his riches he feels himself more miserable than the poor man; he is always labouring under the dread of losing his treasure; the poor man, alas! has nothing to lose. Avarice has been well defined as that

> "Cozening vice, although it seems to keep
> Our wealth, debars us from possessing it,
> And makes us more than poor."*

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* May's "Old Couple."

But there is in reality a vast difference between the egotist and the miser; the selfish man will delight in displaying his wealth and his grandeur, especially with those who cannot vie with him in his expenditure. He glories in possession; whether it be in a superior horse, or picture, or house, or wife—they are his property—no one shall take it from him.

We have a striking instance of this selfish disposition in the Greeks. In regard to their women, they were jealous of them in the extreme. Their laws against adultery were most severe; yet they borrowed each other's wives. Socrates lent his wife Xantippe to Alcibiades (one would not have been surprised if he had *given* her to get rid of her, but he *lent* her). Plutarch informs us that Lycurgus thought the best expedient against jealousy was to allow men the freedom of lending their wives to whom they should think fit; yet this obliging loan was not considered an adulterous intercourse. Far from it: for Plutarch also informs us, that when Geradas, a Spartan, was asked by a stranger what punishment was inflicted on adultery, he replied, that the offender was obliged to pay to the plaintiff a bull, with a neck so long that he might reach over Mount Taygetus, and drink of the river Eurotas that flowed on the other side. The stranger, surprised at this, observed, "Why, it is impossible to find such a bull!" When Geradas replied: "It is just as possible to find an adulterer in Sparta." Here we merely see an illustration of the axiom, "A man has a right to do what he likes with his own."

The essential difference that exists between *self-love* and *selfishness* is, that self-love may inspire the most benevolent and generous disposition, while selfishness is incapable of entertaining any sentiment that does not directly refer to personal gratification. Notwithstanding this distinction, self-love will compel men to the gratification of the most inordinate passions; and it has, therefore, been considered as the origin of most, if not all, of our evil passions. Dr. Barrow thus expresses himself on this subject: "If we scan the particular nature, and search into the original causes of the several kinds of naughty dispositions in our souls, and of miscarriage in our lives, we shall find inordinate self-love to be a main ingredient and a common source of them all; so that a divine of great name had some reason to affirm that *original sin* doth consist in self-love, disposing us to all kinds of irregularity and excess;" and the learned divine refers to the opinion of Zwinglius, who expressly called self-love the original, or radical sin, in our nature: "Est ergo ista ad peccandum amore sui propensio peccatum originale."

Dugald Stewart, from whom I borrowed the above quotation, looks upon *self-love* as the desire of happiness, when he observes—"*Selfishness* denotes a very different disposition, the word selfishness being always used in an unfavourable sense; whereas self-love, or the desire of happiness, is inseparable from our nature as rational and sensitive beings."

I much fear that this postulate may be answered by the common French saying, "Chacun prend son plaisir ou il le trouve." As I have already observed, happiness is an enjoyment beyond the attainment of mankind—at least pure, and unalloyed with care—as it must be, to answer the usual acceptation of the word. The acquisitions of the ambitious would make a quiet and indolent phlegmatic creature the most miserable of mankind. The man of science would feel disgust at the frivolity of the man of fashion; who would, in turn, fall asleep in the library of the most learned.

A *selfish* man, no doubt, may be vain; but vanity is inseparable from *self-love.* In a former section I touched upon the subject of patriotism and nationality; and these are sentiments especially associated with self-love and its concomitant vanity. A man is not proud of belonging to France or to England; but he feels pride in being a Frenchman or an Englishman: it is true that the glory of his country is reflected upon him, but he also considers that his country owes its glory to the exertions of himself and his fellow-citizens or soldiers. When the old Greek pilot, in passing before Tenedos, pointed at the roadstead, where *their* fleet had lain, alluding to the Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy, his silly pride was inspired by the reflection that he was a descendant of one of those Grecian heroes. There is not a drum-boy in the French army who does not stand on tiptoe, and fancy himself as tall as the tallest grenadier, when he exclaims, "*Je suis Français.*"

That patriotism alone, or nationality, kindles that pure feeling in the soldier's breast, is a doubtful assumption. A triumphant mercenary experiences as much pride in the hour of victory, as the most vain-glorious Roman, or a Grecian patriot. The feeling of superiority is individual, and does not strictly appertain to the country. Let "Swiss meet Swiss," although the victor has overthrown his kinsman, possibly his near relation, for mere subsistence, he feels as great a satisfaction in his personal prowess, and the reputation of valour to which it may entitle him, as a Spartan could have experienced at the Thermopylæ. Were not this the case, should we calmly witness such deeds of intrepidity in contests, as foreign to the soldier engaged in them as the stranger he is seeking to destroy?

In regard to what is called nationality, where was the nationality of the northern barbarians who overran Europe? These rugged warriors sought for nothing more than individual independence, and an improved position in life. What, after all, is the most prominent feature in the character of mankind, whose chief aim is to obtain personal superiority? As to nationality, it may appear singular, but nevertheless it is an averred fact, that the inhabitants of a highly civilized country appear to be less attached to their native land than the savage or the rude mountaineer. The increase of comfort and social enjoyments renders man more selfish. An Englishman, a Frenchman, more especially a Londoner or a Parisian, when in voluntary exile, will soon get reconciled to expatriation—very probably because he can enjoy abroad certain luxuries, and a relative position in society, which he could not have expected or commanded at home. Pride and vanity come to his aid. The rage of emigration which yearly bears from our shores thousands of wanderers, scattered and domesticated all over the continent of Europe, some of them in wretched villages, others in uncomfortable towns and dwellings, must lead us to infer that they cannot regret their household gods with much anxiety. But let us take a savage from the South Seas—a wild Indian—a Laplander—he may no doubt enjoy, even for some years, the luxuries, and be gratified with the attraction of civilized cities, yet will he sigh for his native country, his island, his forests, or his ice-bound hut; various circumnavigators have brought insulars from the Pacific to Europe, still, on their return to their long lost shore, they have cast away the cumbersome garments of civilization, and rushed into the embrace of their native brethren. When Bougainville brought to Paris a native of Otaheite, the moment he beheld the bread fruit tree in the *Jardin des Plantes* he flew to greet an old acquaintance, and bathed it with his tears. The Portuguese *fidalgo* will become reconciled to Paris, or London, or Vienna; but the Portuguese peasant will pine for his wretched cottage, his *bacalhao*,* his *feijâos*,† his vines, and his olive trees.

Ireland and Scotland for centuries have supplied mercenaries to several states of Europe—they all became naturalized in the land of their adoption—were what the French calls *dénationalisés;* but I much doubt whether a wandering Arab, or an Esquimaux, would willingly become the slave of conventional life—that a child of nature would cheerfully bend under the iron yoke of proprietism and restraint, and bid an eternal adieu to his wild deserts and the frozen region of his childhood. Dryden has truly said:—

> "Oh! give me liberty,
> For, were even a paradise itself my prison,
> Still I should long to leap the crystal walls!"

Dugald Stewart considered *patriotism* an instinctive principle; and indeed the regular and constant return of migrating birds to their nest, more especially the stork, would seem to sanction the assumption. But I cannot agree with this amiable philosopher, when he states, that it is from instinctive patriotism that "the individual feels his importance as an active member of the state; and the consciousness of what he is able to do for its prosperity contributes principally to promote his patriotic exertions." I am apt to believe that most people are disposed to join Louis XIV. when he said, "*La France c'est moi*," and exclaim, "*L'étât c'est nous!*" The visit of the tax gatherer is the principal occasion of their bestowing much reflection on the state. The letters of Atticus to Cicero, in which he laments the indifference of the Romans to state affairs, which he attributed to the prevalence of the Epicurean doctrines, might be applicable to the present generation. The high notions that individuals entertain of their superiority, will often constitute their national strength; and Marivaux has truly remarked, "Cette idée altière qu'un peuple aurait de lui même, est une espèce d'arme qui ajouterait à sa force, et qui ferait une partie de la failblesse des autres."

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* Salt fish. † White beans.

I am therefore apt to think, that either good or bad passions may arise both from self-love and from selfishness. Self-love, it is true, implies self-esteem; but the egotist esteems himself for many qualities which he possesses—amongst others, a better knowledge of the world, and, consequently, more wisdom than the benevolent man. When the latter complains of the ingratitude of society, he will observe, with a chuckle of self-satisfaction,—"No one has ever been ungrateful to me: I know mankind too well to be deceived."

As I shall have to recur to self-love and to selfishness very frequently in the course of this work, more especially when touching upon *Love*, *Friendship*, *Benevolence*, *Vanity*, &c., I shall dismiss this inquiry for the present, by quoting a passage from Aristotle, who has, in his Ethics, said as much in behalf of *self-love* as any modern philosopher:—

" Those who represent self-love as a vice, consider it only as it appears in worldlings and voluptuaries, who arrogate to themselves more than their due share of wealth, power, or pleasure. Such things are to the multitude the objects of earnest concern and eager contention, because the multitude regards them as prizes of the highest value; and in endeavouring to attain them, strives to gratify its passion at the expense of its reason. This kind of self-love, which belongs to the contemptible multitude, is doubtless obnoxious to blame; and in this acceptation the word is in general taken. But should a man assume a pre-eminence in exercising justice, temperance, and other virtues, though such a man has really more true self-love than the multitude, yet nobody will impute that affection to him as a crime. Yet he takes to himself the purest and greatest of all good, and these the most acceptable to the ruling principle in his nature, which is properly himself; in the same manner as the sovereignty in every community is that which most properly constitutes the state. He is said, also, to have, or not to have, the command of himself, just as this principle bears sway, or as it is subject to control; and those acts are considered as most voluntary, which proceed from the legislature or sovereign prince. Whoever cherishes and gratifies this ruling part of his nature, is strictly and peculiarly a lover of himself, but in a quite different sense from that in which self-love is regarded as a matter of reproach; for all men approve and praise an affection calculated to produce the greatest private and the greatest public happiness; whereas they disapprove and blame the vulgar kind of self-love, as often hurtful to others, and always noxious to those who indulge it."

In this passage the Stagyrite merely alludes to the most noble and generous impulses of mankind, which the most vicious and depraved must admire; but he has not shewn that those who do not pursue this praiseworthy career, love themselves less than the most irreproachable. On the contrary, I apprehend that those men whose conscience reproaches them with the acts that have forfeited for them public esteem, will love themselves in the very ratio of the loss of the affection of others; and will hum or whistle to themselves in their solitude, the burthen of the jolly miller's song,—

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
For nobody cares for me."

and Rochefoucauldt has truly said, "If no one flatters us, we flatter ourselves."

> "*L'amour propre est le plus grand de tous les flatteurs!*"

and, perhaps, after all, in a worldly point of view,

> "Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting."

and those who are what Cicero denominated— "Sui amantes sine rivali"—are, perhaps, better off, when in self-approbation they smile on their looking-glass, than if they were dependent for their ease of mind on the perfidious smiles of mankind, for—

> "Some that smile have in their hearts, I fear
> Millions of mischief."*

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* Shakspere.

SECTION II.

FEAR.

For the purpose of self-preservation, all living beings are endowed with a sense of apprehension, more or less acute according to their organization, to guard against any destructive or injurious agency. It may, therefore, be considered an instinctive passion of mankind, and uncontrollable by volition, and under most circumstances by reason.

It is an emotion, however, that admits of many modifications, both as regards the degree of intensity and the nature of the apprehension. Therefore, under the head of *fear*, we must consider *terror*, *fright*, *timidity*, *suspicion*, and even *prudence* and *circumspection*, which all act upon the system in a similar manner, but only vary in their degree and their relative nature.

Fear is perhaps more essential to our species than to the brute creature, for we are not possessed of the same facility of avoiding danger by rapid flight, or of concealing ourselves by what may be called instinctive stratagems : and it has been remarked, that the most timid animals are the fleetest; yet, notwithstanding their timid nature, a certain degree of courage may also be looked upon as an instinctive and conservative impulse, when it is called forth by natural appetites and wants. Hunger will render some gentle animals ferocious, who will again become timid when their necessities are satisfied; the defence of their young is also the source of desperate resistance, and the most tranquil of the ruminating species will display fierceness during periods of excitement.

When we are not *frightened* or *terrified* by any sudden and unexpected cause of fear, curiosity will lead us to investigate the nature of all that surrounds it, and, by association of ideas, lead us to judge between what may be beneficial and injurious. A young child will be brought by experience to avoid fire and hot water; and as our intellectual faculties are developed, our reason and our judgment will lead us to avoid what we think we have cause to apprehend. The evidence of our sensations and perceptions is not always a certain guide to this knowledge. Many of our apprehensions are imaginary, and arise from a defective or a morbid association of ideas; these erroneous impressions are frequently the result of early education and acquired habit. A child will feel more secure in the light, when he can distinguish surrounding objects, and avoid stumbling over them and harming himself, than in darkness, when his fears are instinctive, since he cannot see to avoid danger; and as occult peril is always attended with greater dread than one that is visible, he hopes that he may be able to escape from the latter, but the former is associated with mystery, and, moreover, magnified by doubt and fear. This apprehension of unknown dangers is kept up in childhood by our nurses and attendants, who seek to tranquillize children by holding out threats of supernatural agencies; and this foundation of fear, strange to say, will usually prove of a most lasting nature. There are men possessed of the utmost courage, who do not feel comfortable in obscurity, are uncertain and hesitating in their steps, and occasionally looking behind them, they know not why. Our poet Lee has admirably expressed these unaccountable terrors in darkness, and the dread of imaginary evils:

> "When the sun sets, shadows that shew'd at noon
> But small, appear more long and terrible;
> So when we think Fate hovers o'er our heads,
> Our apprehension shoots beyond all bounds;
> Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of Death;
> Nature's worst vermin scare her godly sons;
> Echoes, the very leaving of a voice,
> Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.
> Each mole-hill thought, swells to a huge Olympus,
> While we, fantastic dreamers, heave and puff,
> And sweat with an imagination's weight."

All the efforts of reason are unable to control the fearful, yet groundless, visions that will sometimes haunt the bravest and the boldest; although it is true, that in many instances of the kind, a reproachful conscience is at work. Murat, a man whose desperate courage as a soldier was proverbial, after the massacre of Madrid, for a long while feared that his couch was surrounded by vindictive Spaniards, brandishing their daggers, and threatening his life. Under this impression, he would rush from his bed, and loudly call for his guards to protect him.

The effect of fear upon the system proves its uncontrollable influence. The celebrated Marshal Luxembourg was always affected with a bowel complaint during a battle. This circumstance, which is by no means uncommon, has led physiologists to consider it as the result of a relaxation of the sphincters; but this opinion has been contradicted, and the affection of the digestive organs is attributed to an alteration in their secretion, that assume a morbid, stimulating, and an acrid nature, thereby occasioning great local irritation. It is well known that under the inflence of terror and anger, the secretions of various animals assume a most venomous character; and this is daily observed in the scratch of a cat, when inflicted in play or in anger. In these cases the malevolent nature of the animal, who then labours under both fear and passion, seems to be inoculated in the wound, illustrating the lines of Virgil, when alluding to the bee:

> "Animasque in vulnere ponunt."

A very singular case of this alteration in the secretions, on a sudden moral impression, fell under my care: it was that of a young lady of remarkable beauty; but, unfortunately, the secretion from the axillary glands was so offensive, that she was unable to go into society with any degree of comfort. This affection was sudden, and arose when she was about fourteen years of age, when she was in India, and witnessed the murder of her father and her brother by some mutinous Sepoys.

The appearance of an individual under the impression of terror, is a convincing proof that the whole organization is affected: the countenance pale, haggard, and aghast—the mouth half open —the lips livid and quivering—the nostrils constricted—the eyes starting from their sockets—the brows elevated and contracted—the muscular power of the lower extremities paralyzed, and the knees trembling; when, to use an expression of Homer, "the soul seems to have fled into the legs." During this state of general disturbance, the blood flows from the circumference to the centre of the system—a chill pervades the whole surface—the pulse is intermittent—the breathing short, hurried, and irregular—the skin damp with anxiety, and the hair standing on end.

Dryden has powerfully described this commotion of the frame:—

> "I feel my sinews slacken'd with the fright,
> And a cold sweat thrills down all o'er my limbs,
> As if I was dissolving into water.

> My blood ran back,
> My shaking knees against each other knocked."

Sudden terror has brought on various diseases,—insanity, catalepsy, apoplexy, even hydrophobia. The hair has turned grey, and white, in the space of an incredibly short time. The following curious case of this nature has been recorded :—' The peasants of Sardinia are in the constant habit of hunting eagles and vultures, both for profit, and as an amusement. In the year 1839, three young men (brethren) living near San Giovani de Domas Novas, having espied an eagle's nest in the bottom of a steep precipice; they drew lots to decide which of them should descend to take it away. The danger did not arise so much from the depth of the precipice—upwards of a hundred feet—but the apprehension of the numerous birds of prey that inhabited the cavern. However, the lot fell on one of the brothers, a young man of about two-and-twenty, of athletic form, and of a dauntless spirit. He belted a knotted rope round his waist, by which his brothers could lower or raise him at will ; and, armed with a sharpened infantry sabre, he boldly descended the rock, and reached the nest in safety. It contained four eaglets of that peculiar bright plumage called the light Isabella. The difficulty now arose in bearing away the nest. He gave a signal to his brethren, and they began to haul him up, when he was fiercely attacked by two powerful eagles, the parents of the young birds he had captured. The onset was most furious, they darkened the cavern by the flapping of their broad wings, and it was not without much difficulty that he kept them off with his sword; when, on a sudden, the rope that suspended him swung round, and on looking up he perceived that he had partly severed it with his sabre. At this fearful sight he was struck with such a sudden terror, that he was unable to urge his companions to hasten to his delivery, although he still kept his fierce antagonists at bay. His brothers continuing to haul him up, while their friendly voices endeavoured to encourage him, he soon reached the summit of the rock; but although he continued to grasp the eagle's nest, he was speechless, and his hair, which had before been of a jet black colour, was now as white as snow.

Certain temperaments are more susceptible of fear than others. The bold sanguineous, the ambitious bilious, are not so subject to its influence, as the atrabilious and nervous; and the state of the digestive faculties operates materially in rendering us more or less liable to experience its power. Napoleon was wont to observe, that he had his courageous days. Cæsar made the same admission; and although his courage could not be doubted, he rarely ascended his chariot without hesitation, fearing that he might be overturned by an imprudent conductor. Every man who has been in the field of battle, will confess, that when he was not in a good state of health, or fatigued by any excesses or fagging duties, his state of mind varied; and the soldier who will calmly see his comrades falling, and hear the shot and shell whistling and moaning around him, without any mental disturbance, will, on other occasions, mechanically *duck* his head at the whizzing of a musket-ball. History recounts many instances of a panic seizing a whole army: and this was fully illustrated in the "*sauve qui peut*" of Waterloo.*

Notwithstanding the potency of fear, it is in many instances under our own control, more especially when we are not alone, and the example of others inspires us with sufficient fortitude to overcome our terror. Under such circumstances, cowards have been known to display the most undaunted courage, hurried on by an impulse that blinded them to the dangers to which they were exposed. A reaction of the whole system then takes place; the countenance, instead of being pale and shrunk, now becomes flushed; the eyes are turgid; the blood, instead of being concentrated in the central organs, is now thrown in a full stream upon the brain; the mind is excited; even the vision is troubled, and the most timid is propelled forward by an unknown impetus. The following case is a striking illustration of this reaction:—Lieutenant W—— was at the storming of *Morne Fortunée*, in the West Indies; his behaviour on that occasion excited general admiration. He was the first to ascend the breach, and plant the King's colour on the captured redoubt. His gallantry was recorded in the orderly book, and he was recommended for immediate promotion. Strange to say, the following morning he waited on his comanding officer, then Lieut.-Colonel V—d—r, and requested leave of absence to return to Ireland, his native country, and to resign his commission in favour of a younger brother, who was desirous of entering the service. The colonel, surprised at this extraordinary request on the part of a young officer with such bright prospects before him, very naturally asked him what motive induced him to make so singular a proposal; when the young man frankly told him, that when the troops were moving forward for the attack, and the enemy's fire had opened upon them, he felt a strong—almost an insurmountable—disposition to fall out, and he believed that nothing but the rapidity of the advance, and the shouts of the men, prevented him from disgracing himself; but after a short time, he added, his brain was on fire, he knew not what he did, nor where he was, and he found himself on the summit of the breach with the colours in his hand, he knew not how; but he added, not without some hesitation, that he felt that the profession of arms was not his vocation, and fearing that at some future period he might not have sufficient moral courage to overcome his fear, he was desirous to leave the service with honour while it was still in his power.

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* The confusion in that flight must have been beyond conception; for in collecting the wounded French on the following morning, I found men of numerous regiments and various arms lying near each other, and who must have belonged to different divisions and brigades, all amalgamated in the rout.

In this instance we have a strong illustration of the influence of a revulsive passion; the feelings of pride, honour, vanity, being called forth to support the individual in the probation; example, imitation, moreover, were brought into action. Had this young officer been alone, there cannot be the least doubt that he would have fled from danger. The stimulus of collateral excitement—if I may so call it—has always been resorted to to keep up the courage of troops. Drums, trumpets, music, lead them on, and the conversation of his more experienced comrades emulates the young soldier. There is no army in Europe, however, where those artificial means of exciting courage are less resorted to than in ours. The musicians, the drummers, with the exception of the very few that are required with their companies, are all with the surgeon of the regiment to render him assistance. Moreover, our troops observe a dead and solemn silence in their ranks. The animal courage of the British soldier needs no excitement.

A French colonel of cuirassiers once told me that he was surprised that we did not attack their troops while they were in their sleep, as upon awaking they would not be excited by the conversation and bragging stories of the *vieilles moustaches*, and would, therefore, be routed with much more facility. Our soldiers would fight just as well awakened out of a sound sleep.

Still, although fear may be overcome by reflection and moral exertion, its invasion is uncontrollable. It is the instinctive warning of approaching danger, and therefore did the ancients consider *fear* and *terror* as the offspring of Mars and Venus. Since the preservation of life is an innate principle, the apprehension of death must be equally intuitive. There are temperaments in which the mind rarely dwells upon the gloomy subject ; frequent exposure to its shafts; the turbulency of a reckless life; the enjoyment of sensual pleasures, that scarcely give the voluptuary time to think of the sad destiny that generally awaits him, are all revulsive principles that divert the thoughts from this contemplation. On the other hand, there are hypochondriacs and nervous people whose existence is rendered intolerable from the constant dread of death, although their life is so miserable that they sometimes wish that their sufferings were over, and are ready to exclaim,

> " I wish to die, yet dare not death endure ;
> Detest the med'cine, yet desire the cure.
> Oh ! had I courage but to meet my fate ;
> The short, dark passage to a forlorn state !
> That melancholy riddle of a breath ;
> That *something* or that *nothing* after death."

The sight of a funeral, the tolling of the passing bell, will sink certain individuals in a deep gloom, and strike with terror those who are constantly dwelling on their last moments, a prey to hope and fear, when dreading that awful

"Plunge opaque
Beyond conjecture! feeble natures dread,
Strong reasons shudder, at the dark unknown." *

Although this close of all the busy scenes of life defies all mortal speculation and foresight, the natural dread it inspires may lead many persons to speculate on its probable visitation, and hesitate in their resolves accordingly. This state of hesitation has been admirably described by Dryden in the following lines:—

"As some faint pilgrim, standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er,
And then his Inn upon the further ground,
Loth to wade through, and lother to go round;
Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is—and sighing, pulls it back:
Sometimes resolved to fetch his leap—and then
Runs to the bank—but then stops short again."†

There has been observed a strange sort of fellowship in our fear of death, and men have met it boldly when in company with other sufferers, so powerful is the effect of example. How nobly did

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* Young.

† This state of hesitation and suspense will for a time arrest volition. Thus we see a dog, uncertain as to the road he will take to find his master, keeping one of his paws raised up until he has come to a determination.

Madame Roland (the dear friend of my boyhood!) encourage her companion to the scaffold, when she sought to raise the drooping exhaustion of her fellow martyr—"*mon ami, je vais vous apprendre à mourir!*" Strange to say, however, and yet it is unfortunately a melancholy truth, men have displayed a singular and barbarous egotism in their last moments; and during the French Revolution some of the unfortunate victims of the times have been known to become reconciled to their fate when accompanied by a fellow-prisoner; but when an unexpected reprieve has arrived, and their companions have been restored to life and liberty, they not only have expressed feelings of disgusting disappointment, but have complained bitterly, nay, furiously, of the hardship of their destiny.*

Happy for the character of mankind, different feelings have prevailed under these cruel circumstances, and on several occasions men have been known to sacrifice themselves for others who had more binding ties to life. This was the case of the young St. Amand, who, when the fatal roll was called to attend the bloody *Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, answered for his married brother!

There can be no doubt that the instinctive fear of death may in many cases be overruled by a morbid train of philosophic reasoning. Suicide affords most striking proofs of this fact. To many men life is an irksome burthen, and they have sought death not only with stoic indifference, but as a desirable closing of the scenes of existence. In Paris a society was formed, of a certain number of young men, who every year cast lots to decide which of them should die, and the fatal deed was preceded by a merry festival. Two young authors asphyxiated themselves with charcoal, because their play did not succeed according to their expectations; and they left as a reason of their motives, that the times were not fitted to their genius. A volume might be filled with anecdotes of this nature, to shew what little value is placed upon existence under various circumstances and morbid impressions.* Religious feeling no doubt might check these desperate and impious resolves, but we have seen that religion itself has prompted enthusiasts to court their martyrdom.

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* Dumas has admirably illustratred this fact in his late interesting story of "Monte Christo," where the two murderers are led to execution at Rome.

Fear is not only an essential instinctive feeling for the protection of the individual, but it is also a powerful agent in the preservation of social order, and respect to the laws. For there is no doubt that the apprehension of punishment both here and hereafter, and the desire to possess a good name, materially influences the conduct of mankind; and one of the chief safeguards of society may be said to arise from the fear of *tongues* in this world, and of *tongs* in the next.

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* There exists a curious order of the day of Napoleon, issued after two grenadiers of the guard had committed suicide :—

22 *Floréal, An. X.*

" Le grenadier Gaubain, s'est suicidé par des raison d'amour : c'était d'ailleurs un très bon sujet. C'est le second évênement qui arrive au corps depuis un mois. Le Premier Consul ordonne qu'il soit mis à l'ordre de la garde—

" Qu'un soldat doit savoir vaincre la douleur et la mélancholie des passions ; qu'il y a autant de vrai courage à souffrir avec constance les passions de l'âme qu'à rester fixe sous la mitraille d'une batterie.

" S'abandonner au chagrin sans résister, se tuer pour s'y soustraire c'est abandonner le champ de bataille avant d'avoir vaincu."

The dread of detection and subsequent chastisement, have not unfrequently led to the very discovery of crimes that over-caution endeavoured to conceal; the very means resorted to, to secure this concealment, have often occasioned the detection—more especially in murder, where the traces of blood, the dismemberment of the head and body, precautionary measures taken under the influence of terror, have enabled the officers of justice to trace the assassin, who might perhaps have escaped the grasp of the law, had he boldly struck his victim, and left it where it fell. Hence it has been observed that—

> "Foul deeds will rise,
> Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes;
> And murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
> With most mirac'lous organ."

The same feeling of apprehension has led to the discovery of many a well-planned conspiracy, when necessity compelled the parties to admit several confederates in their confidence, who betrayed their accomplices to secure themselves. Hence the expediency described by Addison, of not giving conspirators time to think:

> "What anxious moments pass between
> The birth of plots and their last fatal periods,
> Fill'd up with horror, and big with death;
> Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
> Than executed."

Thus does fear become one of the most powerful engines of a state. There are many cowards who actually fancy themselves courageous until they are brought into the presence of danger; while there are many brave men who would calmly face the cannon's mouth, but who would shudder at the thought of the headsman's axe or the tree.

Fear thus becomes the safeguard of individuals and of kingdoms, while terror is the Ægis of fanaticism and tyranny.

One of the most distressing modifications of fear is *suspicion*. *Prudence*, no doubt, requires *caution* and *circumspection*, but a suspicious person makes himself miserable on all occasions. Mutual confidence constitutes one of the most necessary elements of peace and tranquillity; and as suspicion rarely discriminates, it deprives its victim of most of the comforts of life;

> "Suspicion is a heavy armour, and
> With its own weight impedes more than it protects."*

"Suspicion justifies roguery," says an old proverb; and this is daily experienced amongst domestics, who consider it a point of honour to deceive a suspicious master. But although suspicion may prove a domestic curse, in a political point of view it is sometimes most expedient, although unfounded. A watchful guardian of the public interest may occasionally bark a false alarm, yet he is warning the evil doer that he is at his trusty post; the intrigues of diplomacy and of party spirit need a vigilant look out.

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* Byron.

> "Mischiefs are like the cockatrice's eye:
> If they see first, they kill—if seen, they die."*

Dryden has well pointed out the necessity of such suspicions:

> "Thy reasons were too strong,
> And driv'n too near the head, to be but artifice,
> And, *after all*, I know thou art a statesman,
> Where truth is rarely found."

In ancient mythology, Prudence was represented with two faces, one directed to the past, the other contemplating futurity; and her dictates were supposed to neutralize fatality. Therefore did the ancients also call her "the Helm of the Soul." The wise designs of Providence seem to have bestowed upon the feeble a greater share of this invaluable endowment, to enable them to resist, or at any rate to guard against an inequality of power, that might prove injurious. In the apprenticeship of life, the deformed appear to have obtained an intellectual mastery in their future conduct; and Æsop has been described as a hunchback.

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* Suckling.

Yet will this faculty, for I cannot well consider it a passion, shed around those who possess it a repulsive coldness. Ever calculating on the hope of security, or the apprehension of a doubtful success, they lack that frankness, that open expansion, which sheds such a delightful amenity on social intercourse. The cordial salutation, they look upon as hypocritical professions, while all their actions are scrupulously weighed in the scale of reflection; they will avoid familiarity as dangerous, and confine themselves, as well as their conduct, and even their measured language, within the bounds of a safe discretion. In fine, there is scarcely a pleasure in life which they venture to indulge in, without its being dashed by a forethought of painful results—which, when they do occur, have at least the advantage of having been most fully anticipated.

But, alas! what are the dictates of prudence in the guidance of human conduct. La Rochefoucauldt has truly said,—

" Il n'y a point d'éloges qu'on ne donne à la prudence; cependant, quelque grande qu'elle soit, elle ne saurait vous assurer du moindre evénement, parcequ'elle s'exerce sur l'homme, qui est le sujet du monde le plus changeant."

SECTION III.

ANGER.

Anger is an instinctive passion observable in all animals. It arises from any interruption of their comfortable state, any disturbance of their mental or physical repose; any circumstance, in short, that can, directly or indirectly, interfere with their enjoyment of life or of pleasure—and in mankind, from any observation or expression that can militate against the good opinion he entertains of himself.

The ancients, in calling this passion *choler*, attributed it to the agitation of the bile, χολή; hence they called it bilious passion,—and no doubt bilious temperaments are more exposed to its influence than any other. The sanguineous, it is true, are susceptible of violent fits of anger, described by Horace as the *ira furor brevis*, but the malevolent, the vindictive anger, is more observable in the bilious and the nervous, for they are more likely to be influenced by nervous excitability.

Anger is uncontrollable by reason, inasmuch as its invasion is generally sudden, and arising from peculiar exciting circumstances. Philosophers may descant very wisely on what they call the *sedatives* of anger. It arises from an intuitive impulse, various in its excitation according to temperament, and bids defiance to every ethical rule that wisdom can seek to inculcate. Paley may submit to the consideration of the irascible "the indecency of extravagant anger—the inconvenience and irretrievable misconduct into which our irascibility has sometimes betrayed us—the friendships it has lost us—the distresses and embarrassments in which we have been involved by it, and the sore repentance which, on account of others, it always costs us." Most unquestionably, if man could enter into all this calm consideration before the invasion of a paroxysm of anger, he might calm himself down to a placid mood. The only cure for anger is the exhaustion of excitability, the collapse, that succeeds it:

> "Anger is like
> A full-hot horse! who being allowed his way,
> Self-mettle tires him."

Seneca has truly said, that "Anger is like rain, which breaks itself upon what it falls." Aristotle looked upon this passion as the desire to retaliate any injury we may have received; and again, Seneca defines it as a violent emotion of the soul, which willingly impels us to seek revenge. There is no doubt that anger produces a fearful sensation of injury, and an ardent desire of revenge. Hatred is a chronic anger, which fosters a spirit of vengeance, that may be considered the crisis of hate.

Anger will vary in its symptoms according to our temperaments. Thus we may observe what is called *red anger*, and *pale anger*. The first is of a violent and explosive nature; it generally affects the sanguineous: the circulation of the blood is accelerated—the breathing is difficult and panting—the features flushed—the swollen veins are visibly enlarged under the integuments—the eyes flash fire and become injected with blood—the lips, contracted, expose the teeth—the voice becomes hoarse—the hearing difficult—foam will occasionally issue from the mouth; in short, the features assume the character of mania, arising evidently from a congestion of blood on the brain; and under the violence of the paroxysm the angry man will know no restraint, and is indeed, for the time being, a maniac, indiscriminate in his fury, and perfectly uncontrollable. Such was the case of Charles VI. of France, who, being violently incensed against the Duke of Bretagne, and burning with a spirit of malice and revenge, could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for many days and nights, and at length became furiously mad; as he was riding on horseback, drawing his sword, and striking promiscuously every one who approached him.

During this paroxysm of anger, the violence of an infuriated man is such that he will break and destroy every thing about him. On this subject Dr. Reid and Dugald Stewart have entertained a singular notion, and fancied that in these outrageous acts the angry man thinks that the inanimate objects that he attacks are alive. The following are his words:—"The disposition which we sometimes feel, when under the influence of instinctive resentment, to wreak our vengeance upon inanimate objects, has suggested to Dr. Reid a very curious query—whether, upon such an occasion, we may have a momentary belief that the object is alive? for my own part, I confess my inclination to answer this question in the affirmative." Now, with all due respect to the opinion of these psychologists, daily experience proves the fallacy of this doctrine; for although such furious persons may break and demolish pots and pans, bottles and glasses, chairs and tables, they rarely expend their fury on bystanders, who would not exactly remain as quiet as crockery or furniture, but have recourse to retaliation with capital and interest. True, such men may beat their wives and their children, but they are more cautious with strangers; and their outrageous conduct I consider as an indication of a cowardly desire to seek revenge, rather than a resentful spirit to avenge wrongs or insults; and these outbreaks are nothing more than a manifestation of power, that mankind is ever proud of possessing and displaying. And I truly must again differ in opinion with the philanthropic Dugald Stewart, when he maintains that a man wishes to punish an offender with his own hands, owing to "a secret wish of convincing our enemy, by the magnanimity of our conduct, how much he had mistaken the object of his hatred." I must confess that I should feel much hesitation in exposing myself to this chance of a benevolent display of magnanimity on the part of an infuriated person.

In these attacks, the brain, the heart, the lungs suffer under congestion, and they will frequently occasion apoplexy, epilepsy, convulsions, paralysis, inflammation of the brain and its membrane; and insanity, hernia, the rupture of a blood-vessel, or aneurism, have often resulted from this fearful paroxysm.

In pale anger, the liver, the digestive organs are more engaged, and jaundice, inflammation of the liver, bilious dejections are frequently ushered in. In this anger, the circulation is languid, the pulse small and irregular, the breathing short and oppressed, a cold perspiration oozes from every pore, the teeth are locked or chattering, the eyes fixed and glassy, the features pale and contracted, a general tremour shakes the whole frame, and the individual sufferer—for such he is—appears overwhelmed by the exaltation of his passion; he can scarcely articulate a word, stammers his execrations, and seems to seek for language sufficiently energetic and bitter to express his wrath; his countenance is so altered by the violence of his emotions, that he is scarcely recognisable. Milton has powerfully described this physiognomic change in the unruly fermentation of the mind:

> "Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face,
> Thrice chang'd with *pale ire*, envy, and despair;
> Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
> Him counterfeit."

What a description of a detected hypocrite! Thomson has also depicted this condition in vivid colours:

> "Senseless and deformed,
> Convulsive Anger storms at large, or *pale*
> And *silent*, settles into fell revenge."

Pale anger is more frequently excited by offended pride and vanity, when any observation tends to diminish our self-conceit and estimation, or affect our influence in society: such is the irritation of the literary man, if he hears his production disparaged; of the soldier, if any doubt appears to be entertained of his valour. "When men," to use Bacon's words, "are ingenious in picking out circumstances of contempt," all these sentiments urge us to resentment, and to a desire of obtaining revenge. Our revengeful feelings, or rather their impulsion to revengeful action, may be restrained by reason, but the principle itself is beyond our control; it is an instinctive, a conservative passion, and every animal will seek to destroy an enemy in self-defence, for present, for future security. Nature has gifted every living creature with defensive and offensive weapons: we do not deliberate on the justice or the injustice of our cause; and even when our resentment is not legitimate, it will endure for a considerable time, for man not only feels hurt by the injuries he receives from others, but is even angry with himself for having been in the wrong; and vanity will make him unwilling to acknowledge his error, as it would imply a want of judgment: and our experience betrays more galling vexation in being lowered in our own estimation, which is certain, than in the opinion of others, which our self-sufficiency induces us to question. As La Rochefoucauldt justly observes, "Lorsque notre haîne est trop vive, elle nous met au-dessous de ceux que nous haïssons." This is an insupportable moral degradation, since it compels us to admit the superiority of those whom we would wish to degrade in the eyes of the universe.

When we really have cause to entertain resentment and hatred, it will be more or less a permanent passion, since we more readily forget acts of kindness than injuries; and I much fear, that when we forgive an enemy, our generosity is more to be attributed to the consideration of having sufficiently triumphed over him, and satisfied our resentment, than to any magnanimous sacrifice on our part. No doubt, the forgiveness of injuries is a most noble exertion; but pride and vanity will prevent us from following the impulse of a benevolent disposition, and, like the implacable deities, they will not relinquish the victims that are brought to their altars for immolation.

Hatred is as natural a propensity as love: it is ruled by the laws of attraction and repulsion; it is one of the distinctive attributes of man; it is rarely exhibited in the lower animals of the same species. Their strife is ephemeral; they entertain no rancorous feelings towards each other, except in some particular cases of marked aversion, and that is to be attributed to jealousy resulting from domestication. But animals in their natural state seem to forget an injury when the contest that follows it is over; when their wants are satisfied, they cease to entertain any hostile sentiment. In man, on the contrary, hatred has been transmitted, even amongst uncivilized hordes, from one generation to another; and the family of the savage inherit his bow and arrows, his club, his animosities, and his thirst of revenge. Indian tribes have been known to travel considerable distances to seek out an enemy; and in Ireland the hatred of what are called "factions" has existed for centuries. Revenge, to use Otway's language, appears to be

> "Th' attribute of the gods; they stamp'd it
> With their great image on our natures!"*

When revenge cannot be obtained by honourable and fair means—when the person who has inflicted the injury is placed beyond the reach of ordinary vengeance, and no retribution can be obtained, no legal punishment inflicted—then will this spirit gnaw the very vitals of the injured, and they will consider any means legitimate that can attain their vindictive ends.

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* Otway.

> "All stratagems are lawful in revenge:
> Promise, deceive, betray, or break your trust:—
> Who rights his honour, cannot be unjust."*

The difficulty of obtaining redress, or satisfying our injured feelings, adds to the original injury; and the man who would have been satisfied with a measured satisfaction, becomes implacable, and reflection, instead of calming the irritation, only aggravates the consuming passion. Anger is attended with intense excitement—a distressing sensation of oppression, of suffocation, of convulsive spasms. Hatred will also occasion much anguish, and an intolerable restlessness of mind and of body: but revenge is the crisis of the malady: it is a gratifying enjoyment, and an injured man feels that he could die satisfied after he has obtained it, exclaiming,

> "'Tis brave and noble when the falling weight
> Of my own ruin crushes those I hate."†

That these sentiments are reprehensible, in a religious and a moral point of view, there cannot be the least doubt, and happy are those who can withstand their baneful influence; but, generally speaking, their invasion is no more under the control of reason or of the mind, than any of our other instinctive appetites. Time and reflection may convince us both of their evil tendencies, and the necessity of not yielding to their impulse; but such is our nature, that we will more readily forgive an injury inflicted on our affections, our fortunes, and even our good name, than any attempt to humble our pride and our vanity, and our self-importance and conceit. This resentment is what several psychologists have termed "deliberate resentment," being more or less prompted by reflection; whereas "instinctive resentment" arises from the immediate retaliation on an offending party—and in this passion there is less of malevolence than in a calculated system of revenge: at the same time, there can be no doubt that *instinctive* resentment will become *deliberate* when the cause that excited it continues to act, or the nature of the injury is more or less permanent, and bears the character of having been intentional. Howbeit, all these violent passions are ushered in by *anger* or by *indignation*,—two principles of action similar in a great degree, although *indignation* may be a more lofty sentiment, which induces the offended to despise the attacks of a worthless and contemptible enemy; and this apparent magnanimity will often arise from the conviction, that these attacks will not only be harmless, but will very likely prove prejudicial to the offending party.

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* Ravenscroft.

† Denham's "Sophy."

The nature of anger has been the subject of much psychological controversy; but of all the definitions given of it by ancient and modern philosophers, the most graphic one is due to Charron. I transcribe the original, as its quaintness in the old French dialect would not bear translation:—

"Quel doit estre, l'estat de l'esprit au-dedans, jusqu'il cause un tel desordre au-dehors! La cholère du premier coup en chasse et bannist loing la raison et le jugement, afin que la place luy demeure toute entière; puis elle remplit tout de feu, de fumée, de tenèbres, et de bruict, semblable à celuy qui mist le maistre hors la maison, puis y mist le feu et se brula vif-dedans; et comme un navire qui n'a ny governement, ny patron, ny voiles, ny avirons, et qui court fortune à la mercy des vagues, vents, et tempestes au milieu de la mer courroucée.

"Ses effêts sont grands, souvent bien misérables et lamentables. Premièrement elle nous pousse à l'injustice, car elle se despite et s'esguise par opposition juste, et par la cognoissance que l'on a de s'estre courroucé mal à propos. Elle s'esguise aussi par le silence et la froideur, par ou l'on pense estre dédaigné et soy et sa cholère, ce qui est propre aux femmes, lesquelles souvent se courroucent, alors que l'on se contre-courrouce et redoublent leurs cholère jusqu'à la rage, quand elles voyent que l'on

ne daigne nourrir leur courroux. Cette passion ressemble proprement aux grandes ruines, qui se rompent sur ce quoy elles tombent. Elle désire si violemment le mal d'autruy, qu'elle ne prend pas garde à éviter le sien. Elle nous entrasve et nous enlace, nous faict dire et faire des choses indignes, honteuses et messéantes. Finalement, elle nous emporte si outrement qu'elle nous faict faire des choses scandaleuses et irreparables, meutres, empoissonnements, trahisons, dont après s'ensuivent de grands repentirs—temoin Alexandre le Grand après avoir tué Clytus, dont disait Pythagoras, qu'à la fin de la cholère estoit le commencement du repentir."

SECTION IV.

LOVE.

Of all the principles of action that disturb the peace of mankind, *love* is the one more frequently alluded to by theologists and philosophers, historians and poets ; none are supposed to be so frequent—and yet there is not a passion so rarely experienced in that purity and unearthly enjoyment which is supposed to emanate from its emotions.

It is because this passion is instinctive, intuitive, and unfortunately too frequently *material* in its origin, that I am reluctantly obliged to class it amongst the Instinctive principles. It has been known to exist in infancy : from the very cradle, have affections, sympathetic, unaccountable, arisen between two children. Distinct in their essence from any attachment that might have arisen between children of the same sex, it has grown with their growth, and tendrilled itself round the very fibres of their hearts, until more advanced years, and a development of their functions, taught them the nature of the feeling—when the young female has, one might say intuitively, found herself urged, by an unknown power, to assume an unwonted reserve.

This progressive sentiment has been beautifully described by one of our older poets:

> "Ah! I remember well (and how can I
> But evermore remember well!) when first
> Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
> The flame we felt; whereas we sat and sigh'd,
> And look'd upon each other, and conceived
> Not what we ail'd—yet something we did ail;
> And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
> And what was our disease we could not tell.
> Then would we kiss, and sigh, then look; and thus
> In that fond garden of our simpleness
> We spent our childhoods. But when years began
> To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah, how then
> Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
> Check my presumption and my forwardness;
> Yet still would give me flowers, still would me shew
> What she would have me, yet not have me do."*

If love has been the theme of many a poet's complaints, the subject of the cynic's harsh animadversion, and the philosopher's scorn, still all resistance to its influence has proved vain. It will, however, vary in its nature according to temperament; and while the sanguineous and the bilious will display an enthusiastic fervour in their desires, the cold phlegmatic will view it as an appetite.

The multifarious occupations of man, his insatiable vanity, render him an unfit judge in forming a just estimate of this passion. Women, with whom it is a study, a science, and oftentimes an art, are better calculated, by nature and by circumstances, to give an opinion on this mysterious sentiment. I shall, therefore, in a great measure constitute them umpires on the question, although I shall preface with some remarks of philosophic scoffers.

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* Samuel Daniel, "Hymen's Triumph."

La Bruyere has defined love as "a sentiment producing in the soul the thirst of power, in the mind a sympathy, and in the corporeal system a concealed and delicate desire to possess the object of our affections after much mysterious proceeding; and the effects of this passion resemble hatred more than friendship."

Bacon has maintained, that "you may observe that amongst all the great and worthy persons whereof the memory is eminent, either ancient or recent, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shews, that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. You must except, nevertheless, Marcus Antonius, the half partner of the empire of Rome, and Appius Claudius, the decemvir and lawgiver; whereof the former was indeed a voluptuous man, and inordinate, but the latter was an austere and wise man; and therefore it seems (though rarely) that love can find entrance, not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept.

"As if a man, made for the contemplation of heaven, and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself a subject, though not of the mouth (as beasts are), yet of the eye, which was given him for nobler purposes."

Such was the opinion of our great philosopher and moralist; and Shakespere has embodied the idea in a most concise manner:—

> "Love is your master, for he masters you;
> And he that is so yoked by a fool
> Should not, methinks, be chronicled for wise."

Man, perhaps, as I have already observed, may not be considered an impartial, and therefore a proper judge of this sentiment; let us, therefore, see what the opinion of woman may be. For this purpose I shall give a quotation from the delightful and romantic Mademoiselle de Scudery, who certainly might have been as susceptible of its influence as any of her sex:—

"Love," she says, "is I know not what; it comes—I know not whence; and ends—I know not how.

"Of all human passions, Love is the one that the most deranges all our intellectual faculties; throws the soul in the utmost disorder, and makes us commit the most egregious follies. It is difficult to distinguish a lover from a madman, the actions of both bearing so strong a resemblance. If insanity disturbs the mind, and disconcerts it, love troubles our judgment, and checks its operation. If we contemplate various lovers, we shall find the one loving that which is most unamiable, and another abhorring that which is most deserving of admiration; the one conceiving ugliness beautiful, the other beauty a deformity; the one esteeming what should be despised, the other despising that which ought to create our respect and admiration. We behold one lover following the object that flies from him, and another avoiding his pursuer: surely the blind would be more sagacious!

" If reason is the greatest of blessings, the loss of it must be considered the greatest calamity:—hence must the passion of love be considered an evil, which we should endeavour to avoid.

" To convince ourselves of the very little discernment that attends this passion, let us only consider what it values as a treasure, and what satisfies its most ardent desires:—a look, a smile, a word, a miserable scrawl, a faded bit of ribbon, are the extent of a lover's wishes—the object of his earnest hopes—the reward of his sufferings, and the requital of his abject servitude; and to obtain possession of these precious recompences, he must sigh and moan, suffer patiently—ay, and for a long time, without daring to murmur or complain. He must be incessant in his attentions; live in a perpetual state of disquietude; sacrifice both his rest and his repasts; not presume to speak, or to sleep, nor laugh, nor smile; he must appear pale and haggard, worn out, pensive, and melancholy; neglect all his friends, his interests, his reputation, to devote himself exclusively to such an agreeable domination; he must, in every action, endeavour to shew, that there is only one person upon earth —gaze upon none but her—esteem no other—visit no one else, and follow her as the shadow tracks the body, rendering himself most importunate; and after having become her lover, will end by being hated as a troublesome nuisance, from the assiduity of his devotions.

"But all this is trifling when compared with the horrors of that jealousy which is inseparable from this passion. It is said that the infernal regions cannot hold out any sufferings that can be compared with this maddening passion, which disturbs our reason, deprives us of sense, shews us phantoms that are not, and makes us adopt falsehood as truth, and chimeras as realities.

"Love may be truly said to feed upon poison—a serpent that devours the fool who fostered it. Its fondest reveries are precipices or halters—poison or daggers—the death of a rival or suicide."

This is the opinion of a most delightful woman, who has been justly called the Sappho of her age.

Love is a passion that equalizes all men; inspires them with similar ideas, and makes them hold a similar conversation; and no discourse can be more insipid than that of a lover.

Lovers are never tired of repeating the same vapid things over and over, provided the subject of their conversation interests either party.

The absurdity of love is such, that no one but a man deeply smitten can feel compassion for a disappointed lover—although a disappointed and melancholy lover is rather to be considered an object of pity; and Bacon has truly said that love is ever rewarded, either by reciprocity, or with an inward or secret contempt.

Yet, to tell an ardent lover that he is but indulging a fond dream of unattainable bliss, is as idle as to endeavour to convince a madman that he is insane. At times it would even be as cruel as it would be useless, to dispel the cherished vision, or undeceive the victim of a betrayed confidence. We do not wish to learn the truth—nay, we find a certain delight in disbelieving the evidence of our senses and the dictates of our judgment. Thus will a man—nay, a sensible one, too—admire a heartless and hateful coquette, who prides in the triumphs she obtains over common sense and reason. We are aware that the Circean draught presented to us by the fair enchantress is drugged with a deadly poison; yet we not only will quaff the philtre with delight, but long for another cup of the fatal beverage while actually writhing under its agonizing effects.

It frequently happens, as in the indulgence of the most ardent passions, that we feel somehow or other that our love is less violent than usual; yet, strange to say, far from experiencing a sense of gratification in our relief from the painful thraldom, we feel a void around us—a chaotic sense of isolation in the world—as though its relative ties were snapped asunder, and we were left alone, in all the dismal and forlorn acceptation of the word. How is this feeling to be accounted for? Simply that we are disenchanted, and the wand of fancy has lost its fairy power of lulling our senses into ignoble torpor—broken—when we stumble over memory, while tripping along in the flowery meads of the visionary future.

If the language of lovers were committed to paper by a third person, who was listening to their amorous effusions, it would appear the rhapsody of lunatics. This is easily accounted for—sincere love is silent; the joys of meeting are such as to render happy lovers dumb; and when they seek to converse—fearful of inspiring *ennui*—(and love is ever timorous)—they must talk nonsense—repeat over and over again the same phrases, or possibly give offence by venturing, as a *pis aller*, on a conversation on indifferent matters. A love quarrel has arisen from the idle question of 'What o'clock is it?' or the observation, 'I fear it will rain to-morrow.' So unjust are our jealous fears, that we expect that the whole creation should appear unimportant when compared to ourselves. Nay, we expect sacrifices beyond reason, and even miracles in our favour.

It is related of one of the beauties of the court of Francis I. who was taken to task by her companions for her evident attachment to a man who they did not think requited her affection, that it so happened that he fell ill, and on his recovery had lost his speech: still she loved him, and continued to be heedless of the sarcasms of her friends; till at last, in a moment of impatience, and anxious to display the power of her charms, she addressed her dumb lover, telling him with a look of severity until then unknown, "Sir, I request you will speak;" and instantly he fell at her feet, and, to the amazement of all around, recovered his speech.

Nothing can be more absurd than the desire to vary the conversation, when the soul is attuned to love. All the flowers of eloquence, and the most vivid scintillations of genius, are not only thrown away, but are offensive. Wit becomes vapid, and humour dull.

Moreover, love-making is essentially *prosaic;* and I much doubt whether a poet was ever truly in love. In this instance rhyme and reason rarely go hand in hand, and the rhapsodies of a lover are more puerile than a nursery tale. A poet describes the *ideality* of love; he depicts what the French call *la nature en beau.* A lover, to be successful, must adhere to the pure expressions of nature.

When our language ceases to be natural, we of course assume a deceptive part, and we cannot long admire those whom we deceive; our very success must diminish in our eyes the esteem which we might entertain for the object of our addresses; since to be easily deceived, implies a weakness of intellect, and our flattered vanity will not be sufficiently gratified to overlook the want of sense in the person we admire.

Frankness is more or less essential in all our relations of life, but love admits of no mental reservation, since it is seldom compatible with reason and reflection.

Woman, so often bitterly wronged and basely betrayed, must be suspicious; and where suspicion lurks, candour is banished; and however hallowed may be the bower of love, the vampire *Doubt* will ever creep into its most nestling recesses.

Women are most unquestionably the best judges of this matter; it has been the subject of their observation and reflections from their earliest days; they were formed to love and to be betrayed, and therefore it is but natural that they should have made this passion their study. I shall now quote the opinion of another female on the same important subject — Madame de Staël, who certainly had read deep in the book of life; and thus she expresses herself of love, its ecstatic joys, and its miseries:—

" If the Omnipotent, when casting man upon this earth, had willed that he should conceive an idea of a celestial existence, he permitted, that during some moments of his youth, he should have passionately loved— have lived in the life of another—and completed his being by uniting it to its most beloved object. For some time, at least, the boundaries of mortal destinies, the analysis of thought, the meditation of philosophy, would be lost in the vague of a delicious sentiment; we never cease to measure all that has relation to ourselves, but the qualities, the charms, the delight, the interests of those we love, have no limits but in our imagination.

"Ah! how blissful is the day when we expose our life for the only friend our soul has chosen!—the day when, by an act of absolute devotion, we can testify a sentiment which until then did so oppress the heart as to render its expression impossible!

"We have seen a woman, in the mournful times which we lived to witness—a woman condemned to die with him whom she loved, stepping out joyfully to meet her fate, and beaming with delight in having escaped the misery of surviving him—feeling proud in sharing his destiny; foreseeing perhaps a period when she might have lost his love, and experiencing a mingled sentiment of tenderness and ferociousness, which endeared her to death as an eternal union.

"Glory, ambition, fanaticism, enthusiasm, have intervals—it is only love that causes incessant intoxication. We never tire of loving; and nothing palls in this inexhaustible source of ideas and happy emotions, so long as we only see and feel through another: the whole universe is centred in him, although in various forms—the spring, nature, the heavens, are to be found wherever he has been; the treasures of the world are what he has said—what has pleased him—the amusements which he enjoyed: in short, one unique idea is the source of the most supreme happiness, or the madness of despair.

"It is with the aid of reflection, dismissing the enthusiasm of more youthful days, that I now consider love—or I should rather say, that absolute abnegation of self to the opinion, the happiness, and the destinies of another—the most exalted conception of bliss to which the hopes of man may rise.

"This dependence upon one object does so emancipate us from the rest of the creation, that the sensitive being who seeks to escape from the pretensions of self-love, the suspicions of calumny—from every thing, in short, that withers us in our relations with mankind—such a sensitive being will find in this passion something solitary and concentrated, that raises the soul to the elevation of philosophy, and the enjoyment of sentimentality. We escape from the thraldom of the world, by interests much more powerful than any that it could hold out. We enjoy a calm state of mind and of heart; and, plunged in the most profound solitude, the life of the soul is more actively employed than if we were seated on the throne of a Cæsar.

" To whatever period of life you may refer a sentiment that might have enthralled you from your more youthful days, there does not exist one moment, when the reflection of having lived for another, is not more pleasing than the idea of having merely existed for oneself, and when that consideration frees us both from remorse and uncertainty.

" When we only bear in view our own interests, how can we come to a decision in any pursuit? It may be said that the desire escapes during our deliberation; and results are so frequently contrary to our expectations, that we regret our vain endeavours, and become tired with our own interests as well as with any other undertaking.

" But when our life is consecrated to the first object of our affections, every thing is positive, determined, all-powerful. HE *wishes it*—HE *wants it—It will make* HIM *more happy; one moment of* HIS *days will be embellished as a reward for these efforts.* Is not this sufficient to direct the entire course of our destinies? There now is no vague, no discouragement ; it is the sole enjoyment of the soul that fills space; it grows with it, and combining with all our faculties, insures their entire exercise and enjoyment.

" Our only real enjoyments do not spring from ourselves. Do we wish to appreciate the value of glory? we must behold its halo shed around the one we love. Do we wish to learn the value of wealth? we must have bestowed it on him. Do we wish to bless the unknown gift of life? it is necessary that our existence should be necessary to him, and that we might consider ourselves the prop of his happiness.

" How dear must be in the winter of our life a sentiment which makes us experience a passion more deep, perhaps, than in our youthful days! a passion which gathers in the soul all that time has blunted of our sensations; a passion which converts our life into one recollection, and which, veiling from us in our latter days all that renders life irksome—solitude, and abandonment—insures us a death in the same arms that supported our youth, and which clasped us in the fondest embrace of affection!

" What! is it possible that such a state of felicity can be found in the realities of life, and that the world should be deprived of it?—that scarcely ever circumstances that can insure such bliss are united? Yes, such an union is possible; but to obtain it for one's self is impossible. There are hearts that understand each other, but which chance, and distance, and nature, and society, invariably separate for ever: beings who could have loved each other during their whole earthly career, when the same irresistible power binds our existence to those who are unworthy of us, who do not, who cannot, or who cease to comprehend you!

"Amiable enthusiast! cradled in misfortune, and launched from an early period of life on the troubled waters of the tumultuous world! You sought for an ideal happiness, that is not, and never can be within mortal reach. You speculated on the visions of what might be,—nay, of what should be,—to dispel the mists of the present, and evoke an ideal power transcendant in fairy form, to establish an ethereal, an Utopian dominion over the scattered ruins of Prejudice's empire. You fancied that divorce might separate the morally dead from the living; that suicide might dissolve bonds which the world compels us to consider indissoluble. Alas! your own hand has drawn up a portion—a small portion, of the dense veil which concealed your prospect of happiness from the world's gaze, when thus you speak of love—your idol,—your household god of palace and of cottage.

"Notwithstanding the picture which I have traced, it is nevertheless certain, that of all human passions love is the most fatal to human bliss. If we knew how to die, one might run the risk of indulging hope in such a happy destiny; but we abandon our soul to sentiments that discolour the rest of our existence: we experience, for a certain time, a happiness which has no relation with our habitual course of life, and yet we wish to survive its loss; and the instinct of conservation conquers the struggles of despair; we continue to live without a glimpse of hope that the future will offer us even a chance of recovering past felicity, without a single reason to induce us not to end our miseries. In the career of our passions, especially in the indulgence of a sentiment, which, originating in truth, cannot even admit reflection as a consolation, the only men who might, with a shadow of wisdom, attempt this pursuit of happiness, are those who could boldly resolve upon self-destruction; for who could live, and be satisfied to retrograde; for who could endure life, and submit to an abnegation of self-command, and devote himself like a madman to the most intense misery?

" A great proportion of men, and even very many women, cannot entertain an idea of such a sentiment as I have sought to describe; and Newton has more judges than the real passion of love. A sort of ridicule has been attached to what are called romantic sentiments; and the weak minds who place so much importance on the little details of self-love or interests, have assumed a claim to superior judgment over those, whose characters have transferred into another that egotism which society respects in a man who is solely occupied with himself.

" The moment love has assumed its empire, illusion is complete; and nothing can equal our despair when we obtain the conviction that the object of our affection was undeserving. This fatal flash of light shakes our reason, before it has loosened our heart's bondage; haunted by a former opinion which we should repudiate, as love survives our esteem, we continue to act as if we still might hope, while at the same time we experience hopeless misery; still do we pursue the idol of our own creation—still do we cherish those features which we once considered the emblem of virtue—until we are repulsed by a sentiment far more cruel than hate—the absence of every deep and sensible emotion.

"It is then that we ask ourselves whether our nature has not undergone a change—if we are not acting under mental delusion, to avoid the painful necessity of judging of the heart of the object that we loved, when the past no longer enables us to live on recollections. It is then that an altered opinion we are compelled to entertain, throws us back on the times when we were betrayed, and retraces circumstances which ought to have undeceived us; then does misfortune shed its influence on every epoch of our life—when regret becomes a sense of remorse—and melancholy, the last refuge of the unfortunate, can no longer alleviate repentance.

"If, on the contrary, there had existed in life one happy moment when we were truly beloved—if the object of our affection had truly been what it had appeared to be; and if time, the inconstancy of our imagination, which even loosens the heart's ties—if another object less deserving of tenderness had deprived you of that love on which your whole existence depended; what can equal the misery of such a loss of life, the first moment, when the same hand which had traced the most sacred vows, now writes in adamantine letters, that you are no longer beloved; when you thus compare the fearful lines with the fond epistles of former days, your eyes can scarcely believe that the fatal dates of each can alone expound the mystery; and when that voice, those very adored accents that accompanied you in solitude, thrilling in memory's soul, and giving substance and reality to the fondest recollections, when that voice addresses you without emotion, without being shivered, without betraying a heart-felt regret! Ah! for a long time will passion still linger in our breast, and lead us to think that it *is impossible* that we are no longer the object of affection: we fancy that we still experience a sympathetic feeling; that we are only bereaved from her by a barrier unwillingly thrown up; that in speaking to her, in beholding her, the past will be recalled, and former joys restored; that hearts that once were united in mutual confidence, cannot thus cease to understand the being whose presence renewed all their fond recollections, and whose voice would embitter them; that you must wander on the spot where once you had been cherished, a spot whose immobility sadly and eloquently attests your destiny: and while despair desolates your heart, a thousand duties and pride compel you to disguise your agony, you do not even inspire compassion by any ostensible misery, while alone and in secret you feel the sad transition from life to death.

"What resource is presented to you in the world to meet such an agonized state?—the courage to destroy yourself? But even the aid of this desperate action is deprived of the fond thought that might be attached to the deed, that you would be regretted; and enjoy that immortality dear to the sensitive mind, and which now you would have lost. It is indeed a bitter death when we do not inflict a pang, or punish the betrayer by the dread sacrifice; when we do not revive a fond recollection in the false one's mind, and when we reflect that we leave her to the man whom she preferred! an agonizing reflection beyond the tomb!

"Jealousy, that passion, tremendous in its nature, even when it is not excited by love, frenzies the soul, when all the affections of the heart are associated with the resentment of self-love.

"There is less of love in jealousy than in the regret of being no longer beloved.

"Jealousy inspires a thirst of revenge, as an absolute necessity; while regret only inspires a wish to cease to live. Jealousy is a much more painful emotion, being composed of opposite elements: when we feel dissatisfied with ourselves, emotions that commingle pride and affection are the most acute; a latent sensibility weakens the re-acting springs of pride, and poisons with its bitterness the sweets that may still linger around the heart, although a prey to grief." *

Such are the views of love entertained by two women of distinguished discrimination, and widely different in character and relative position: the one admits that love is madness, and the other, that the only resource of a disappointed or betrayed lover is to cut his throat. Both agree, that love and insanity are, to a certain extent, similar.

The language of Madame de Staël is so enthusiastic in favour of the blissful state of mutual affection, that it might tempt a romantic reader to take a ticket in Cupid's lottery, and purchase a pair of pistols or a phial of prussic acid at the same time. But let us strip this mighty passion of all the tinsel of romance, and consider it in a plain philosophical point of view.

Love is nothing more than a desire, more or less ardent according to our temperament, the nature of our education, and our habits of association, to possess to ourselves—solely, exclusively—to the annoyance, vexation, and, if possible, the despair of every rival, more especially if such a rival be our superior in any respect—a person whose beauty, talent, or fortune, has rendered her as attractive to others as she has been to ourselves.

It is not virtue or merit that in general wins

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* The style of Madame de Staël, to use a French expression, is so *alambiqué*, that I have been obliged to give a *free translation* of these passages of her works.

the heart, or rather strikes the fancy of the fair sex. The virtuous and the meritorious are rarely amusing; fashion—"the fool's cockade"—is the chief lever of their emotions, and libertinism, so far from creating aversion or contempt, will often prove attractive and triumphant. An Indian warrior obtains renown from the number of hostile skulls he has scalped, and a man of fashion obtains his celebrity from the number of hearts he fancies he has broken, or of reputations that he has really injured. St. Evremond has truly said, that "*Les favoris du beau sexe sont pour l'ordinaire le mépris du notre.*"

Can we, therefore, be surprised that a partiality (for it would be a sort of profanation to call such a sentiment love), so imprudently cherished, should prove but an evanescent passion? A passion that owes its origin to illusion and deception cannot be lasting, and infidelity on one side or other must be the probable result.

I have now considered love as a passion—romantic—uncontrollable—bordering upon madness. Yet, when we contemplate it in a philosophical light, we must come to the conclusion that it is a sentiment essentially calculated to insure the probability of comfort and contentment, when the object of our choice is deserving of our affections and devotion, our esteem and our friendship.

Love is an intuitive impulse, that tends to prove that we were created to form part of a social system. In some degree it argues against the prevalence of polygamy, by rendering marriage not only a sanctified rite but a human institution, advantageous to society both as regards parents and offspring. As a proof of this position, it is not likely that, if a man were placed in the society of many females more or less attractive, either by their personal charms or more solid qualifications, he would unite his destinies to more than one of them, even were such allowed, unless, indeed, he were as bold as John of Leyden, the tailor of Munster, who married seventeen girls in one morning, when Muncer, at the head of the religious movement of that period, permitted a plurality of wives.

In bestowing our affections, a certain unknown sympathy appears to direct our choice, frequently disregarding beauty and other points of attraction likely to be noticed by others. This selection is, moreover, influenced by the state of society, education, religion, form of government, admiration of the fine arts, the amenities of life; in short, by the state of civilization. Thus, the amorous pursuit of the savage will be that of a barbarian, who merely follows the impulse of animal desires, without any further consideration—an egotistic enjoyment—and it would be quite immaterial to him if woman, like many creatures in the lower scale of life, perished after the laws of nature were fulfilled. But so soon as the advantages and the necessity of communities, of property, became manifest, man coveted the possession — exclusive — personal — of the object of his choice or of his love, as that of a house, a garden, or a field; it would be *his*, and he fancied *his* only; no one would dare venture on ejecting him from the one or the other. As wealth and power gradually increased, the attainment of luxuries led us on to luxuriousness; satiety brought on the desire for fresh and more varied, and more vivid, but, at the same time, more evanescent enjoyments. Thus we see the pleasures and the debaucheries of Imperial Rome differing widely from the sensual gratifications of its republic; and thus do we find that the progress of civilization and its artificial refinements throws us back on the brutal voluptuousness of barbarism; although it must be admitted that women were far better appreciated by the Northern barbarians than by the polished Greeks and Romans.

In a republic, moreover, man is more occupied with public affairs, both civil and military; whereas, in a despotic government, he is little or nothing in the state—that only requires his wealth or his blood. And as idleness may be considered the principal provocative of what is called love, we may come to the conclusion, that the more a man is occupied in serious and vital pursuits, the less will he be influenced by capricious and fanciful impressions. Again—in what is called a highly polished state of society, there must exist a greater intercourse between the sexes. The rude and stern republicans (I speak of the republics of old) had neither time nor opportunity to indulge in all the blandishments of pampered courts and imitative drawing-rooms—where variety in pleasure becomes a science and a study, and even noble sycophants are not wanting to vie with each other in their endeavours to pander to the vitiated propensities and passions of a profligate monarch, until virtue is so disregarded, that those who have it not, do not think it worth the trouble of assuming its appearance in manner, language, or in garb; disregarding our poet's good advice:—

> " Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
> That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
> Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this ;
> That to the use of actions fair and good,
> He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
> That aptly is put on."*

An ardent admiration and pursuit of the fine arts, poetry, and music, if it does not create love, must decidedly predispose to its influence—more especially in young females of a nervous and susceptible temperament, in whom love assumes an enthusiastic and a frantic power, that not unfrequently, when crossed in its course, ushers in mental aberration: for here love becomes the business of their life—every sympathy is called into action to fan the consuming flame; the tyrant passion is no longer an episode in their existence, but its very *pabulum*. How truly has our Rowe expressed the power of music upon our minds:—

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* Shakspere.

> " Let there be music. Let the master touch
> The sprightly string and softly breathing flute,
> Till harmony rouse every gentle passion!
> Teach the cold maid to lose her fears in love,
> And the fierce youth to languish at her feet.
> Begin! ev'n age itself is cheered with music—
> It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
> Calls back past joys, and warms us into transports."

It is to this very great susceptibility to tender emotions, that we are perhaps to attribute the little stability of woman's love, which lasts in the ratio of the fierceness that consumes its fuel; at the same time, it must be admitted that woman must feel a galling disappointment when she perceives the ardour of her admirer growing cool; she had flattered herself that an eternal sunshine was to beam upon her charms, taking in its literal sense the lover's fond words—"*for ever*." The more a love partakes of a romantic character, the shorter will be its reign: for as romance appertains to the domain of Fancy, justly denominated the Tenth Muse, its inspirations will vary both in acuteness and in permanence; moreover, it is no easy matter to divest their love of a certain degree of coquetry. On this subject, La Rochefoucauldt, who, to the severe qualities of a philosopher, added all the blandishment of a courtier and a man of the world, may be considered a most competent judge—

"Women often believe that they love, although they are strangers to that passion: the occupation of an intrigue, the excitement of gallantry, their natural desire to enjoy the pleasure of being loved, and the reluctance to refuse, makes them fancy that they are a prey to a passion, when they are merely under the influence of coquetry."

Yet, in behalf of the fair sex, it must be admitted that their love is of a more pure, a more disinterested nature, than that of man; for as I look upon the desire of a lover to meet with a reciprocal fondness from the object of, what he calls, his adoration, as a mere tribute to his vanity, the publicity which he himself gives to his success in the circle of his acquaintance is an incentive to carry his point; and certain am I, that many men would never have bestowed a serious thought on a young person, had they not found that she was admired and courted by others. A woman may not be ashamed in confessing her love to a friend—a confidante, although she may expect to be betrayed by her if her conquest is worth disputing; but men, in general, are loth to admit their weakness, and become an object of ridicule amongst their boon companions, as a love-sick swain,—although it does so happen, and not unfrequently, that those cynics who declaim so lustily against women and love, are the very first to become the victims and the dupes of both. Shakspere has humorously delineated this foible of such would-be *esprits forts*:—

"Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves, as well, a dark house and a whip, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too."

There is a somewhat strange difference between the love of women and men. When a woman ceases to love, she hates—she despises herself; when a man's affections have fled, he hates the object of them. The reason appears to me obvious: in the affections of a woman there must ever lurk a sentiment of pride, and that proud feeling cannot brook the idea of having, in what she may choose to call an unguarded moment, revealed her secret thoughts; placed herself in the power of any man; made herself perhaps the subject of ribaldry amongst his companions. In short, she feels as though she had lost *caste* in society—she is ashamed of having loved. In a man the feelings are of a different nature: he has merely cast off a captive from his train, if she had loved him; if she had not, he had himself been a captive, yoked to her triumphant car. If she loved him, and still loves him, the tendrils of her broken heart still cling to his; and as he strives with the rude and iron hand of indifference to sever their attachment, he feels that he has wronged her,—and we generally abhor those whom we have injured. If, on the contrary, his love has not met with a fond return, he becomes an object of ridicule, and he naturally hates the person who was the cause of this degradation. Then again—if a woman loved him, and felt herself wronged, jealousy, revenge, will inspire her with the most ingenious devices to check his career in other amours; nay, such is the folly of jealousy, that she will sacrifice her own reputation to prevent him—alas! silly creature!—from what? from injuring the character of another woman, whose ruin would add a fresh lustre to the truant's fame. Here, again, we find a source of hate.

That love is frequently founded on vanity, in both sexes, there cannot be the slightest doubt; and Burdach thus expresses himself on the subject:—"Very often a sort of love originates from an illusion of our vanity: a man feels persuaded that a woman cannot resist him; that she admires his qualities, and that she secretly pines for him, and he thus considers himself engaged by honour to answer the appeal thus made to him, and experiences a sense of generosity in making the happiness of one who seems to be languishing with love; on the other hand, woman is disposed to consider the most insignificant attention as a proof of affection, and, flattered with the effect she thinks she has produced, looks kindly on the person who gave proof of so much tact and discrimination."

The close analogy between love and insanity is fully proved by our attachment to the most unworthy objects; and even the greatest amatory poets have been loudest in the praise bestowed on the very vilest of their sex. Ovid adored Corinna; Propertius raved of Cynthia; Catullus was the slave of Lesbia or Clodia; indeed, so base and flagitious were the loves of the ancient poets, that the early Christian priesthood frequently urged the destruction of their productions.

St. Jerome complains bitterly that priests, instead of reading sacred works, amused themselves with Ovid and amorous eclogues; nay, in later times, Pope Innocent VI. accused Petrarch of witchcraft, because Virgil was his constant study.

Although it would not be justifiable to reproach poetic lovers of more modern date with having tuned their lyre, and called on the inspiration of their Muse to sing the meretricious charms of polluted courtezans, like their ancient predecessors, yet when we come to consider the history of their loves, their own agonized expressions of doubt, and jealousy, and rage, we must come to the painful conclusion, that most of their earthly idols were arrant and heartless coquettes. Even the delightful Mrs. Jameson, who, in her "Loves of the Poets," has described their hallucinations *con amore*, and one might poetically say, registered them with a pen plucked from Cupid's wings, is obliged to speak of the paragon of all these glorious divinities of song—of *Laura*—in the following terms, when alluding to Petrarch's reception on his return to Avignon, after a voluntary absence of three years, and when she coolly said to the poor wretched sufferer, "Are you *so soon* wearied of loving me?" *so soon—eleven years'* servile adoration! "All this," says our amiable historian, "was probably the *refined coquetterie of a woman of calm passions*, but *not heartless;* not really indifferent to the devotion she inspired, nor ungrateful for it." The latter part of the phrase I readily admit; any woman would have been vain, and proud, and grateful, for such a love and of such a man; but as to her not being *heartless!* is a compliment which I must confess she badly deserved: a *refined coquette*, who was wantonly tearing into pieces such a heart as that of her foolish and infatuated admirer, who in agonized strains reproaches her with her ambiguous conduct.

> "Creovi amor pensier mai nella testa
> D'aver pietà del mio lungo martiro
> Non lasciando vostr' alta impresa onesta?
> Che vostri dolce sdegni e le dolc' ire
> Le dolce paci ne' begli occhi scritte
> Tenner molt' anni in dubbio el mio desio."

"She replies evasively," remarks our gentle historian, "that her heart was ever with him, but that to preserve her own fair fame, and the virtues of both, it was necessary to assume the guise of severity and disdain;" she describes "the arts with which she kept down his passion, now checking his presumption with the most frigid reserve—and when she saw him drooping as a man ready to die, 'All fancy sick and pale of cheer,' she gently restored him with soft looks and kind words:—

> "'Salvando la tua vita el nostro onore.'"

Now let us for one moment consider who Laura was—a married woman with eleven children, and Petrarch an ecclesiastic and a dignitary of the Church. When he fled from her, to shun if possible her too powerful charms, she recals him to her by every possible enticement. When at Vaucluse, she contrived to send him her portrait by Simon de Sienna, a pupil of Giotto, to bring him back to her feet; indeed, such arts were requisite with such a man as Petrarch, who not only was a poet, but a statesman and a patriot—a man of such stern patriotic stuff as to be gratified when the desperate Rienzi, his former intimate companion, in his mad enterprise of giving freedom to the Romans, then oppressed by a fierce and cruel aristocracy, had massacred many of the nobles, and amongst them most of the members of the Colonne family, Petrarch's dearest friends. "No illustrious family was so dear to me in the world," he writes; "but the Republic, but Rome and Italy are still dearer."*

Laura's virtue has been doubted by some sceptical commentators. I must do her memory the justice to believe that she never succumbed to Petrarch's close assiduities; for had this been the case, he most probably would not have loved her as many months as he had wasted years in her adoration.

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* See his letter, beginning *Pestis illa.* Senil. l. viii. cap. 1. "Nulla toto orbe principum familia carior, carior tamen respublica, carior Roma, carior Italia."

I have thus selected what are called the loves of Petrarch and Laura, since they have been adduced as types of the purest and the most sublime affection. I might bring forward many more instances to shew what the nature of these poetic loves most likely was, but such a disquisition would exceed the limits of this work.

However, I cannot dismiss the subject of these loves of the Italian poets, who serve as models to most of our own amorous sonneteers, without adding a few words regarding their real character.

The taste for love-sick strains was transmitted by the Arabs to the *gentle* troubadours, and by them communicated, during their minstrel wandering, to the Italians and Spaniards—chiefly to the former ; yet different—widely different—were these poets and itinerant professors of "the *gai savoir*," from their new proselytes and imitators. The songs of the Arab and of the troubadour were not only inspired by woman's charms, her frailties, and her cruelties, but by deeds of arms, and adventures of travel and the chase.* Nay, the troubadours, in their *Sirventes*, were bitter satirists and critics, dreaded the more from the universal welcome with which they were received, and one might say their national influence. They spared neither rank nor power; attacked alike courts, camps, and cloisters; whereas, until the days of Dante, the Italian poets devoted themselves—one might say exclusively—to the service of the fair. Every youth, so soon as he fancied he could become a poet, sought his lady; he could not take the field without one—as Don Quixote did not dare sally forth in quest of adventures properly qualified, until he had seen his Dulcinea. Thus did the immortal Dante fall in love with his *Biche* when she was only nine years old. Every poetaster fancied that he not only would immortalize himself, but surround with a halo of eternal glory, the happy woman who had been the theme of his verse. Many ladies who were bitten by this poetic rage, if they had no real lovers, created imaginary adorers; and thus we see Nina, a beautiful girl of Majano, in Tuscany, writing sonnets to a poet of the name of Dante, whom she had never seen, yet was so proud of immortalizing in song that she called herself *La Nina di Dante.*

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* In the eastern *Cassides* and *Ghazeles* there are beauties that have been compared to Homeric inspirations; and in their *Divans*, or collections resembling the Italian *Canzoniere*, the latter are completely thrown in the shade. Their heroic verses, their elegies, are models of poetry, and tend to inculcate principles of religion, morality, and patriotism; while their amatory productions, although fraught with hyperbolical imageries and exaggeration, breathe a noble and generous spirit, far superior to the effeminate effusions of most Italian lovers.

At a more recent period we find that when Lorenzo de Medici lost his lovely *Simonetta*, his brother Giuliano wrote the most affecting elegies to her memory, although she had been one of the most notorious coquettes in Florence. It so happened that our poet Giuliano had no lady love, and he felt so delighted in inditing melancholy verses to a dead beauty, that he thought it desirable to look about for a living one. During this search he chanced to attend a ball where a beautiful young person attracted his attention, when, to use his own words, "he was so captivated, that not a power or faculty of his body or mind remained any longer at liberty, and he could not help considering the lady who had died as the star of Venus, which, at the approach of the sun, is totally overpowered and extinguished."

Let us look at what are called the immortal productions of the Italian love poets. The grossest absurdity,—nay, the most daring impiety—laying aside *conceits* that even the beauties of the sweetest language on earth can scarcely atone for—the most extravagant metaphors, which, in prose, would be considered as the effusions of a lunatic or a fool,—constitute the burthen of these ditties;—nay, many of their high flown compliments would be considered, at the present day, offensive. How would a well-bred lady like the verses of one Guido delle Colonne, in which he tells her that her breath sheds the perfume of a panther? and he winds up this gentle sonnet by assuring her, that he is as much at her command as an assassin is at the command of his employer! Another celebrated songster—Guido Guinizelli, in one of his *canzoni*, compares his lady to Diana, who has applied pomegranate juice to a face of snow. Guittone d'Arezzo, one of the famed poets of Tuscany, tells his lady in a sonnet, that although he might have been guilty of denying his love, he does not despair of forgiveness, since St. Peter, who had denied his God, did, notwithstanding, obtain the charge of paradise; and Paul became a saint, although he had slain St. Stephen. The following is the precious specimen:—

> " Se di voi, donna, mi negai servente,
> Pero 'l mio cor da voi non fu diviso :
> Che san Pietro negò 'l Padre Potente
> E poi il fece haver del Paradiso.
> E santo fece Paulo similmente
> Da poi santo Stefano stane ucciso."

It would be an endless, and even an invidious task, to dwell further on such absurdities, which fervid imaginations call the genuine proofs of true love amongst olden foreign poets, when we ourselves have followed their track with less genius, but certainly with as much futility and ridiculous conceits. As a specimen of such aberrations, let any one read the lines of Carew to Celia, which are considered of peculiar beauty, and in which he tells her, " that heaven prepared the golden atoms of the day to powder her hair; that the nightingale, when May is past, winters in her dividing throat to keep her notes warm; that the shooting stars come down to fix themselves in her eyes, and that the phœnix flies her spicy nest to die in her fragrant bosom." Very likely it might have shed the aroma of the panther, so delicious to Italian lovers.

Whenever poetry translated into prose becomes the most transcendant absurdity, no beauty of language, or metrical harmony in words, can make sense of it.

The expression of true and of sincere love, I look upon as the natural outpouring of an anxious and a doubting heart; it needs neither metaphors nor metaphysics; and that sweet, dear word—the *tu* the *toi* of the French, so unlike our cold and Quakerly *thee* and *thou*, contains more eloquence than all the sonnets that were ever indited. This magic word has been beautifully illustrated by a French writer,—" *Le premier* TU *est le* FIAT LUX *de l'ame, il débrouille le chaos.*" What language can describe the agonizing feeling that attends our parting from her we dearly love, when we pronounce that sad yet hallowed word—*à Dieu*, and leave, perhaps for ever, the fondest tie that binds us to the world, under the protection and safeguard of her God!

From the view I have taken of the passion of love, corroborated by the opinion of experienced professors in the science, it is evident that this Prothean sentiment arises from three distinct principles: 1st, An enthusiastic admiration of the beloved object, with a conviction that a union will constitute a source of happiness. 2nd, From vanity, which leads us to desire the possession of a person which will be envied by others. 3rd, and lastly, from animal passions.

It is obvious that the probable duration of love will depend upon its nature. The lovers who are in the first category of this classification, may find out by experience, and upon better acquaintance with the character of each other, that their expectations of terrestrial bliss were but visions of a fond imagination—of a darling dream. Those who are placed in the second class, will soon become satiated, since their attachments were essentially selfish, and neither founded on true love nor esteem. In respect to the third division, it must be expected, that on the principle that the same causes produce similar effects, so soon as their desires are gratified, they will, in all probability, seek for novel excitement, and again give way to the impulses of temperament. When we come to consider the relative position of lovers before marriage, can we be surprised when we find that this union is very rarely a happy condition of life? Fortunate indeed would it be for mankind if the somewhat impious observation of a French writer* was correct, when he compared love to the burning bush of Moses, which, although in flames, did not consume itself. When we reflect on the difference of temperament—of dispositions—of education, that prevails in society, it is hardly possible to imagine that two persons can be found of such a congenial temper, of such a similarity of pursuit, or at any rate of such a yielding gentleness, as to put up with each other's mutual infirmities. Our quaint old Burton has truly said:—

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* Ancillon.

"If woman in general be so bad, and man worse than they, what a hazard it is to marry! Where shall a man find a good wife, or a woman a good husband? A woman a man may eschew, but not a wife. Wedding is undoing (some say)—*marrying* is *marring*—*wooing*, *woeing*; a wife is a hectic fever, as Scaliger calls her, and not to be cured but by death. Menander, in his Athenæus, adds—

> "'Thou wadest into a sea itself of woes,
> In Lybicke and Ægean, each man knows,
> Of thirty, not three ships are cast away.
> But on this rock not one escapes, I say.'

The worldly cares, miseries, discontents, that accompany marriage, I pray you leave to them that have experience—for I have none, I never tried; but as I hear some of them say:

> "'Scylla and Charybdis are less dangerous;
> There is no beast that is so noxious.'

Which made the devil, belike, as most interpreters hold, when he had taken away Job's goods, health, children, friends, to persecute him the more, leaved his wicked wife to vex and gaule him worse—*quam totus infernus*—than all the fiends in hell. In sober sadness, marriage is a bondage, a thraldom, a yoke, a hindrance to all good enterprises. '*He hath married a wife, and cannot come.*' A stop to all preferments. A rock on which many are saved, many impinged, and are cast away; not that the thing is evil in itself, or troublesome, but full of all contentment and happiness, one of those things that please God, when a man and wife agree together; but to indiscreet sensual persons, that are brutes, and wholly led by sense, it is a ferall plague, many times a hell itself."

Shakspere has well expressed the transient nature of a love founded on beauty's attractions—

> "Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
> Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
> For women are as roses, whose fair flower
> Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour."

Yet, strange to say, notwithstanding the many miseries attached to the marriage state, divorce would be a rare occurrence were it more generally allowed, and it would most frequently be demanded by wives.*

Much wretchedness and recrimination would be avoided in the marriage state, if each party would, or could, conscientiously examine their own conduct to each other; and one of our poets has well defined this ground of self-reproach:

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* This fact is proved by the statistic tables drawn out in France during the years 1837, 1838, and 1839, when 2,222 applications for divorce were made—of these 113 were made by husbands, 2,109 by wives. Of the former application, 73 were founded on charges of adultery, and 36 on *ill usage*; of the latter, 95 were grounded on infidelity, and 1,969 on ill-treatment.

"Oh, we do all offend:
There's not a day of wedded life, if we
Count, at its close, the little bitter sum
Of thoughts and words, and looks unkind and froward,
Silence that chides, and woundings of the eye,—
But, prostrate at each other's feet, we should,
Each night, forgiveness ask."*

One of our older dramatists has drawn out an epitome of wedlock in the following pithy dialogue:—

"*Duchess.*—What do you think of marriage?"
"*Antonio.*—I take it, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally contains a heaven or hell—
There's no third place in it."†

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* Maturin.
† John Webster's "Duchess of Malpy."

SECTION V.

JEALOUSY.

No language can describe this monstrous passion more forcibly than our poet Rowe, when he represents it as—

> "Fiercer than famine, war, or spotted pestilence,
> Baneful as death, and horrible as hell."

It has been considered as synonymous with *Envy;* but although these passions are closely associated in their painful torments, yet there exists a great difference between them. *Jealousy*, is the fear of losing that which we possess, or that we expect to obtain, and which makes us miserable at the thoughts of another's obtaining. *Envy*, on the contrary, is the baneful feeling which renders us wretched in beholding others possessing advantages that we cannot, but would wish to enjoy—not only for our gratification, but for the malignant pleasure of depriving them of what we covet and grudge them.*

> "Base envy withers at another's joy,
> And hates that excellence it cannot reach." †

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* Locke defines *envy*, "an uneasiness of mind, caused by the consideration of a good we desire, obtained by one we think should not have it before us."

† Thomson.

La Rochefaucauldt has maintained, "that jealousy is in some degree justifiable, since it tends to the conservation of a good that belongs to us, or that we hope to obtain." In fact, jealousy is the ardent desire to possess *solely* what we value and enjoy, accompanied with a constant source of uneasiness from the fear of being deprived of that possession, and which engenders a feeling of aversion and even hostility towards any person whom we may think likely (probably or improbably) to despoil us of it. Thus, a man may be jealous of his power, of his authority, of his influence, of his fame. Jealousy of regal power has invariably led Eastern monarchs to destroy any relative who could aspire to their rank, and by such aspirations endanger it. History records the barbarous jealousy of the Emperor Valerius, who, having been told by a soothsayer that he should be dethroned by a person whose name began with *Theo*, ordered the destruction of every one who bore the appellation of Theodoric, Theodorus, Theodosius, &c.; but this jealousy belongs more especially to ambition, and under that head I shall consider it.

An envious person absolutely hates the object of his envy. This is not the case with jealousy: a man may be jealous of his son, his brother, his father; he would exert every effort to prevent his success in depriving him of the object of his solicitude, but there is no absolute hatred. In this case, a man may even love and esteem the person who excites his jealousy, and forward his interests and wishes in every possible manner, with the exception of the contested point of rivalry; for where rivalry exists, we consider the object of our wishes to be divided between the suitors.

There is no passion, not excepting love, that illustrates more fully self-love and vanity, than jealousy. Infancy is not free from its terrific influence; but jealousy between children is mostly associated with envy: they view with a jaundiced eye the slightest attention paid even to a little brother or sister, and magnify this attention into neglect towards themselves. A larger morsel of cake, a fuller spoon, a sweeter cup, are all sources of misery and of hate; this dreadful feeling has even led children to commit murder. Dr. Descuret relates a case in the House of Detention of Poissy, where a boy of twelve years, in a fit of jealousy, destroyed his infant sister in her cradle, by stuffing a candle down her throat, and cramming her mouth and nostrils with hot ashes; and in the criminal statistics of France for the year 1839, we find a youth of sixteen years of age poisoning his sister, who was only five weeks old. In these horrible cases, I repeat it, jealousy and envy can scarcely be considered in a different point of view, both passions working simultaneously.

The jealousy that more frequently falls under our cognisance and observation, is that which prevails between the sexes, both in what is called love and in marriage. It is generally maintained that love is inseparable from jealousy: this opinion, to a certain extent, is no doubt correct; yet that jealousy can prevail without love, is a fact too commonly observed to admit of the slightest doubt. The pangs of jealous apprehensions are more characteristic of self-love than of our affections to another; we cannot admit even the suspicion of a third person being preferred to us, without sinking more or less in our own appreciation. It is an admission of inferiority in the eyes and estimation of the very person in whose good opinion we would wish to occupy the highest stand; nay, in whose opinion we would wish to be considered superior to anything else in the world; therefore, the greater and the more sanguine our expectations may be, the more severely will disappointment be experienced.

In the view that I have taken of love and of matrimony, and the many acts of folly that we daily commit in forming the latter ties, we need not be surprised if our expectations in the matrimonial state lead to bitter vexation; still, all its suitors are so fully convinced of their superior attractive powers or influence, that they consider themselves exempt from all the chances and risks that others are exposed to.

Although we cannot admit that jealousy is an innate principle, still it partakes more of that character than any other sensation, and is evidently an instinctive passion, prevalent in man from the earliest age, as well as in the brute creation. Man, however, strives to conceal this degrading feeling; animals display it in the ratio of their strength, and the more powerful maintain their ground and triumph. Buffon thus expresses himself on the subject.

"In man, this passion always exhibits some distrust of self—an occult conviction of his own weakness. In animals, on the contrary, they display their jealousy the more violently in the proportion of their strength and their ardour. Our jealousy arises from our ideas—theirs from sensations; its outbreaks are spontaneous, and are not preceded by reflection or reasoning."

Thus does the jealousy of mankind, smothered, concentrated awhile from a sense of self degradation, smoulder and accumulate strength, until it bursts forth in volcanic violence, destructive of friend and foe, and like a burning lava, overwhelming every impediment it meets with in its unquenchable course. The desperate acts of jealousy may be considered the outbreaks of mania; there is is nothing too extravagant which jealous persons will not fancy, no desperate deed that they would not commit; regardless of their own name and life, as they are heedless of the fame or the existence of the object of their ungovernable hallucinations.

No doubt many husbands and wives are jealous without the slightest foundation, as regards a deviation from virtue and fidelity; but I do believe, that in minds tolerably regulated, the fears of jealousy rarely arise without some distant cause, however trifling. A woman accustomed to the attentions and flattery of men, cannot altogether submit to receive without some gratification, or rudely repel, the assiduities she may receive after marriage; and, on the other hand, a man accustomed to the gaieties and perhaps the profligacies of society, can scarcely be expected to lead that exemplary life which a suspicious wife would like to see him adopt. Unfortunately, the idea of love being inseparable from jealousy, is often a baneful error; a woman, to secure or to ascertain her husband's faith, is too apt to submit him to the fearful ordeal of jealous fears, which she endeavours to excite by those arts that she so well possesses and knows how to manage. This is always a desperate stratagem: it is playing with fire; and in seeking a light to guide us, a general conflagration is not unfrequently the result. Such a line of conduct necessitates deceit, and deceit once detected, all confidence in the future is lost. It is not so much our respect for truth that hurts our feelings, but our offended vanity in having been deceived, although at the very time we ourselves perhaps were deceivers. To be imposed upon by those we love, is a cruel discovery; to be imposed upon by those whom we hold in indifference, is an insulting and a degrading one. Neither are likely to be forgiven or forgotten, and the head is perhaps more implacable than the heart.

It is fortunate when jealousy engenders hatred; for hate will more or less sink us in our own estimation of superiority, and self-respect will induce us not to commit a desperate or dishonourable action. A vulgar man acts like a ruffian, and beats his wife; who, in return, will in all probability be equally courteous. A gentleman will politely watch an opportunity of confirming his suspicions, and hold his witnesses and his lawyers in readiness. The French say—"To strike your mistress is the act of a brute, but to strike your wife is to commit *suicide*."

In the better classes, as they are called, we rarely (at least in this country) hear of the ferocious deeds of jealous husbands and wives. To what are we to attribute this well-known fact? Simply to the polish of civilization, that smooths down the asperities of our natural feelings, and makes us the slaves of opinion. It is beneath the dignity of a well-bred man to ill-use a woman by violent acts, although he may break her heart while observing the *convenances* of good society.

In the lower classes of every country do we find that the deeds of murder and of premeditated assassination, the results of jealousy, hatred, and malice, and revenge for real or supposed domestic injuries, exceed belief. Quetelet gives us the following statistic table of such crimes committed in France between the years 1826 and 1829:—

Motives.	Death by poison.*	Murder.†	Assassination.‡	Total.
Adultery . . .	48	9	76	133
Domestic discord . .	48	120	131	299
Jealousy and debauchery	10	58	115	183
	106	187	322	615

While the frantic excesses of jealousy people prisons, they also crowd the asylums of lunacy—for it is not often that love, even disappointed love, disturbs the intellects; the aberrance is brought on by the miseries of disappointment, offended pride and vanity, in being deprived, most probably by a successful rival, of the object on which we had rivetted every earthly expectation: very rarely indeed are the mental faculties deranged by the death of the beloved one—there is no rivalry in the grave. However, amongst the upper classes, this fatal result of jealousy is not usually observed.

This manifest difference between the effects of jealousy in the upper and lower grades of society, is a subject that deserves much attention, and that may lead to many serious reflections. To what are we to attribute the most brutal excesses on the part of the humble, and a truly philosophical resignation amongst their betters, although both are labouring under a similar excitement? If a husband feels himself dishonoured by the misconduct of his wife, for "scorn to point his slow and moving finger at," damages in a court of justice, when the suspicions turn out to be well-founded, are but a poor compensation for such highly refined minds: the poor man takes the law in his own hands—he cannot afford less summary proceedings; and a prosecution on a charge of adultery *in formâ pauperis* is, I believe, a very rare occurrence!

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* Suicidal. † Committed on the spur of the moment.

‡ Premeditated.

The fact is, that in polite life and in refined society, every one performs a part in a masquerade—seeking to conceal deformities, and mystify his fellow-maskers. The poor cannot afford a mask; in their *Saturnalia*, they are only *disguised* in liquor: uneducated, abandoned, they truly may be called "natural children;" their only check is fear—their only guide, their reckless passions—their monitors, the police—their schoolmasters, the magistrates—and such magistrates!!!

In other respects, there exists a certain similarity between the rich and the poor: when the delirium of jealousy has subsided, they seek for forgiveness, and, ashamed of their conduct, strive to make amends for it. Then they feel that their "own undeserts" inspired their fears, and they will whine and whimper for a pardon, reluctantly granted (sometimes upon most exorbitant conditions), like a sniveling school-boy. Then we may see the popular hero and demi-god crouching at a woman's feet, and addressing her in the puling supplication that our old dramatist, Lee, puts in the mouth of Alexander the Great:

> "O my Statira! O my angry dear!
> Turn thy eyes on me—I would talk to them.
> What shall I say to work upon thy soul?
> Where shall I throw me? whither shall I fall?
> Before thy eyes I'll have a grave dug up,
> And perish quick—be buried strait alive.
> Oh! give, but as the earth grows heavy on me,
> A tender look, and a relenting word.
> Say but 'twas pity that so *great a man*,
> Who had ten thousand deaths in battle 'scap'd,
> For one poor fault, so early should remove,
> And fall a martyr to the god of love."

This degradation of manhood is a woman's triumph, and she will seek to enjoy a similar ovation as often as she can, exclaiming, perhaps, like Chaucer's wife of Bath—

> "In his own grease I made him frie
> For anger and for very jealousie."

Of all the tumultuous passions that shake the fortitude of man, jealousy is the most absurd, since it is in general utterly useless. If a woman is faithless, jealousy will only make her more cautious in avoiding detection; if, on the other hand, she is innocent, a suspicious husband must neutralize her affection, and gradually become odious in her eyes: the most patient and enduring cannot put up with a false accusation, that involves every sacred obligation in a fearful and maddening doubt. From a fatal resolution to avenge her wrongs, many a woman has been driven to misconduct by a husband's ill-usage; acting most likely under the advice of her kind friends—

> "Plagues that make lanes through largest families."

Were we guided in our selection of a partner for life by a fusion of love, esteem, and friendship, we most probably would not endure a single pang of jealousy. Yet such is the perversity of our race, such is our insatiable desire of constant excitement—however painful and perilous—that I doubt much whether a husband or wife could be found who would not prefer all the maddening tortures of this hateful and useless passion, to a life spent in undisturbed and monotonous content. The miseries and degradation of doubt are amply compensated by the flattering proofs of our having been in error. Although we might be convinced of it "against our will," we are like the Paladins of old—we seek for danger to glory in the victory, however dearly bought.

> "As danger in our love make joys more dear,
> So pleasure 's sweetest when 'tis mix'd with fear."*

Notwithstanding the horrors of reality, we are eager to obtain a knowledge of it, and strive to grapple with the hideous phantom. Whether we succeed or not we are equally wretched. Shakespere has truly described this dilemma in his "Winter's Tale:"—

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* Dryden.

> "How blest am I
> In my just censure, in my true opinion!
> Alack! for lesser knowledge! How accursed
> In being so bless'd! There may be in the cup
> A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
> And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
> Is not infected: but if one present
> The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, made known
> How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
> With violent hefts. *I* have drunk and *seen* the spider."

And what crafty toils are laid, what webs are cunningly spun, to catch the odious insect! All the ingenuity of man has been displayed to seek for this fatal discovery, and all the artifices of women have been stretched to avoid detection. The drama, the romance, the stories and songs of olden days, have all been devoted to these stratagems. A husband has got up at night, and raked over the gravel walks that led to his house, to detect, if possible, the tread of strange feet, and to ascertain the dreaded mark, as fearful as Friday's footsteps on the sand appeared to Robinson Crusoe. He has been known to take the measure and the impress of every shoe-sole in his establishment, when three lines more or less in breadth or length, or one hob-nail out of place or missing, would have proved "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ."

And what art has been displayed in defeating all these manœuvres! Well do I recollect an old jealous guardian in Brussels, whose suspicions had induced him to turn away every domestic except a Duenna—an implacable old maid—who watched her fair ward with an *esprit de corps*. Yet did she correspond with her lover, and her Argus was himself the messenger, for she pinned her fond epistles under one of the collars of his great coat, and as the old dotard was in the habit of hanging it up in the hall of his club, the missive was duly withdrawn, and a reply carried home by the same conveyance. Were it possible, jealousy would condemn the object of its suspicions to the vestal ordeal of carrying water in a sieve, or walking over red hot plough-shears, a feat which Pausanias swears he saw performed in a temple of Diana, and which is also recorded in our annals of Edward the Confessor.

Whatever may be its torments, I repeat it, jealousy is not a proof of love. We witness instances of its wretched excesses in cases where its object is not only indifferent but ill treated. La Rochefoucauldt has fully illustrated the fact in the following maxim:—"In jealousy our self-love is greater than our affection." What renders the pangs of disgrace and jealousy most poignant, is that our vanity is of no avail in supporting them.

SECTION VI.

COQUETRY.

Coquetry in woman may be defined the application of the theory of vanity to practical purposes. From what I have stated in the former sections, it must be evident that much of the misery that embitters our lives and the matrimonial state, may be attributed to this cause of distrust and disquietude on the part of lovers and husbands.

Accustomed, nay—one may say—taught by the very nature of her general education, to seek for admiration, a certain degree of coquetry is a natural passion in the sex: it endeavours by vanity and a display of taste (too often ill-judged) to fix the affection that they may have won, and to add by every possible means, to whatever attractions they may possess. And as in the days of chivalry, the ardent youth was taught to break a lance with a Quintain, so does a young girl from her childhood learn the use of offensive and defensive weapons by practising on her doll. Many women are coquettes, without being aware of it, from the influence of habit; some are so from jealousy, in the fear that a rival may supersede them in a man's admiration, convinced of the truth of Pope's remark—

"Ladies, like variegated tulips, shew :
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe."

Our philosophic poet has also truly said,

"In men we various ruling passions find ;
In woman, two almost divide the kind ;
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.
That nature gives, and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault ?
Experience, this, by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second, not to lose the first."

Thus far coquetry may be considered an innocent artifice, although a dangerous one ; but the coquettes which are the subject of the present observations constitute the most despicable, and, at the same time, the most wretched class of society. These miserable victims of vanity seem to consider their iniquitous experiments upon the heart of man as a sort of compensation for the injuries that may have been inflicted upon woman in general ; thus volunteering their personal services in a common cause.

Such women feel as proud in the number of their suitors as they are vain in boasting of the many partners they have refused at a ball. The Moloch of their vanity is insatiable. Sufficient tears, nay, blood, cannot be shed at their shrine. Notoriety is their only object ; and the death of a lover who fell in defending their defenceless character, is an event which they would wish to be sculptured on the pedestal of their statue.

These wretched beings (for truly wretched are they, from the constant burning disappointments they have to endure) would excite our detestation, were they not ultimately more deserving of our compassion; for few of them in their future career have even a chance of happiness. Their marriage is usually as capricious as their former volatile and heartless pursuits; and if they have avenged the cause of woman, their husbands, in return, seek for a bitter satisfaction to revenge the wrongs of man.

Such a coquette, if possessed of any talent, is in general vain, envious, and sarcastic; she will make no allowance for the failings of other women, which her wit exaggerates or ridicules—and remain silent on all their good qualities; she only spares those who shew by their subjection to her caprices that they fear her, and are perhaps apprehensive that she is in possession of some secret circumstances regarding them, to which she constantly drops a distant allusion. Her looks are oblique and sinister, when the dreaded circle of her eye does not embrace the whole group around her to select a victim. She wishes to shew that she possesses the power of commanding love and absolute devotion to her will. There is about her an affectation of benevolence and generosity, which she exhibits by pro-fusion with her domestics, whom interest attaches to her, and by eleemosynary acts, which give her the reputation of a charitable person.

In her conversation she assumes an air of absence; and although every expression is studied, she wishes that her words should appear to be the result of momentary inspirations, and that thinking might seem too troublesome an occupation. Whether she moves her head or her hand—her foot or her fan—she telegraphs, "Look at me." As she flies from one admirer to another, she also flutters from one book to some other publication in vogue. Thus she collects a smattering store of ideas, which she knows how to retail in the small change of social intercouse. Without mind, she passes for a clever woman, her chief accomplishment being the art of clothing the ideas of others in the fanciful garb of her own whimsical conceptions. *Maniérée* in every action—habitually so, even in her sleep—she is in turn most careful in ornamenting her person, or negligent in her attire, according to the character of the individual she seeks to captivate, or the circle in which she is anxious to shine. One of her great attainments in the art of pleasing and of surprising, is that of knowing, by her searching looks, what a man was going to say before he speaks, thus preparing a reply before his speech was ended. To patronize is her delight, therefore is she ever ready to serve you ; pantronization confers obligation, and obligation is, to a certain degree, an admission of superiority; and nothing can render this sense of obligation more irksome, than the apparent desire, on her part, to make it appear that she was obliged to you for the opportunity of conferring the favour.

The society of such a woman must be attractive, for she regulates its *convenances* with great art; to equalize the company she moves in, is her study, and she prides herself in levelling the ranks around her.

A coquette of this description will abound in the sense of the witty and wise, for even wisdom is not exempt from her toils. On such occasions she pretends to display conviction. She will also agree with a coxcomb; but then her eyes, and her lips, and her nose, and her dimpled cheek, proclaim to the group around her, the ridicule of the flattered fool. This coquette is rarely jealous, for she is afraid of jealousy from principle; for this scrutinizing passion, in seeking for faults which it wishes to detect, discovers good qualities which it does not wish to find. Respectful love she despises; love, to please her, must shew desire. Her study is to produce effect. She will not cease in pretending to love you, until she loves another: infidelity would lose all its charms, were it not rendered more *piquant* when seasoned by perfidiousness.

It has been erroneously maintained that coquettes rarely like the society of women: with an accomplished coquette, this is not the case; on the contrary, she will seek for the most agreeable women she can find, to endeavour to triumph over them; and as occasion requires, she will draw from her quiver the shafts of beauty, wit, or sentimentality. She conceives herself superior to her rivals, and she wishes to prove it. In *tête-à-tête* with a dreaded adversary in the art of captivating, an actual duel takes place, and the science of swordmanship is nothing, compared to the skill thus displayed in their home thrusts and parries. In this contest they practise in private, for public exhibition. Yet they are smiling, nay, laughing at the follies of man—vowing eternal friendship to each other, to worm out a confidential imprudence, if it is possible; they will abuse the man they love, and praise the object of their scorn. In this strategy, they mutually seek to discover some good quality in the person whom they favour, that they had not yet found out; as it is more than probable that each will attribute to the other's selection every possible disqualification. Women rarely agree on the merits of a man—their interests are at stake; the same may be said of men. La Bruyère has truly remarked, that "a coquette only considers time and years as wrinkling, and rendering other women ugly; forgetting that age is equally written on her own brow." Although the same keen observer has also remarked, that there are women who would wish to remain such until the age of twenty-two, after which they would be delighted to change their sex.

A shrewd observer will be able to form a tolerably correct opinion of a woman's state of mind, by the care or the negligence of her appearance; as she will generally attend to this important point, consulting her looking-glass on the vital question, according to her opinion of her lover. If she fancies that his passions are ardent, and that she is likely to produce a consuming flame; should her hand be Phidian, she will wear gloves for the mere purpose of pulling them off. Marivaux has truly said that a *negligé* in woman is a simulated abjuration of coquetry, and the *chef-d'œuvre* of the art of pleasing.

It is strange, yet nevertheless true, that a virtuous woman will occasionally encourage unwittingly, and to a certain degree unwillingly, improper addresses. The lover may ask pardon for his indiscretion, but offends again while supplicating for forgiveness: she herself will excuse his love, on the plea of innocent intentions; she will then pity him for his sufferings, while she continues to listen to him as an agreeable flatterer; she exhorts him to fortitude, while secretly admiring his generosity; and while she endeavours to instil virtue in *his* mind she perils her *own*. When such a woman succumbs to seductive arts, like Cæsar, she displays dignity in her fall.

There is nothing more absurd or coquettish than a woman pretending to be displeased at the declaration of a love, which she already knows to exist; her receiving the visits of her admirer sanctions the declaration, and proves it to be grateful. The pleasure of being loved finds its way into every heart, and Madame de Staël has justly maintained, that we cease to love ourselves if we are not beloved by another. This is a dangerous truth, that has tripped up many a woman in the path of rectitude. Our vanity cannot conceive any circumstance more painful and degrading, than that of meeting with utter indifference. How maddening must be such a conviction in the mind of a coquette *passée!*

Marivaux has observed, that "Man has good sense as his portion, but wit is the property of woman. As to her affections," he adds, "if the joys they bestowed were durable, the world would be too delicious an abode. Men say pretty things in love, and abound in mawkish little sentiments; our hobby is a sort of delicacy, which we fancy gives an air of tenderness, and we make love as regularly as a soldier prepares to charge. We have adopted a method in our addresses: we address a woman—for what? to love; because we conceive it our duty. What a pitiful way of loving! look at woman, she affects no tenderness, no delicacy; she does not appear either glad or displeased; she feels all these sentiments unconsciously, and becomes more bewitching; look at her when she loves and dares not reveal her thoughts, can our chattering addresses approach that affection which her silence betrays? Without the stimulus of desire and pleasure, the heart of man is paralysed, and we should remain as still as stagnant waters, that only move when stirred. The heart of woman stimulates itself, and springs into action at a word that is said, or the apprehension of a word unsaid, or a look. Although she may have confessed her love, whenever she repeats it, it seems that you hear it for the first time. Yet you may detect it in her impatience, her coldness, her absence; when she drops her eyes, when she raises them; in moving from one place to another, in remaining still; in short, she betrays in turn, jealousy, calm, uneasiness, joy, animation, loquacity, silence. Who can resist the intoxication which such diversified pleasure occasions — the knowledge of being loved, without being maddened with delight? Lovers fancy themselves prodigies, when they are nothing but fools; they are surprised at their own merits, until obliged reluctantly to admit their error: to this admission, nevertheless, they are daily exposed, when the wonderful man disappears, and the dupe remains.

"A dupe after all, he must be, with such women as I have described; and the species, and the genera, and the varieties, are numerous. What chance has a lover who mortgages his future days with such usurers in fictitious happiness—a happiness which they themselves cannot enjoy, since their past life has stripped their latter hours of all prestige and serenity; when to them 'the earth has no longer a spring, and twilight no mystery!'"

It is this heartless conduct on the part of woman, that has so frequently and unjustly brought upon them the severe animadversions of poets, involving the whole sex in their sweeping denunciation: thus, Otway, in speaking of them, clearly alludes to a coquette:—

> "Their sex is one gross cheat! their only study
> How to deceive, betray, and ruin man!
> They have it by tradition from their mothers,
> Which they improve each day, and grow more exquisite;
> Their painting, patching, all their chamber-arts,
> And public affectations, are but tricks
> To draw fond man into that snare—their love!"

Ladies no doubt may feel offended at these very harsh, and as I have said, unjust charges brought against them; but it must be recollected, that although our poets were thoroughly acquainted with the minutest recesses of the human heart, they were, at the same time, (as I have endeavoured to shew under the head of "Love,") men who affected the most ardent adoration to minister to their own vanity; seeking to transmit their fame to posterity on the waxen wings of female beauty. I have also expressed my firm belief, that most of the objects of their love-sick lays were the most arrant and worthless creatures: thus it was coquetry and its heartless acts that they maligned. If woman could but be persuaded of the transcendant power of her natural charms—her natural graces—her natural expression, she would rarely expose herself to such a censure; and so far from her dominion over us being less powerful, we would cheerfully bear the flowery chains which she herself has transformed into iron and galling fetters. There is a power in innocence and virtue, which will excite the admiration and the esteem of the most profligate. But to the woman who has forfeited her fair fame by her own suicidal folly, we may apply the noble lament of Milton on her fall, when he calls her the "*fair defect of nature.*"

> "Oh! fairest creature, last and best
> Of all God's works—creatures in whom excell'd
> Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd.
> Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet,
> How art thou lost—how on a sudden lost,
> Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote!"

PART IV.

ACQUIRED PASSIONS.*

SECTION I.

AMBITION.

A DESIRE of superiority is a passion developed in early life, and rendered manifest by an endeavour to obtain it by physical power. As we advance in years we strive to command it by intellectual ascendancy or the possession of wealth. The two concomitant principles of action which can rarely, if ever, be separated from *ambition*, are *emulation* and *envy*.

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* Under this head I include those principles of action which gradually develope themselves in our progressive social intercourse—varying according to contingent circumstances. I should far exceed the limits which I have imposed on myself in this work, were I to enter into a consideration of their many shades and modifications. I shall, therefore, merely dwell on those passions which materially affect the well-being of mankind—*Ambition*, *Friendship*, *Fanaticism*—including under the latter head, *Superstition*, *Bigotry*, and *Sectarian Hostility*.

Dr. Reid considered *emulation* a *malevolent affection*, and it does certainly assume that character when it is associated with *envy*. But *envy* may be looked upon as the result of *emulation* more than its concomitant. In the race of life we experience no envy towards those competitors who do not conquer us in the course; but it will arise the moment they have thrown us in the background. Dr. Reid has admirably defined the two sentiments. "He who runs a race feels uneasiness at seeing another outstrip him. This is uncorrupted nature, and the work of God within him. But this uneasiness may produce either of two very different effects. It may incite him to make more vigorous exertions, and to strain every nerve to get before his rival. This is fair and honest emulation. This is the effect it is intended to produce. But if he have not fairness and candour of heart, he will look with an evil eye on his competitor, and will endeavour to trip him, or to throw a stumbling block in his way. This is pure envy, the most malignant passion that can lodge in the human breast, which devours, as its natural food, the peace and the happiness of those who are most deserving of our esteem."

Such, unfortunately, is the character of *ambition*. To obtain and preserve power is the sole object of the ambitious. All considerations are set at nought in this pursuit. According to circumstances, the ambitious are bold and determined, or abject and subservient, until they can obtain the gratification of their insatiable desires, when insupportable haughtiness succeeds servility.

> " What is ambition but desire of greatness?
> And what is greatness but extent of power?
> But lust of power 's a dropsy of the mind,
> Whose thirst increases while we drink to quench it,
> Till swollen and stretched by the repeated draught,
> We burst and perish!" *

La Bruyère has truly said, " The slave has only one master, the ambitious man as many as there are persons necessary to serve his projects;" and St. Gregory has also observed, that "ambition is timid while it is seeking, but proud and audacious when it has found." The high places in the world, sought for with such persevering exertion, may be compared to the lofty pinnacle of a mountain, that can only be reached by the bold flight of the soaring eagle, or the crawling reptile's slow and slimy progress.

Thus do we daily witness in the ambitious statesmen, the most disgusting pride and vain glory, associated with the meanest servility, hypocritic craft, or dishonest tergiversation. The daily sacrifice of principle evidently shews that the only motive of their actions is egotism in the most ample and repulsive acceptation of the word.

Whence arises this base alloy in individuals who, in private life, may be distinguished for many valuable

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* Higgins's " Generous Conqueror."

and virtuous qualities? Simply because private interests are paramount to general good. They rarely act upon any given and fixed principle. History affords abundant proofs of the venality of governments and governors. It is a record of the frailties and the errors of our nature, occasionally redeemed by some hallowed acts of patriotism and self-devotion; but the interests of the many have been invariably sacrificed for the welfare of a few, and rarely will private advantages be in accordance with the prosperity of all classes of the community.

It has been maintained that the progress of civilization arises from popular opinion. This is not the case. It is the form, and the acts, and the power of the government that gives a tone to popular opinion. When virtue and merit are neglected and unrewarded, the example will influence the masses, and virtue will cease to be viewed in its pure radiance of superiority over vice and passion. Helvetius has truly observed, "Les vices d'un peuple sont toujours cachés au fond de sa législation; c'est la qu'l faut fouiller pour en arracher les racines productives de ses vices."

How then can we expect that public men, whose opinion, whose conduct, must be influenced by the oscillation of circumstances, by external relations and internal occurrences, varying from time to time, and requiring a correspondent vibration in reaction—could display a steady determination and a firm purpose in meeting these exigencies, without a deviation from an inflexible line of conduct?

Accustomed to rule and to be obeyed, a statesman looks upon the people as

> "The lees of vulgar slaves;
> Slaves with the minds of slaves! So born, so bred.
> Yet such as these, united in a herd,
> Are call'd the public! Millions of such cyphers
> Make up the public sum! An eagle's life
> Is worth a world of crows."

The people in every country, considered as a common herd, were never righted, except by their own efforts, which, unfortunately, have been too often directed by men as ambitious and less honourable than those whose power they sought to overthrow. Yet these efforts are the only means of rousing apathetic and proud authority from its perilous and suicidal slumbers, when the necessities of the masses only appear to them in occasional dreams. *Aides toi et Dieu t'aidera*, is a maxim that should be inscribed on a nation's banners.

There does exist, however, an ambitious spirit of a more honourable and generous nature—the love of martial glory. Although it is attended with the usual calamities of war; yet as war seems to be part of the system of the creation, the ambitious soldier cannot be accused of having caused the evil. On the contrary, he is in general the mere tool and instrument of the diplomatist, who, in his cabinet, decides the fate of nations and the destinies of man, and who may truly say:

> " The bold are but the instruments of the wise—
> They undertake the dangers we advise;
> And whilst our fabric with their fame we raise,
> We take the profit, and pay them with praise." *

Rarely, however, is the soldier's ambition polluted by baseness and treachery. His deeds court the gaze of mankind; they are valuable only according to the publicity of their splendour: and it is only when the soldier combines politics with warlike operations, that his laurels may fade. For although the ends of his projects may be honourable and worthy, he will occasionally be obliged to employ means that do not always correspond with the integrity of his motives.

The thirst of glory, moreover, once satiated, will permit the honourable soldier to rest in peace after his labours. Political ambition can never rest; neither moral nor physical sufferings, the injustice and ingratitude of the great, the versatility of the people, even old age and infirmities, will never damp their ardour; the flame of ambition's lamp will flicker so long as it is fed by a single drop of oil; for

> " Like our shadows,
> Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines."

Yet tottering ambition is heedless of the succeeding lines of our philosophic poet:—

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* Dryden.

> "No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave;
> Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
> Calls for our carcase to enrich the soil!"*

Ambition will even survive political death and degradation—still seek to exercise its wonted and regretted power. Alberoni, after his fall, strove to govern the republic of Lucca; and Napoleon ruled as a sovereign so soon as he had landed on the little island of Elba!

On this subject Madame de Staël has admirably expressed herself: "It will be said, cannot we live after having filled high stations, as well as before we had obtained them? No, never will a powerless effort permit you to return to the point from which it sought to extricate you; re-action will reduce you still lower, and the great and cruel character of this passion is to impress its restless excitement on our whole existence, and confine happiness to a few instants."

The instability of power and the fall of the mighty are of no avail in tempering ambition; although it was in the hopes of its possessing that influence, that the priests of Esculapius advised the miserable, disappointed, ambitious men, who consulted them, to visit the ruins of Mount Ossa, and contemplate the deep abyss in which the Titans were hurled.

It is chiefly amongst men of a bilious or sanguino-bilious temperament that this passion is observed. It ushers in derangement of the digestive organs, ulceration and schirrous tumours of the stomach, diseases of the liver, affections of the heart, and apoplexy has been known to result from a sudden disappointment; while a fixity of thought and a state of melancholy, occasioned by crushed hopes and baffled expectations, will not unfrequently produce mental aberration; and statesmen have been known to expire when their favourite schemes have failed.

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* Young.

The best description of ambition has been given by the eloquent Massillon, and I shall quote the passage, notwithstanding its length, as it is more expressive than any words that I could find to convey the correct view he has taken of the subject:—

" Ambition is a worm that gnaws the heart, and never leaves it a moment of repose. This passion is the spring of all the intrigues and all the agitations of courts; it produces the revolutions of kingdoms, and every day exhibits fresh scenes to the world. It is a passion that dares every thing, at any cost; and more pernicious to an empire than idleness. It renders its possessor miserable—the ambitious knows no enjoyment; neither of glory, which he considers too obscure—nor of place, for he always wishes to ascend—neither is he satisfied with prosperity, for it withers and wastes away in abundance. The homages which he receives are poisoned by the homage he is obliged to render others;

favour becomes irksome, so soon as he is compelled to share it with concurrency. Nor will repose yield tranquillity—he is another Haman, often the object of public desire and envy, but whose authority is rendered insupportable, if a single honour is refused.

"Ambition will not only cause unhappiness, it will also degrade and debase. What meanness is resorted to to succeed! we must appear not what we are, but what we are wished to be! *Meanness in adulation*—you are compelled to worship and burn incense before the idol you despise; you must be exposed to disgusting rebuffs, and accept insults as if they were favours. *Meanness of dissimulation*—you must possess no opinion, but conform your ideas with those of others. *Meanness of profligacy*—you must become the accomplice, and pander to the passions of those upon whom you depend, and join in their disorderly excesses to participate of their favour. *Meanness of hypocrisy*—you must occasionally assume the appearance of piety, ape a virtuous man to advance, and prostitute religion to the ambition that it reprobates."

Such is the march of the ambitious to power, admirably pourtrayed by Jeffery:—

> "The cheat, Ambition, eager to espouse
> Dominion, courts it with a lying show,
> And shines in borrowed pomp to serve a turn:
> But the match made, the farce is at an end,
> And all the hireling equipage of virtues,
> Faith, honour, justice, gratitude, and friendship,
> Discharged at once."

The axiom of What is morally wrong cannot be politically right, is mere *verbiage.* The condition of society is such, that occasional wrongs must be inflicted; and on the same principle that a prevalence of both good and evil is in conformity with the immutable laws of the creation, the prosperity of one class of the community can rarely be obtained without injury to others. Fortunes are made out of the wrecks of unsuccessful ventures. Nay, acts and measures that would be considered criminal in the ordinary affairs of life, become virtues when resorted to in a national crisis. An individual who would destroy or despoil his neighbour, whether friend or foe, for purposes of personal advantage, would die on the scaffold, or be degraded in the eyes of the world; but the statesman who devastates entire regions, and dooms thousands to death or misery, is considered a patriot, and statues are erected to his memory.

During periods of great intestine convulsions, many men have been considered merciless and blood-thirsty monsters, who were not more cruel than any minister who kindles a war. The one wages it with the headsman's axe, the other with bayonets and ordnance. The revolutionary partisan may immolate hundreds, who were preparing to immolate him, the politician immolates thousands totally uninterested in the conflict. I am led to make these observations, having in my youth known many of the most sanguinary of the French

Terrorists, who were the most gentle and humane beings in their domestic and familiar intercourse.

Unfortunately for mankind, the ambitious, in the furtherance of their projects, have recourse to the most perilous instruments of power; and as, in courting popularity, they must cajole and win the masses, they unmuzzle a ferocious monster who in all probability will sacrifice them in their blind fury. The mob, so well defined by Dryden as—

> "The scum, that rises upward when the nation boils,"—

the mob may be won, or purchased, by both parties in turn. Their versatility is admirably depicted by our Shakspere:—

> "Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
> And as the air blows it to me again;
> Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,
> And yielding to another, when it blows,
> Commanded always by the greatest gust,
> Such is the lightness of you common men."

But if the ambitious can purchase the support of the brutal multitude with a few shillings, and a distribution of liquor, the upper classes have also their price; they stand at a higher figure in the tariff of corruption, but they are also marketable goods, and places and pensions will win them over as easily as gin and halfpence will obtain the roar of the rabble.

We have now considered ambition in a statesman. There are, however, other shades of this passion, that shed a dismal gloom on the features of frail humanity. The desire of power and superiority will influence, more or less, every class of society. The parish beadle is just as ambitious with his gold laced coat and hat, as the wooden-headed justice of the peace, descended in line direct from the Shallow family, whose utter ignorance of mankind can only be equalled by his transcendant inaptitude for a wise dispensation of laws beyond his feeble comprehension, and his self-conceit and arrogance, when

> "Dress'd in a little brief authority;
> Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
> His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep!"*

It is somewhat strange, but the envious feelings that accompany ambition vary according to the pursuit and profession of individuals. What is an honourable emulation of distinction in one class, will degenerate into base envy in another, and will, according to circumstances, or rather under a deference to public opinion and appearances, be manifested in various ways.

It is painful to observe, that the two avocations which, from their very nature, ought to place men above the influence of petty and personal interests, are the very ones in which jealousy of superiority and of influence prevails. The Church and Medicine.

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* Shakspere.

Polemic and theoretic discussions, have excited both ecclesiastics and physicians, to the most bitter and hostile animosity. To such an extent has this acrimony been carried—each party enlisting under its banner women and idlers—that it has been observed in all towns of the continent to which British resort, that the interminable disputes and bickerings amongst the emigrants, have arisen and been fomented by persons of these two professions;* the text of a sermon, or a prescription of a pill, being a bone of contention to be gnawed by the heterogeneous aggregation of absentees.

The Bar, no doubt, is also subject to irritative feelings, and this is most observable on circuit, between senior and junior; yet lawyers do not exhibit this soreness in their susceptibilities with such virulence as the two professions to which I have reluctantly alluded. To what are we to attribute this circumstance? Does it arise from the fact, that men who are in the daily habit of abusing and insulting each other professionally and in public, consider private hostility useless? I cannot presume to say.

But of all classes of society, the most bitter and unbending in their jealousy, are to be found in the republic of letters. There, no bounds can restrain animosity and illiberal feelings, manifested by looks when not expressed by words. This hostility has existed from the heroic ages to the present day. Naucrates accused Homer of purloining the beauties of his works from a library at Memphis; Cicero looked upon Socrates as a vile usurer; Plato was accused of being avaricious, impious, inconstant, and dishonest; Aristotle has been held up by Cicero and Plutarch as an ambitious, ignorant, and vain man; Virgil is despised by Pliny and Seneca; Horace condemns Plutarch, and he, in his turn, is considered as a plagiarist from the Greek minor poets. The jealous invectives of literary men would fill volumes.

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* In some towns of Germany, the authorities have been obliged, by these incessant dissensions amongst the British residents, to come to the decision of only allowing one clergyman and one medical man to act within their jurisdiction.

It is somewhat remarkable, that although considerable jealous emulation may prevail amongst artists, there is more of liberality amongst them in delivering their opinion regarding the production of rival talent, than in most other professions. We daily find an eminent painter taking a young student by the hand, exerting himself to assist his progress in life, and endeavouring to encourage him by his advice.

To what are we to attribute this different manifestation of emulative aspirations in the various conditions of life? It would be difficult to come to a satisfactory explanation of these anomalies; yet I will venture on a suggestion: Is it not probable that our jealous ambition arises from the influence that our position and our calling are likely to give us in society? the power that it may place in our hands? The divine, the medical attendant, may, by their gradual influence in families, obtain a considerable sway; they command confidence, and are flattered by the distinction and the authority with which it arms them; they become spiritual directors, and the friends and *confidants* of the family, —what the French call, "*L'ami de la maison.*" Soul and body are under their care. Intruders who may possibly nourish projects of superseding them in domestic relations and influence, are considered hostile to their interests,—nay, as likely to threaten their very existence. For it must be borne in mind, that the curate, the doctor, owe their prosperity to public opinion, more especially when moving in a limited circle,—and the parish of a metropolis is a village to men who court popularity. It is probable that in many instances, the unwelcome consciences of these individuals may warn them that they do not deserve the high estimation in which they have been held. Hypocrisy must be the result of this unpleasant reflection; and men who live in constant fear of being detected in any want of propriety, must dread the very shadow of opposition, that may impugn the morality of the one, or the practice of the other; their reputation is not only "the immediate jewel of their souls," but defrays their expenses, and holds out a prospect of increased emoluments.

In regard to literary men, they imagine that their productions will not only give a tone to public taste, but entitle them to a stand on Parnassus or a niche in the Abbey. Everlastingly on the *qui vive* of vanity, they will prick up their ears in the buzz of society, expecting to catch the flattering compliment paid to their genius, or the voice of damning criticism. The wear and tear of constitution and of life in authors, does not so much arise from toil and midnight lucubration, as from the incessant consuming irritability that preys upon their vital powers. Redundant with self-importance, they will invariably attribute the failure of their writings to the bad taste of the age, or the ignorance of the public. In fact, the literary man considers himself a citizen of importance in the republic of letters, and claims in his behalf a share of the sovereignty of the people. Nor can we exactly blame their presumption. The influence of literature is great. The press, although not as powerful a lever as in France, where editors become statesmen, and statesmen are editors, is still a mighty engine of ascendancy; and there is not a penny-a-liner, who does not look upon himself as equal to the writer of any leading article in the journal to which he contributes.

The literary man, if unsuccessful, feels proud in his necessities; he consoles himself with the reflection that many of the brightest ornaments of the land have perished in want, but have lived in immortality. When any pursuit in life admits of no middle state between affluence and poverty, heart-burning, envious feelings must be the result; more especially when (making every due allowance for vanity) so many candidates for fame owe more to the "*savoir faire*," than the "*savoir*."

Again, vanity will induce many ambitious men to forsake an honest and quiet pursuit in life, to seek for public applause and notoriety. The entrance to the Temple of Fame is not a wide portal, through which crowds may rush; it is a narrow wicket, that only admits a certain number, and those one by one; it is an exclusive entrance, *tabood* to the multitude that surround its approaches.

In such numbers of aspiring candidates for distinction, the business must be overdone; and while a few enjoy a handsome competency, the many will find it difficult to keep body and soul together; then will self-conceit induce them to conclude that their more prosperous brethren are the creatures of favour or of good luck. It is needless to dwell upon the bitter passions that must arise from such a competition, for liberality and competition rarely move hand in hand.

A lawyer is placed in a different position. He is entrusted with a brief by an obliging solicitor; he secures his fee; he exerts himself *pro* or *con*, and neither knows nor cares for the parties engaged in the suit. His prospects may ultimately be the bench; but his immediate views are lucre. The works of the painter and the sculptor speak for themselves. No party—no coterie—can give him permanent fame. Fashion and favour, no doubt, may bring him into vogue; but unless he possesses a positive talent, he will not succeed in the long run.

How different is the position of the clergyman or the physician! The one may be a fashionable preacher—the other a fashionable and a successful practitioner ; but, under ordinary circumstances, neither of them can obtain a distinguished and imperishable reputation. The names of Raphael and Rubens, Titian and Teniers, are lisped even by children: the divine and the physician of their day, however illustrious they may have been, are only known amongst those who follow the same avocation; and while the *chefs d'œuvres* of art constitute the pride of palaces, homilies and medical doctrines are confined to the shelves of professional libraries.

In fine, it may be said that while one profession works for lucre, another labours for fame, and it is obvious that their feelings must produce sentiments widely different—as dissimilar as avarice and glory, although we frequently see them united: nevertheless, it is not likely that an eminent artist would paint a sign-board, for any sum that might be offered to him ; he would consider it beneath his dignity, and his stand in the profession enhances the value of his productions.

It is evident that the effects of ambition on the social system must depend on the nature of its aspirations, and will elicit the most generous or the most condemnable principles of action. The ambition that endeavours to obtain pre-eminence in sciences and arts—to benefit society in any manner so as to meliorate its condition, must ever be considered the most praiseworthy pursuit ; but personal, political, and clerical ambition has inflicted more misery on the creation than all the vices and crimes of individual offenders. It is this ambition that has deprived mankind of all its noble attributes—of peace in this life, and hopes of eternal happiness in the next—it has sacrificed every thing sacred for personal aggrandizement, and turned the blessings of the Supreme Intelligence into withering curses:

> "Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back;
> It is a swelling, and the last affection
> A high mind can put off. It is a rebel
> Both to the soul and reason, and enforces
> All laws, all conscience; treads upon religion,
> And offers violence to Nature's self."
>
> *Ben Jonson.*

SECTION II.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is a sentiment that clearly arises from our instinct of relation and self-preservation. Man, born a social being (notwithstanding the misanthropic views of Hobbes and other philosophers), experiences from his earliest infancy the necessity of a relative support and assistance: as I have already endeavoured to shew, all social order and institutions arise from this necessity. A savage will feel a certain gloom in solitude: association with his rude fellow-creatures he finds not only requisite for his comfort, but his protection; whatever may be his own personal vigour, he is conscious that an aggregate concentration and display of force is more effective than any single effort.

To be attached to others, is as natural a desire as that of having others attached to us. Friendship is, therefore, founded on a law of necessity, and according to our wants, does it become more essential to our well-being. It is not a libel on mankind, to maintain that our friendship is founded on personal advantages:

> "Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
> The common int'rest, or endear the tie:
> To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
> Each home-felt joy that life inherits here."*

At the same time it is as entiment, a passion, that demands certain sympathies. We often observe a sincere friendship entertained for a worthless person, when an unconquerable antipathy checks the growth of a similar feeling towards those who have a right to our esteem and confidence. We also frequently behold a firm knot of mutual attachment, which one might imagine reason ought to sever.

The feelings of friendship differ widely from those of love: they are more noble, more generous; there is less of selfishness in their influence: also is a true friendship most rare. In contracting its ties, we are not blinded by passion and infatuation; our preference is generally the result of discrimination, although a similarity of pursuits and of ideas will attach the most unworthy to each other; yet generally speaking, it is the result of a long acquaintance, and the habit of continual intercourse. Some philosophers have maintained that no friendship can exist amongst the wicked. Daily experience proves the fallacy of this doctrine. Yet we may say, that as most of our crimes and evil passions arise from selfishness, it is very rare that a selfish person can entertain friendly sentiments: friendship amongst ill-doers, is therefore to be considered in the light of a bond contracted by community of interests, rather than a generous sense of personal regard. The most profligate respect virtue. Mutual danger will often, like mutual pursuits, form most powerful associations:

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* Pope.

> "The friendships of the world are oft
> Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure."*

"Honour amongst thieves," is an old saying, which, like most other popular axioms, is founded on experience and observation. They share both profit and peril. In their minds, an informer who *peaches*, is the basest of mankind; for he has betrayed a vital confidence. Thus does interest produce amongst the vilest the same results that obtain amongst the most virtuous portion of society.

Friendship arising from a community of interests, and a certain mutual dependence, necessitated by our wants, it is evident that our position in life must materially influence this warmth and constancy which is seldom observed amongst the wealthy and the powerful, who either do not need the aid of their fellow-men, or are too proud to seek it—

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* Addison.

> "Friendship's the privilege
> Of private men; for wretched greatness knows
> No blessing so substantial."*

This sentiment must be much less common amongst the rich than amongst those whose circumstances render them dependent on each other; and even then, such is our pride and vanity, that services rendered, are too frequently the bane of friendship. Pollonius' injunctions to Laertes were most wise:

> "Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend:
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

Not only does our friendship vary acccording to the present circumstances of our relative position, but it is mainly influenced by many adventitious occurrences; thus, a sudden accession to wealth and power, has obliterated affections contracted from infancy, and fostered by growth and age:

> "For new made honour doth forget men's name."†

Adversity produces a similar result. We are attached to a man of power, of influence;—on a sudden he loses all these attractive qualities, and our affections droop, and drop with his fortunes. Such a visitation of Providence has been compared to a beautiful woman disfigured by the small-pox; we loved her when she was loveable, but she ceased to be such, when she ceased to be what she had been. Esteem, friendship, may hold their ground, but love has fled; and we venerate her remains as the Egyptians respected their mummies, in commemoration of their former qualities, and an habitual attachment.

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* Tate.

† Shakspere.

La Rochefoucauldt pronounced friendship to be a social reciprocity of interests, an exchange of good offices; in fine, an association in which self-love invariably contemplates some advantage. We imagine that we love those who possess more power than ourselves, when it is only our interests that produce our friendship. We do not devote ourselves to them from any benefit we can bestow, but from an expectation of the benefit which may accrue to us. Our cynic philosopher further observes, "That the first sense of gratification we experience, when we hear of the good luck of a friend, does not arise so much from our natural benevolence, and the friendly feeling we entertain towards him, as from our self-love, which flatters us with the hopes of meeting with a similar good fortune, or of reaping some advantage from his. If it is difficult," he adds, "to love those whom we do not esteem, it is still more so to love those whom we esteem more than ourselves."

If we consider closely the position in which we are placed when friendship is usually formed, there is much truth in the severe maxims of the French moralist. Our poet, Howard, entertained similar views:

"I have too deeply read mankind,
To be amus'd with friendship; 'tis a name
Invented merely to betray credulity.
'Tis *intercourse of interest*—not of souls."

Savage maintains the same doctrine:

"You'll find the friendship of the world a show!
Mere outward show! 'Tis like the harlot's tears,
The statesman's promise, or false patriot's zeal,
Full of fair seeming, but delusion all."

Many are the circumstances that tend to render friendship not only a scarce sentiment, but one likely to be easily obliterated by our relative social situation. A sincere friendship requires an abnegation of all interested feelings—of pride, vanity, emulation, rivalry, ambition; a readiness to sacrifice fortune, fame, even life: when we might say of a friend—

"I had a friend that lov'd me,
I was his soul, he liv'd but in me;
We were so clos'd within each other's breast,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first,
That do not reach us yet—we were so mix'd
As meeting streams,—both to ourselves were lost;
We were one mass, we could not give nor take
But from the same; for he was I—I he.
Return my better half, and give me half myself,
For thou art all!
If I have any joy when thou art absent,
I grudge it to myself, methinks I rob
Thee of my part." *

This description of friendship may be very fine and noble in poetry, but in the prosaic matter-of-fact intercourse of the world, it is more than even a poet could expect to find. We live not in the fabulous days of Orestes and Pylades, of Theseus and Pirithous.

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* Dryden.

Generally speaking, a sincere friendship requires equality both in rank and fortune. Under a glaring disparity of situation, when a friend becomes a protector and a patron, there must exist a sense of inferiority and of obligations on one side, that will invariably cast a damp upon reciprocal affection. Respect is a sentiment totally different from the warm emotions of friendship. Kant has truly said, "Love is an attraction, respect a repulsion;" the first sentiment urges us to a close and intimate intercourse, the latter to observe a certain distance, in the apprehension that too much familiarity, in such a case, might verify the old axiom.

The bounden duties of friendship are incompatible with the conventional etiquette required by rank. It is the business of one friend to warn another of his faults, and their probable consequences; for since the chief wish of friendship must be the welfare of its object, any thing that can tend to injure it must be as seriously felt as though the injury were personal. The first sentiment that a man experiences, when warned by a friend of the danger he incurs by imprudent acts, is the apprehension that he has fallen off, or is falling off, in his esteem and his consideration. Friendship requires that the heart should be mutually opened; mental reservation borders upon deception, or, at any rate, on a prudent silence. On the other hand, advice unasked for is seldom welcome; indeed, when it is requested, unless it agrees with our previous view of the matter, it is rarely acceptable; thus, the interference of friendship is not unfrequently considered an intrusion. No man likes to be thought in the wrong, or obstinate in his errors; and although he may justly appreciate the motives, he will feel his self-love galled by their manifestation. Such advice, however friendly, mostly appears ill-timed; it tends to overthrow a favourable pre-concerted plan, which pride and vanity had fondly contemplated; it awakens unwelcome reason, and starts troublesome reflections; it rouses us from a delightful dream. No one can be pleased with the accusation of having deceived others, but perhaps we feel more hurt when we are shewn that we have deceived ourselves; and although the proofs of our error may be most palpable the more they are cogent, the less will they be palatable, or effectual in removing the film of willing cecity from our eyes.

One of the most lamentable effects of self-love is its aversion to any truths that are unwelcome; and I cannot better express this fatal passion than in the words of Pascal, one of the most pious and benevolent of men.

"The nature of self-love is only to love oneself, and it considers no one else; but it cannot prevent itself from perceiving, in the object of its affection, nothing but defects and miseries. It seeks greatness, and finds itself insignificant; it wishes to be happy, it sees itself wretched; it wishes to be perfect, it sees itself full of imperfections; it endeavours to become an object of love and esteem amongst mankind, it perceives that its failings only merit its aversion and its contempt. This dubious condition produces the most unjust and criminal passion imaginable, for it inspires a deadly hate towards any truth that reproves or detects errors. Self-love would wish to annihilate the evidence, but, unable to destroy it in itself, it seeks to destroy it both in its own perception and that of others, by incessant endeavours to conceal faults to others, as well as to itself.

"There are various degrees in this aversion to truth; but we may say that it prevails in all to a certain degree, since it is inseparable from self-love. Thus a false delicacy obliges those who are placed under the necessity of reproving others, to seek for subterfuges and circumlocutions, not to give offence; not only to palliate, but extenuate these faults, blending them with praise, and even professions of affection and esteem. Notwithstanding these precautions, the medicine is a bitter potion to self-love, which takes as little of it as possible, and always with disgust, while it frequently entertains a secret ill-will towards those by whom it has been administered.

"Thus, man is nothing more than deceit, falsehood, and hypocrisy, both towards himself and towards others. He will not have the truth told to him, and he avoids being veracious with others. This disposition, so opposite to every principle of justice and reason, takes a natural root in his heart."

It is clear that these observations merely apply to truths personally unwelcome; for the love of truth, in general, is a universal feeling, as the meanest conception must be aware that it is the chief cement of social intercourse and confidence.

To be suspected, even when there are just grounds for suspicion, is ever an unpleasant feeling. To be suspected by a friend is still more distressing, and friendship can scarcely reconcile us to the idea of being watched by others in our conduct; and we are generally disposed to find out faults in those who have detected ours: thus confidence is shaken, and friendship is gradually alienated. It is from these considerations that philosophers have applied to friendship the line of Ovid—

> "Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno."

It is this self-love, and a certain degree of selfishness that deteriorates our feelings of mutual friendship, that drew forth from La Rochefoucauldt a maxim that has been much inveighed against—"That in the distresses of our best friends there is always something which does not displease;" on which Swift observed,

> "As Rochefoucauldt his maxims drew
> From nature, I believe them true.
> If what he says be not a joke,
> We mortals are strange kind of folk."

Dugald Stewart, with his usual benevolence, has sought to defend the philosopher from the accusation brought against him, but I fear with more kindness than correctness. "What La Rochefoucauldt has said," he observes, "amounts only to this, that, in the distresses of our best friends, the pain we feel is not altogether unmixed—a proposition unquestionably true whenever we have an opportunity of soothing their sorrows by the consolation of sympathy, or of evincing by more substantial services the sincerity and strength of our attachment. But the pleasure we experience in such cases, so far from indicating anything selfish or malevolent in the heart, originates in principles of a directly opposite description, and will be always most pure and exquisite in the most disinterested and generous character." Alas for poor human nature! I much fear that this was not the view of the subject entertained by the French philosopher; and I can readily conceive, and, to a certain extent admit, the truth of his observation. I shall endeavour to point out examples to justify this belief.

Let us suppose two bosom friends, playing with each other at a game of skill or chance : one of them invariably wins. If it be a game of chance, the loser will readily accuse his bad fortune; if it be one of skill, he will attribute his losses to ill-luck, more than to his opponent's superior ability. An involuntary feeling of hostility arises in his mind, which he endeavours in vain to check. But let us suppose that the following day his unsuccessful partner has experienced a heavy loss at the same game, will he not feel a certain degree of malevolent pleasure? Let us suppose, again, two intimate friends commanding two regiments in action : the one is defeated and put to flight, and is perhaps rescued from destruction by the timely support of the other, who is covered with praise and honour, while the unsuccessful soldier becomes the object of public animadversion. Can it be imagined that we are made of such unreasonable stuff as to be gratified by a triumph which has thrown us into the shade of public opinion ? Let us suppose, again, that in the next battle the popular hero is discomfited in his turn, will the most benevolent moralist on earth pretend to say that, in his heart and soul, his rival will not experience a balmy sense of satisfaction? I might adduce innumerable supposititious relative situations to illustrate the truth of La Rochefoucauldt's remark.

Let it not be inferred from these observations, that I doubt the existence of friendship: far from it, I verily believe that it does exist under the peculiar circumstances of equality and sympathy that I have endeavoured to point out, and that it really does constitute one of the most powerful sources of consolation to mankind in our misfortunes: at the same time, we must not calculate on those unreasonable sacrifices that poets, both ancient and modern, have required as a proof of its sincerity; nor have we a right to expect that this sentiment will be more durable than any other human passion. On the contrary, I have adduced many causes to which we may attribute its declension: and many a time has love proved its deadliest foe,—a fact noticed by Shakspere:—

> " Friendship is constant in all other things,
> Save in the office and affairs of love,
> Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues.
> Let every eye negotiate for itself,
> And trust to no agent, for beauty is a witch,
> Against whose charms faith melteth into blood."

It was not long since, when a lover requested the assistance of a friend, to carry off a beautiful and wealthy girl to Gretna: however, the swain being somewhat hungry, stopped on the road to dinner—thus exposing himself to lose his prize: unfortunately for him, the young lady's appetite was not so keen, and justly offended at her suitor's conduct, she pursued the run-away trip with his *friend*, who left him to enjoy his repast " with what appetite he might."

If friendship is a rare sentiment between men, I believe it is equally uncommon in the other sex, from the same reason that I have adduced, modified of course by their different positions in life, and their expectancies; but the friendship that exists between individuals of different sexes, although doubted, I consider not only frequent, but most strong, and in no ways connected with any personal desires. I do not pretend to say, that a man who entertains a sincere regard and esteem for a woman, may not occasionally think that he might have been happier with her than he might be at the time; but this sentiment is not associated with any gross and animal sensations. Man feels a natural pride and satisfaction in assisting the weak; it adds to his own importance and self-estimation; but when that weaker person is a helpless and unprotected female, he feels doubly gratified in affording her protection. This friendship I consider as pure as a fraternal affection; and if its object attain high fame and name, the lustre, so far from dimming the brightness of his own views, reflects a refulgence upon him, and *he* becomes proud of any praise that could inspire *her* pride. There is, moreover, such a degree of generosity, such a readiness to submit to self-abnegation to serve a friend in need, in the heart and soul of a woman, that gifts that would degrade a man in his own estimation, if conferred by one of his own sex, become a source of the most grateful emotion when bestowed by her.

Admitting for one moment, that criminal desires might pollute so fair a stream of earthly enjoyment, the very thought that a selfish act could endanger her peace and happiness, would disarm the unhallowed passion, and make man feel that

> " The only amaranthine flow'r on earth
> Is virtue; the only lasting treasure—truth." *

Proud in her virtue, such a woman may defy all the arts of man.

> " For in those lofty lookes is close implide
> Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of foul dishonour,
> Thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
> That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her;
> Such pride is praise, such portliness is honour,
> That boldned innocence beares in her eies,
> And her faire countenance, like a goodly banner,
> Spreads in defiance of all enemies." †

Since neither emulation nor ambition can excite our envy in our friendship for a woman, it is evident that it has a better chance of permanency.

The instinct of relation is particularly remarkable in domesticated animals, more especially in the dog, whose attachment to his master may, in truth, be called friendship. But here again, as in man, it is the result of gratitude and relative necessity,—for his owner feeds him and protects him; and although many of these sagacious creatures can never be induced to forget their old master,

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* Cowper.

† Spenser.

yet they will, in general, attach themselves to his successor in care and kindness.

Naturalists notice many instances of friendship between animals, who render each other reciprocal service. Alibert, in his romantic work called "The Physiology of the Passions," relates the case of the crocodile, whose teeth are picked by a bird who lives upon the insects obtained by this obliging office. I know not in what traveller's account our ingenious writer has found this wonderful act of selfish politeness, but it was well known to our Spenser:—

> "Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,
> Upon a sunnie banke outstretched lay,
> In monstrous length, a mightie crocodile,
> That, cramm'd with guiltless blood and greedy prey
> Of wretched people, travailing that way,
> Thought all things lesse than his disdainful pride.
> I saw a little bird, call'd Fedula,
> The least of thousands that on earth abide,
> That forst this hideous beast to open wide
> The griesly gates of his devouring hell,
> And let him feede, as nature doth provide,
> Upon his iaws, that with black venime swell."

The attachment of the dog is such that it may well put human friendship to the blush; and many a time this sagacious animal has raised painful reflections in the most callous breast. Napoleon assured Las Casas that he never experienced the horrors of war more keenly than one day, when riding over a field of battle, a dog, who had been crouching near the dead body of his master, flew at him in the most furious manner, and, running to and fro between him and the corpse, barking and howling, seemed to reproach him with the sad loss he had sustained.

The friendship that animals bear to our species, and to each other, is not only more pure and faithful than that of mankind, but even ill usage and tyranny cannot alienate it, nor does it require an equality of situation. Thus, a lion has been known to pine to death at the loss of a dog, and a dog to starve himself when bereft of the lion's society. We daily see natural and instinctive enmity amongst animals conquered by domestication and companionship; and a philosophic visit to a *ménagerie* of wild beasts may teach many a lesson of morality to the most civilized and self-important members of society.

It is this rare occurrence of disinterested friendship that made Aristotle exclaim—"Ah, my friends! there are no more friends!" Therefore is it that the loss of such a valuable acquisition is oftentimes more bitterly felt than that of a near relative, and that ingratitude on the part of those on whose lasting fidelity we had depended, is one of the severest afflictions of Providence.

> "Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude.
> Thy tooth is not so keen
> Because thou art not seen,
> Altho' thy breath be rude.

" Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remember'd not."

SECTION III.

BIGOTRY AND FANATICISM.

In my sketch of the progress of civilization, and its gradual influence in the modification of our passions, I have dwelt particularly on the ascendancy of the clergy of all ages. The depositaries of whatever sciences were known during these various periods, it was to the priesthood that society owed its intellectual development: in fact, they themselves were undermining their future stability, by the very education they bestowed.

The preservation of power is one of the chief principles of action of mankind. So soon as any circumstances arose that could militate against authority, it became a paramount object of those who possessed it, to maintain it by every possible means. The chief agencies for these purposes must have been the strength of argument and reason, or brute force. To reason on abstract points that could not admit of demonstration, more especially when so many doctrines were advanced, clashing with each other, was no easy matter, and when resorted to, generally failed in its effects. Hence force was the only instrument that could be brought into action.

This instrument of power was wielded by men of different temperaments:—Ambitious, and determined, *per fas et nefas*, to maintain their sovereignty, without any other principle than personal aggrandizement and secular authority; or atrabilious, ascetic individuals, broken down by penitential infliction, and a prey to enthusiastic fanaticism. These men may be said to have laboured under a certain degree of mental aberration; and their atrocities and cruelties arose from a mistaken view both of the Divinity and of their duties towards its creatures. They were convinced that they held their authority by right divine, and that, as being responsible for a due exercise of a power thus conferred by the Omnipotent, they were justifiable in compelling every stray sheep that wandered from the flock entrusted to their care, to return to their pens by persuasion—and if that did not answer, by a terrific punishment, that might serve as an example to others, who might be equally disposed to dispute their supremacy.

Thus was mankind placed between ruthless ambition and insane fanaticism. Clerical ambition has ever proved the most destructive form of that passion. Temporal chiefs and princes sought to destroy the power of their enemies, and rule their captive subjects. They establised colonies in the subjugated country. Generally speaking, the ancient conquerors respected the religion of the conquered; considering, no doubt, that it was the most probable, and therefore the most wise proceeding, to reconcile them to their altered position. Ambitious chiefs merely sought to govern the persons of men, but clerical ambition was determined to rule their minds; and those who would not implicitly submit to their dictates, however discordant and irreconcilable with each other, were doomed to be exterminated without remission; and whether man was a Polytheist or a Deist, blood, whether of the brute creation or of our own species, was considered as the only sacrifice that could propitiate the Supreme Intelligence.

By this system of religious worship, man was gradually bereft of all the consolations of religion. Instead of being taught to love his Creator, through the intermediate agency of his ministers he was taught to dread and fear him. The service of God became an unwilling task, instead of a heartfelt duty; mankind was not called to the altar by the impulses of gratitude and of love, but by the sound of bells or the summons of the priests to assemble in their temples. Their prayers and supplications were not spontaneous effusions, but formed into a certain doxology by task-masters, agreeable to an established ritual; and mankind was compelled, by this orthodox discipline, not only to praise the Creator in a borrowed language, but to curse to all eternity any fellow-creature who did not partake of his opinion, or rather of the opinion of his spiritual directors!

The result of such a course was obvious. Those who did not think about the matter, but took every thing for granted, attended Divine worship mechanically, as a habit; but others, who presumed to have recourse to their reason, became sceptical, and only submitted to the yoke of priesthood from fear; and, had they dared, would have addressed to their ministers the words of Otway:

> "You want to lead
> My reason blindfold, like a hampered lion,
> Check'd of its noble vigour; then, when baited
> Down to obedient tameness, make it couch,
> And shew strange tricks, which you call signs of faith;
> So silly souls are gull'd, and you get money!"

It is marvellous to suppose that priests could have seriously fancied that their subjects should thus blindly submit to their dictates, and be satisfied with their instructions, when they themselves were engaged in constant polemic hostilities, each sect boldly denying the assertions of their opponents. Unanimity amongst them might have commanded confidence; but who can confide in men who cannot agree; and know which road to follow, where various paths are pointed out as the only avenue to salvation? Here worldly ambition and the thirst of power defeated its own cherished object; and it has been truly said that

> "Churchmen, though they wish to govern all,
> Are silly, woeful, awkward politicians;
> They make lame mischief, tho' they meant it well.
> Their int'rest is not finely drawn and tried;
> But seams are coarsely bungled up, not sewn."

For instance, what could be more absurd than the conduct of churchmen, who, when sending their victims to the stake, expressed the horror the Church entertained for bloodshed, and handed over their wretched prey to the secular power for execution! A judge might as well say that his sentence does not deprive the culprit of life, since he is hanged or beheaded by another person.

Bacon has observed, that "a little philosophy makes men Atheists, and a great deal of religion reconciles them to religion." With all due respect to so great an authority, I should apprehend that it is a false view of religion that creates Atheism; and the pious Bacon himself, in another place, agrees with the heathen Plutarch in the opinion, that a contumelious belief is worse than none; and that it is far better and more pious to believe in no God at all, than in one who is cruel and vindictive. The following are the words of our great philosopher—"It was better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him: for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose. Surely, saith he, I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they would say there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born, as the poets speak of Saturn ; and as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation, all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not ; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy on the minds of men : therefore Atheism did never perturb states, for it makes men weary of themselves, as looking no farther; and we see the times inclined to Atheism (as the time of Augustus Cæsar) were civil times ; but superstition hath been the confusion of many states, and bringeth in a new '*primum mobile*,' that ravisheth all the spheres of government."

Shaftesbury expresses himself in the following words on this gloomy character given to religious creeds: " The melancholy way in which we have been taught religion, makes us unapt to think of it in good humour. It is in adversity chiefly, or in ill-health, under affliction and disturbance of mind, or discomposure of temper, that we have recourse to it, though, in reality, we are never so unfit to think of it as at such a heavy and dark hour. We can never be fit to contemplate any thing above us, when we are in no condition to look into ourselves, and calmly examine the temper of our own mind and passions. For then it is we see wrath and fury and revenge and terror in the Deity, when we are full of disturbance and fears within, and have, by suffering and anxiety, lost so much of the natural calm and easiness of our temper."* The same philosopher has also said: "We are afraid of bringing good humour into religion, or thinking with freedom and pleasantness on such a subject as God: it is because we conceive the subject so like ourselves, and can hardly have a notion of majesty and greatness, without stateliness and moroseness accompanying it." Shaftesbury's observations on education may be also applied to the priesthood: "The magisterial voice and high strains of the pedagogue command reverence and awe. It is of admirable use to keep understanding at a distance, and out of reach."

On the subject of this fanatic enthusiasm, I have expressed myself in the following words in another publication:—"When we contemplate the miseries that have arisen from fanaticism, or fervent enthusiasm, although it is but a sad consolation, yet it affords some gratification, in our charitable view of mankind, to think, nay, to know, that this fearful state of mind is a disease, a variety of madness, which may, in many instances, be referred to a primary physical predisposition, and a natural idiosyncrasy. Thus it is with enthusiasm,—a malady which, in its dreadful progress, has been known to become contagious—one might even say, epidemic. Vain terrors have seized whole populations in cities and provinces, when any accident that happened to a neighbour was deemed a just punishment of his sins; and every calamity that befell the fanatic, was considered the hostile act of others. Jealousy and dark revenge were the natural results of such a state of mind, when the furious fire of bigotry was fanned by ambition, until monomania became demonomania of the most hideous nature, and every maniac bore in his pale and emaciated visage, the characteristic of that temperament which predisposes to the disease. Seldom do we observe it in the *sanguineous temperament*, remarkable for mental tranquillity, yet for determined courage when roused to action. The *choleric* and *bilious*, impetuous, violent, ambitious, ever ready to carry their point by great virtues or great crimes, may no doubt rush into a destructive career, but then they lead to the onset the *atribilious* man, saturated with black bile, and constituting the *melancholy temperament.* Here we behold the countenance sallow and sad; the visage pale and emaciated, of an unearthly hue; gloom, suspicion, hate, depicted in every lineament; the mirror of a soul unfitted for any sentiment of affection, pity, or forgiveness. Detesting mankind, and detested, they seek solitude to brood upon their wretchedness, or to derive from it the means to make others as miserable as themselves.*

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* Enthusiasm, s. iv. p. 27.

An ingenious writer, in a work entitled "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," thus defines this disease: "It will be found that the elementary idea attached to the term in its manifold application, is that of fictitious fervour in religion, rendered turbulent, morose, or rancorous, by junction with some one or more of the unsocial emotions; or, if a definition as brief as possible were demanded, we should say that fanaticism is enthusiasm influenced by habit. Fanaticism supposes three elements of belief: the supposition of malignity on the part of the object of our worship; a consequent detestation of mankind at large as the subjects of malignant power; and then a credulous conceit of the favours of Heaven shewn to the few, in contempt of the rules of virtue."

To this very day we attribute every public calamity to the wrath of the Deity, and put up supplications for forgiveness in the same language as was used by the heathens when imploring the mercy of the infernal deities, although those very calamities are the result of our own improvidence, or of the immutable laws of the creation.†

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* "Curiosities of Medical Experience."

† A recent proof of this sentiment has been established in the disease that affects the potato crop—a disease that was manifested in Germany in 1830, and in Ireland and America in 1832, to such an extent as to threaten the total extinction of the plant. Cobbett was so convinced of its approach, that he repeatedly denounced the potato,

"Many Theists," says Hume, "even the most zealous and refined, have denied a *particular* providence; and have asserted that the Sovereign Mind, or first principle of all things, having fixed general laws by which nature is governed, gives free and uninterrupted course to these laws, and disturbs not, at every turn, the settled order of events

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as being likely to prove the ruin of Ireland and a curse to England. Yet we put up prayers to the Supreme Being, to stay a visitation brought on by our own improvidence and obstinacy, or ignorance. An intelligent friend, Dr. Brown, the able physician of the Chricton Lunatic Asylum, lately transmitted me a number of a newspaper, entitled the "NEW MOON," and PUBLISHED IN THE ASYLUM BY ITS INMATES; in which I find the following sensible remarks. "Every organism, from the minutest to the greatest, is seen in all its varying phases to be entirely under the control of law, a portion of a fixed and uniform design. This is cheering and consolatory. In all the vicissitudes to which matter and mind are liable, there is stability at the fountain head. Every fresh development of these entities is merely a new link in the chain of a fixed system, that centres in and flows from an almighty, eternal will. The ascription of the potato failure by religious men to a special dispensation of Providence, is a most striking proof of the loose and defective state of theology. Instead of keeping pace with the progress of scientific discovery, it seems to be shrouded in the darkness of an ignorant and superstitious age. Any opinion that has a tendency to represent God as a vindictive being, ought to be obliterated from the moral map of the universe. There is quite enough of evil in the world, and the circumstances in which we are placed, without enhancing it with frightful notions of God, and gloomy ideas of futurity. What, then, though an individual plant die and disappear, fresher and more vigorous forms will spring out of the elements that composed it; what, even, although our speck of earth, and the starry spheres that stud the immensity of space, should approximate, clash, and dissove, we shall neither be lost nor annihilated. No cataclysm can sweep us away: unhurt amid the war of elements and the wreck of worlds, we shall arise like the phœnix from her ashes, and ascend on eagles' wings to our Father's house, there to witness ever new and ever varying phases of that glory that has a circling eternity for its manifestations."

by particular volition. From the beautiful connexion, say they, and rigid observance of established rules, we draw the chief argument for theism, and from the same principles are enabled to answer the principal objections against it. But so little is this understood by the generality of mankind, that whenever they observe any one to ascribe all events to natural causes, and to remove the particular interposition of a Deity, they are apt to suspect him of the grossest infidelity."

The heathens entertained similar notions of a particular providence regulating every act and every function of organic life, however disgusting it might be. The goddess Cloacina protected all the common sewers of Rome, and Lucina presided over the delivery of every Roman matron. In our time, we have seen men returning thanks to the Creator in every trifling occurrence in life, in a trivial manner, bordering on impiety; and the Germans relate the story of a poor poet in Nuremberg, residing in a miserable garret, and the possessor of a single shirt, which he himself had washed and hung out of the window to dry. However, the wind rose, and carried his only stock of linen into the street, when he fell upon his knees, and thanked Heaven that he was not in his shirt when it was blown away!

It is the benevolence, the merciful bounty of the Omnipotent, that must lead mankind to recognise the works of the Creator in all that surrounds him.

We cannot attribute to the Deity the passions and the infirmities of our race, without being disposed to doubt its existence; and Hume, so unjustly accused of atheism, has truly observed, that "Nothing would prove more strongly the Divine origin of any religion, than to find (and happily this is the case with Christianity) that it is free from a contradiction so incident to human nature." Therefore is it, that although priesthood, to maintain its power, has done everything possible to overthrow Christianity, by dissenting in their conduct from all the SAVIOUR'S precepts, Christianity has, nevertheless, withstood, and will ever withstand, the flux and reflux of the human mind. For its doctrines are so pure, so well calculated to insure the happiness of those who follow them, that the most sceptical philosophers have been obliged to admit, that if they were not of Divine origin, they must have been of celestial inspiration.

Yet, in the name of that blessed SAVIOUR, have men who blasphemed him, crucified, and boiled, and broiled, and flayed, and burnt millions of Christians, who merely differed with them in their interpretation of a paragraph, or a verse, after having written thousands of contradictory ponderous folios to expound the word of *GOD* contained in a pocket volume; and while they upheld what they called the unity of their church, forgot the fierce contests that raged between Arians, Pelagians, Erastians, Priscillians, Socinians, Sabellians, Nestorians, Calvinists, Lutherans, Baptists, &c., &c., &c.; and that the history of the church has been written with the blood of clerical ambition and martyrdom; while what is called toleration, is the mere substitution of the penalties of fines, imprisonment, and disabilities, for fire and faggot.

I have already alluded to the maladies brought on by fanaticism. The form of insanity that it often occasions is attended with the same ferocity that characterizes its dominion in health, or rather in the state of body that preceded mental derangement. Dr. Descuret* relates the case of a young man of a sanguineous temperament, who for a whole year gave himself up to the study of ascetic writings. His piety, which until then had been exemplary and enlightened, now consisted in the practice of ceremonies, which he carried to a state of fanaticism. On Sundays and Saints' days it was with difficulty that he was persuaded to leave the church or his prayers, and take his usual meals; but he would remain prostrate on the ground, or on his knees, plunged in deep reverie, and in a state of immobility. His mother vainly attempted to draw him from this absorbed state, and the exhortations of his confessors were equally ineffectual; he looked upon them as doomed to perdition, and was heedless of their voice. Under the influence of this fanatic passion, he purchased an image of the Virgin Mary, with a number of wax-tapers, and at the same time a clasp knife. He spent a great part of the day in sharpening its edge, and at night he lighted the tapers placed round the figure of the Virgin at his bed-side, and falling on his knees, made a solemn vow that he would murder any one who would dare to extinguish the lights of her altar. In the middle of the night his poor mother perceived that the flames of the tapers were flaring the fringe of his bed-curtains, and called him several times in a loud voice, to warn him of the danger of fire. He did not answer, and the unfortunate woman considered that he was asleep ; she, therefore, arose, and went to put out the tapers. She was returning to bed, when the wretched man rushed upon her, and stabbed her in five different places with the weapon he had so carefully prepared for the deed. The wounds, very fortunately, were not fatal ; but the act gave him no concern. The following day he again commenced whetting his knife, and at night, before going to bed, lighted up the altar of his household divinity. Dr. Descuret states that this man was ultimately cured by magnetism, recommended by several clergymen.

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* "Medecine des Passions."

Esquirol relates a singular case of political fanaticism in a woman, the well-known Théroigne de Méricourt, surnamed the Beautiful Maid of

Liège. This woman, belonging to the most unfortunate class of her sex, was born in the Luxembourg, and on the breaking out of the French Revolution, made herself conspicuous by the violence of her conduct in the different disturbances that occurred. In 1789 she was mainly instrumental in corrupting the soldiers of the regiment of Flanders, by ministering to every excess. She repaired to Liège to raise the populace, and was thrown into a fortress of Vienna by the Emperor Leopold. Unfortunately she was soon liberated, and she repaired to Paris in the year 1791. There she would mingle in the popular groups assembled in the public gardens, and, mounted upon a chair, exhort the crowd to deeds of ferocity. She soon joined the Jacobins, and paraded the streets with the red cap of Liberty on her head, a sabre girded to her side, and brandishing a pike. Thus accoutred, she moved at the head of a body of infuriated women, whom she called her troops. During the fearful massacres of September in 1792, she not only excited the assassins, but she herself cut off the head of one of their wretched victims. The events of Thermidor, and the establishment of the *Directoire*, closed these sanguinary scenes; and Thêroigne, for want of her usual excitement, became perfectly insane. While in the asylum of the *Salpêtrière*, her conduct was violent in the extreme, her language abusive, and she incessantly talked of former political events and parties, denouncing visitors as royalists, and *modèrés*, &c. She could bear no other covering than her body linen, and every day, unless she was prevented by the keepers, she would pour buckets of water on her straw-bed. During the winter she would break up ice, and cool herself, more especially her feet, with its water or with snow. She would devour with voracity bits of straw and dirt of any kind, and preferred to slake her burning thirst with the filthy water used in washing the court-yard of the establishment, than with that of the fountain. In this case libertinism and profligacy ushered in political excitement, and this fanaticism ended in insanity. Her temperament was essentially *atrabilious;* and after her death, her liver was found to be extensively diseased, and the gall-bladder filled with black bile, while the development of the great sympathetic nerve shewed what an influence its sympathies had obtained on her system.

Numerous instances of fanatic insanity could be related, and I have already given the case of Martin, who fired York Cathedral. A fanatic pursuit of the fine arts has also been known to occasion acts of mental aberration. It is related of a painter, who, having represented the agonies of Christ, and not being able to urge his model to assume a look of acute suffering, actually rushed on him and stabbed him through the heart, to produce a natural effect.

When we come to consider that the education of youth has been placed for centuries in the hands of fanatics and bigots, can we be surprised in beholding so many evil passions ruling the conduct of mankind? When men from their childhood are taught to hate each other, and the uncultivated masses are steeped in superstition, and will either believe every thing that is told them, however absurd, or become reckless infidels, it is Reason alone that can point out the middle path between brutal credulity and callous unbelief. When man is not taught to love, to adore the Supreme Intelligence; when exposed to the miseries of life, he may not dare to hate his Creator, but he will doubt his existence. He cannot reconcile to his feeble understanding the co-existence of goodness and malevolence, and of mercy and inflexibility. If he can read, and he peruses the history of the Church, and its illustrations in the Book of Martyrs, will he not be led to exclaim,—

> " *Jew*, *Turk*, and *Christian*, differ but in creed,
> In ways of wickedness they're all agreed;
> None upwards clear the road, they part and cavil;
> But all jog on, unerring, to the devil."

When the innocent are writhing under the tortures inflicted by tyranny, it requires more than human fortitude to suffer unjustly, and not to question the Supreme Benevolence. Will not despair suggest fearful reflections?—

> " I'm at loss of thought, and must acknowledge
> The counsels of the gods are fathomless;

Nay, 'tis the hardest task, perhaps, of life,
To be assured of what is vice or virtue;
Whether, when we raise up temples to the gods,
We do not then blaspheme them. Oh! behold me!
Behold the game that laughing Fortune plays,
Fate or the will of Heaven! Call what you please,
That man the best designs that prudence lays;
That brings events about, perhaps to mock
At human reach, and sport with expectation."*

"Is there no God
Who can control the malice of our fate?
Are they all deaf, or have the giants heaven?" †

These thoughts, no doubt, are impious, blasphemous! but to whom are they to be attributed? To those who teach what is called religion. What a fearful responsibility is the education of man—the apprenticeship of life—if clerical tuition is considered indispensable! The ministers of the Church of England, with a few exceptions, have a right to consider themselves the most enlightened hierachy in the world; and the bitterness of sectarians shews what little claim they possess to the appellation of *Christians*. While I am tracing these humble lines, our clergy, on the mooted question of national education, has assumed a prudent and a wise attitude. Let them remain faithful to their resolutions; assist with all their power and their influence in dispelling the clouds of ignorance that darken the horizon of the present and the future, and make us blush for the past; and they will find that REASON, the greatest gift of Providence, will support their efforts, and give them efficiency. But to attain this desirable end, they have much to sacrifice; they must submit to an abnegation of worldly pomp and pride, and secular authority; they must confine themselves solely to their sacred calling. These sacrifices, great as they are, must not be the result of urgent necessity in supporting a decaying power; they must emanate from a pure, a heartfelt conviction of the benefits to which they may lead, by tending to diminish the sum of human sufferings,—the proudest mission that man can receive from Heaven!

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* Lee. † Dryden.

CONCLUSION.

I SHOULD have transgressed the limits of this work, had I taken a view of the many passions that influence the well-being of our species. I have only considered those that are the most important in their effects on society.

By all that I have endeavoured to shew, it is manifest that the world is governed by immutable laws; and until those fundamental principles, by which the creation is ruled, are altered, the *perfectibility* of man, so often the theme of the philanthropist's fond speculation, is an unattainable blessing. The progress of our intellectual faculties —the improvements of science—the spread of intelligence, so far from forwarding this state of perfection, only tend to excite more ardent hopes of worldly prosperity, and consequently of desires and passions most difficult to subdue.

We have seen that in a great measure our passions are influenced by our temperaments, and are not unfrequently developed by hereditary transmission; while statistics have shewn that evil prevails according to a fixed law of Providence. This fact would be most discouraging, were it not possible to modify this natural influence by the neutralizing power of moral and physical education, more especially amongst the masses, who, after all, constitute the chief *matériel* of society.

Their education, therefore, becomes one of the most important subjects of legislative consideration and of private interest. The mode in which it is to be promoted, and the means by which its ends may be obtained, constitute the great, the insurmountable difficulties, that impede the progress of this desirable diffusion of knowledge. Many are the circumstances that oppose its healthy action. Bigotry and interest may be looked upon as the chief obstacles it has to encounter. The most admirable theories will fall short in their speculative powers, if the soil to be cultivated is not fit to receive the necessary improvement. An arid and unproductive waste must be irrigated and fed to become productive; and a starving population is not more susceptible of culture than a rocky surface or downs of sand. Therefore will education be impracticable if you cannot find means to feed the young plant. I have endeavoured to prove that a more general diffusion of wealth and comfort can alone improve the social condition of a community; but that our country, from its position and sources of property, commerce, and manufactures, must be subject to vicissitudes in demand and in labour, that must materially influence the condition of the working classes, and render them subject to all the oscillations of traffic.

In the rural districts it will be equally difficult to enforce a normal education. The children of the poor labourer are called upon to contribute their humble mite to the domestic stock; and while their parents cultivate the land, their tiny efforts are demanded to fulfil the humble offices of weeding fields, keeping off birds, and many other trifling employments that earn a scanty, but a necessary pittance. Education of the poorer classes can only be obtained by penal enactments, which would compel parents to send their children to school, or by pecuniary sacrifices on the part of the wealthy, which would combine the food of the body with the nutriment of the mind.

It has often occurred to me, that if the children of the poor were educated by classes (the word *castes* would be offensive to our notions of liberty), much good might be obtained. These class schools could be supported by the more wealthy or comfortable members of each profession, who would contribute their subscriptions for the formation of a metropolitan and provincial schools. I explain: Let us suppose that schools were established for the education of the children of poor journeymen tailors, and formed by cloth manufacturers, clothiers, drapers, tailors, button-makers, &c., &c.; another formed for the education of the children of poor bricklayers, masons, &c., by architects, builders, stone cutters, house painters, plumbers, glaziers, &c.; rural schools, by the contributions of landholders, farmers, graziers, &c. In large cities these children of the needy might be educated together, and receive the instruction most likely to benefit them in the pursuit of the business of their parents. The word *castes* is no doubt objectionable to pride, and mistaken notions of independence ; but were they established, fewer *outcasts* would be found in society.

In small towns and villages, the children of the poor would be educated in *union* schools, supported by the central scholastic committees of each particular profession, and who would supply the amount required from the general fund, arising both from individual subscriptions and contributions, and the aid of government ; and were these institutions established with any degree of liberality, every poor child might, in addition to an humble instruction suited to his capacity and social position, receive some alimentary supply, which would act as an incentive to promote regular attendance.

In every pursuit of life, care is taken of the instruments, the tools, that are required for its prosperity. The husbandman will see that his plough horses, and his draught oxen, and his asses, are well fed and housed. *Man* is the only instrument neglected by those who work his faculties, and expend his life to add to the luxurious indulgence of their own.

I have merely sketched, or rather hinted at, a scheme that would require more extensive development. I am well aware that it could only be carried into effect by liberal sacrifices on the part of those favoured members of the human family, who are enabled by their position to make them. Although the principle of centralization may be combated by theorists, I am confident that no public advantage can be obtained without the systematic organization of every institution, providing for the deviation that may be rendered unavoidable by local circumstances. One million systematically distributed, would go further than four millions indiscriminately—and of course lavishly and imprudently scattered, without any calculated rule or principle.

By a system of tuition, the teachers of the poor would be taught their duties. Every day's observation shews that ignorance is the source of many of the most criminal and vicious propensities, in which the imperfection of mankind is rendered more obnoxious than it otherwise might prove. Still I do not think that education will diminish the sum of human frailty,—very possibly it may foster ambitious views, until then unknown; but most unquestionably education may modify our passions, and deprive their impulses of that recklessness and ferocity, that is the usual characteristic of the excesses of the ignorant.

The greatest misfortune of society is the evident fact, that almost all improvements are founded upon speculative views, and placed in the hands of theorists and legists, who are rarely practical men; and although it might be expected that the clergy ought to be the best qualified for the purposes of education, the very essential nature of their own education is such as to render them, generally speaking, totally unacquainted with the nature of mankind. It ever has been observed, that the most unyielding and arbitrary magistrates are to be found in holy orders. Accustomed to dictate without interruption—infallible guides of their flocks and herds — they cannot brook the slightest opposition or contradiction; and from time immemorial, their interference in temporal matters has always been injurious to the general interests of society. Universities may make profound scholars and testy wranglers, but they never can bring forth men who possess a knowledge of the world: that can only be obtained by a constant intercourse with every class of its inhabitants; and we often find a Sciolist more likely to benefit mankind than a Pansophical scholar.

In respect to the classes of society who possess the means of educating their offspring, it is evident that their principal endeavours should tend to produce a fusion of temperament, more particularly when the idiosyncrasy and predisposition threaten to develope evil passions. In these cases the philosophic physician should be consulted more than the mere moralist; and I feel convinced by my own experience, that our hereditary predisposition to insanity may, in many instances, be counteracted and neutralized by a proper course of mental and physical gymnastics, affording occupation both to body and mind, and not leaving time to dwell on depressing impressions.

Were I writing a work on education, I could clearly shew that the systems usually adopted in childhood and in youth, are diametrically opposed to these views. Our instinctive passions are often encouraged in their growth by imprudent fondness, or rudely checked by capricious authority, or fitful tyranny. La Bruyere has truly said, "That the conduct of parents towards their children, is often such as not to cause any regret when they have lost them." Nothing will throw more insurmountable obstacles in the way of a desirable perfection, than the imperfections of those who wish to obtain this impracticable result. Man is thus created; a compound of good and evil; and all that we can hope to effect is, to render these imperfections as little injurious to society as we can. The end of all good education and wise government, should be the welfare of the greatest number. This can never be obtained until the few independent members of the community make sacrifices to promote the prosperity of their less fortunate brethren. This, moreover can only be done by uniting private interests with general interests, diffusing the means of living, and promoting intellectual improvement. But, again, this blessing will be withheld from mankind until sacrifices, which it is to be feared will never be made, offer the means of insuring this diffusion. According to the position of a country, and the nature of its welfare, will the amelioration of the people be of a more difficult, or a more easy attainment. If temporary prosperity affords occasional means of indulging in artificial luxuries, they will become, by habit, necessaries of life, and their privation will be the more bitterly and impatiently felt, when the vicissitudes of life place them beyond the reach of their former possessors.

We must, I fear, come to the melancholy conclusion, that until egotism and ambition cease to be the chief principles of action of mankind, we must humbly submit to the inscrutable decrees of the Omnipotent. Such is life! Such is our doom! Our existence is expended in dreamy speculations, till death closes the busy scene!

> " Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamed
> Of things impossible! Could sleep do more?
> Of joys perpetual in perpetual change?
> Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave?
> Eternal sunshine in the storms of life?
> How richly were my noontide trances hung
> With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
> Joy welcomed joy, in endless perspective!
> Till at death's toll, whose ruthless iron tongue
> Calls daily for his millions at a meal;
> Starting, I woke, and found myself undone."

HATTON & CO., PRINTERS, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN.